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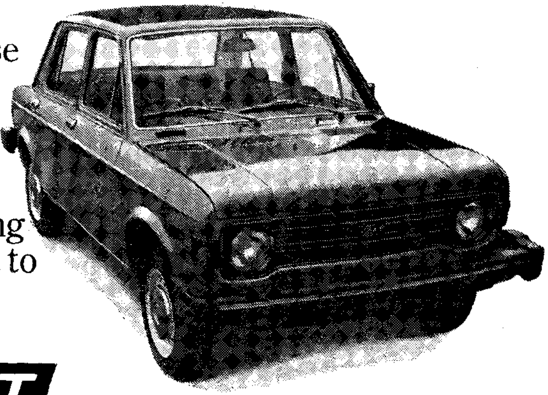

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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24	25	26	27	28	1	2

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bad Habits—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set at a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. With Paul Benedict, Doris Roberts, and J. Frank Lucas, among others. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Brisburial—A play by Edward Pomerantz. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 24. Free.)

British Theatre Season—The Actors Company, the Royal Shakespeare Company, and the Young Vic, all at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. This week, the Actors Company has the stage for its final performances in Congreve's THE WAY OF THE WORLD, in the Opera House: Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8. . . . KNOTS, adapted from R. D. Laing, in the Music Hall: Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 23, at 2. . . . KING LEAR, in the Opera House: Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 2 and 7:30. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Dear Nobody—Jane Marla Robbins in a one-woman play by her and Terry Belanger, based on the diaries of the British author Fanny Burney. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—Rodgers and Hammerstein's musical CAROUSEL is the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 24. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fashion—A musical adapted by Anthony Stimac from the 1845 comedy by Anna Cora Mowatt. Don Pippin wrote the music and Steve Brown the lyrics. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Find Your Way Home—A play by John Hopkins that is nearly always funny, though the triangle it describes—a husband, his wife, and his male lover—is in a grim plight indeed. Lee Richardson, Jane Alexander, and Michael Moriarty are magnificent. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Freedom of the City—Kate Reid in a play by Brian Friel. Directed by William Woodman. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Good Doctor—Neil Simon has been tempted to collaborate with Anton Chekhov, who might not have been tempted to collaborate with Neil Simon. The brilliant cast makes it seem worthwhile. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Good Evening—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of sketches, all but one or two of which are very funny indeed. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

The Great MacDaddy—This new musical, the first offering this season of the Negro Ensemble Company, has a very musical score by Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson. Paul Carter Harrison's script, murky with symbols and ritual, makes heavy going, but the performance—acting, dancing, and singing—is absolutely fine. With Al Freeman, Jr., David Downing, and Hattie Winston in the leading roles. Direction by Douglas Turner Ward, choreography by Dianne McIntyre. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 17.)

Here Comes the Groom—A Yiddish musical, with Leo Fuchs. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Wednesdays and Fridays, except Feb. 20 and 22, at 8, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Iceman Cometh—O'Neill's garrulous tribute to down-and-outers and their pipe-dreams—a word he repeats eighteen times. With James Earl Jones, Michael Higgins, Tom Aldredge, and many others. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 24.)

Lorelei—A sadly mutilated partial reprise of the old musical, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Carol Channing is the valiant star. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Moonchildren—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway around a year ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act of two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A play on

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 29
"LETTERS TO THE EDITORE" . . . . *Donald Barthelme* 34
"THREE ENCOUNTERS" . . . . *Isaac Bashevis Singer* 36
"FIVE FLIGHTS UP" (POEM) . . . . *Elizabeth Bishop* 40
PROFILES (TED ADAMS) . . . . *Thomas Whiteside* 42
"MIRROR" (POEM) . . . . *Peter Cooley* 46
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 83
OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 83
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 86
LETTER FROM OREGON . . . . *E. J. Kahn, Jr.* 88
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 100
DANCING . . . . *Arlene Croce* 107
U.S. JOURNAL: ST. CROIX, AMERICAN VIRGIN ISLANDS . . . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 111
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Desmond Shawe-Taylor* 117
ROCK, ETC. . . . . *Ellen Willis* 117
BOOKS . . . . *John Updike* 122
BRIEFLY NOTED 126

COVER: *Rea Irvin*

DRAWINGS: *George Price, Frank Modell, Lee Lorenz, William Hamilton, George Booth, James Stevenson, Ed Fisher, Saul Steinberg, Charles Addams, Bernard Fuchs, Barney Tobey, William Steig, Mischa Richter, Robert Day, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Chon Day, Dana Fradon, Warren Miller, Stan Hunt*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

O'Neill's great, grave theme—that family life is not the occasion for love but for its failure. Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Ed Flanders superbly embody the bad news. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. *Matinées* Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Noël Coward in Two Keys—A pair of Mr. Coward's drawing-room comedies, never seen here before. Starring Anne Baxter, Hume Cronyn, and Jessica Tandy; directed by Vivian Matalon. Previews Monday through Wednesday, Feb. 25-27. *Opens officially on* Thursday, Feb. 28. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. *Matinées* Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Once I Saw a Boy Laughing . . .—A play by Scott Mansfield. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 20. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 21, at 6:45. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Mati*nées Sundays at 3.)*

The Past Is the Past and **Going Thru Changes**—A pair of extraordinary one-acters about black life in America, by Richard Wesley. With Bill Cobbs, Robert Christian, and Michele Shay, among others. (Billie Holiday, 1368 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 636-0919. Nightly at 8. *Matinée* Wednesday at 3. Closes Saturday, Feb. 23.)

Raisin—Worth seeing for its charming and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Seagull—A dull, lifeless production. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 17.)

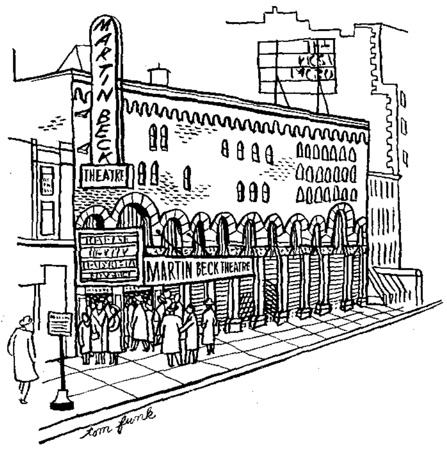
The Tempest—Sam *Waterston is the young*, keyed-up, dynamic Prospero in this magic production under Edward Berkeley's direction. Randy Kim is the funniest Trinculo *imaginable*, and Christopher Walken the most sinister, mocking Antonio. Santo Loquasto's setting and Jennifer Tipton's lighting are very effective indeed. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Total Eclipse—A play by Christopher Hampton. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

What the Wine-Sellers Buy—A vivid, if somewhat over-plotted, melodrama by Ron Milner about good and evil in a black slum in Detroit. Brilliantly acted by a large cast. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 17.)

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays, except *Feb. 20, and* Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,753 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A *funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in* Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents *of a once good hotel, now shabby and threat*ened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **IRENE:** A pastiche of a lot of musicals of the last fifty years, including "Irene." Nevertheless, the cast is attractive and talented. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC:** Under Harold Prince's dazzling direction, Glynis Johns, Len Cariou (who will be replaced by William *Daniels starting* Monday, Feb. 25), Hermione Gingold, and half a dozen other delightful people sing and spar and fall into what looks like love. The well-wrought music and lyrics are by Saint Stephen Sondheim, and the book, based on Bergman's film "Smiles of a Summer Night," is by Hugh Wheeler. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue *with six good-humored young players from* Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 861-7362. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2.) . . . **THE SUNSHINE BOYS:** A pair of old vaudevillians pecking away at each other, but because Neil Simon has written their lines and because Jack Gilford and Lou Jacobi are playing their roles, the consequences of their *misery* are almost always funny. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball *coach and four of the five players* who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **WHAT'S A NICE COUNTRY LIKE YOU DOING IN A STATE LIKE THIS?:** A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)



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DANCE

George Faison Universal Dance Experience—Final performances of the series—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23: "Boedromion" (première), "The Gazelle," and "Poppy.". . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 24: "In the Sweet Now and Now." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Evenings at 8.)

Murray Louis Dance Company—A two-week engagement—Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 2 and 8; Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8; and Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Porcelain Dialogues," "Interims," and "Hoopla.". . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 21, at 6:45; Friday, Feb. 22, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 23, at 2; Sunday, Feb. 24, at 3; Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8; and Saturday, March 2, at 8: "Personnae" and "Scheherezade" (New York première). . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 6:45; Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 2; Friday, March 1, at 8; Saturday, March 2, at 2; and Sunday, March 3, at 3: "Proximities," "Continuum," and "Index." (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897.)

José Limón Dance Company—Friday, Feb. 22, at 7:30: "Homenaje a Federico García Lorca" (première), "Orfeo," "The Exiles," and "Choreographic Offering.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8: The first movement of "Brandenburg Concerto," "La Malinche," "Carlota," and "The Moor's Pavane.". . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 24, at 7:30: "Concerto Grosso," "The Unsung," and "There Is a Time.". . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 25, at 8: "The Winged," "*Dances for Isadora,*" *and* "The *Emperor* Jones." (City Center Downstairs, 131 W. 55th St. 247-4230.)

Merce Cunningham and Dance Company—Friday, March 1, at 8: "Event 89.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 8: "Event 90." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Gil Evans—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a fifteen-piece band, Mondays at ten.

Stan Getz—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Tenor sax, leading a quartet. Nightly, from nine (Friday from nine-thirty), through Saturday, Feb. 23.

Roy Haynes—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, with his quartet Thursdays through Saturdays, from ten to three.

Ellis Larkins—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus a program of works by Ernesto Lecuona on Sunday, Feb. 24, from four-thirty to seven-thirty.

Junior Mance—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Piano, with a trio, from nine to three, beginning Wednesday, Feb. 27.

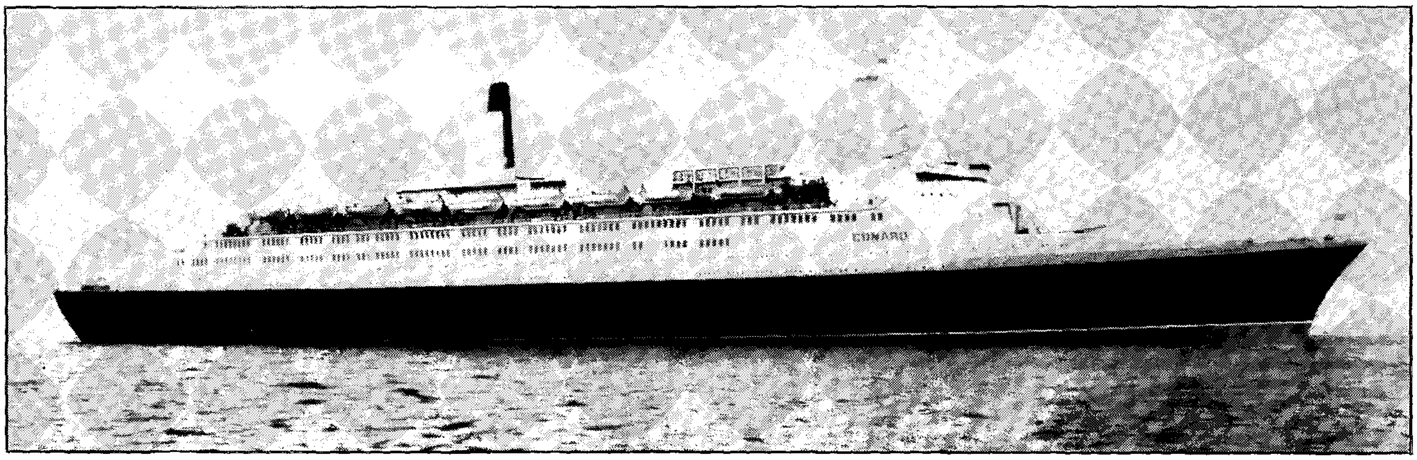
Jimmy McPartland—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Cornet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Charles Mingus—Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870). Bass, leading a sextet, beginning Wednesday, Feb. 27.

Rose Murphy—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Singing at the piano, at eight, except Sunday, through Thursday, Feb. 28.

Joe Newman—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Trumpet, with a quartet, from nine to three, through Saturday, Feb. 23.

Jimmy Rowles—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at



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Pharoah Sanders and Leon Thomas—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Reeds and vocals, respectively, with a sextet, at ten, through Sunday, Feb. 24.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, from nine-forty-five, beginning Tuesday, Feb. 26.

Zoot Sims and Bucky Pizzarelli—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Tenor sax and guitar, respectively, from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Guitar duo. From nine-thirty to two-thirty, through Saturday, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Sunday, Feb. 24, from nine until two.

Randy Weston—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, beginning Monday, Feb. 25, from nine-thirty to two-thirty.

Mary Lou Williams—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Piano, from nine-thirty to two, through Saturday, Feb. 23.

Jimmy Witherspoon—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Blues singer. Nightly from nine (Friday from nine-thirty), beginning Monday, Feb. 25.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Docked several blocks from the nearest pier, this seaworthy enterprise fully realizes the ordinarily abused concept of nautical décor. Pianist John Foster's trio performs Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm to this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—About ten years ago, when some of the best performers affected a preference for simplicity, austerity, and hiding in manholes, this club was ideal. It was sufficiently cramped, uncomfortable, and dowdy to conform to its patrons' sense of éliteness. Today, though, most of those same performers are more apt to be singing in Madison Square Garden, and clubs such as this one have been forced to become more eclectic in their choice of entertainment. Such diverse and unlikely acts as Dory Previn, Soupy Sales, and Chick Corea have recently been summoned to the long, narrow stage. Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 27-March 1, the Edwin Hawkins Singers, a gospel assemblage, will take the small stage. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; on Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty. Coffee and tea are staples. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—The white brick walls flaunt a strange collage of photo clips and no fewer than two blown-up musings by R. D. Laing about Jack and Jill and/or R. D. Laing. There are also, however, succulent collard greens and one of the most distinguished jukeboxes in town, stocked with recordings by many of the artists who play here from time to time. Trumpeter Joe Newman leads a quartet through Saturday, Feb. 23. Sunday through Tuesday, Feb. 24-26, saxophonist David Schnitter heads up a quartet. Junior Mance, the bluesy pianist, performs with a trio, beginning Wednesday, Feb. 27. Music from nine to three.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The prospect of a four-hundred-and-fifty-seat rock-and-folk club opening in New York brings to mind an image of hordes of bodies glued together in an indoor Woodstockian setting. Many of those who venture into the existing traffic jams at Max's, Kenny's Castaways, or other crowded shrines where space is at a premium withdraw from such confusion with less than kindly feelings toward the management. But the owners of the Bottom Line are idealists (of course, their club is only a week old): the seating is ample, the décor is simple but pleasant, and the commitments to the sound system and lighting are admirable. However, some of their acoustical obsessions—clatterproof paper plates and plastic cutlery (this might be going a bit too far) and a muted cash register at the bar—are supererogatory in the context of the amplified music presented here. Folksinger Eric Andersen occupies the roomy, elevated stage through Sunday, Feb. 24. Shows begin at eight-thirty and eleven. Snacks.

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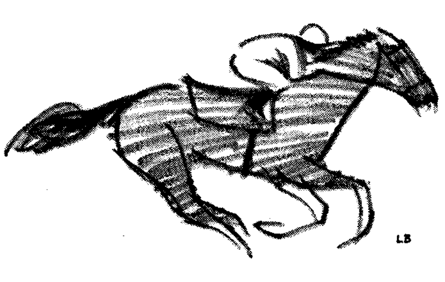
Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—An animated, crowded, wood-panelled bar that is highly regarded by the Village artisans and musicians who patronize it. Guitarists Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma sit together smiling, chuckling, and taking turns playing pleasing, intricate solos; through Saturday, Feb. 23. Pianist Randy Weston, who lately has been working with combos and big bands that play African-inspired rhythms, arrives on Monday, Feb. 25, with a bassist. Sundays are devoted to the music of Jaki Byard, a musician, composer, and New England Conservatory professor with a fine working knowledge of the history of the jazz piano. Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Sundays from nine until one. Dinner.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Pianist Mary Lou Williams, who has been at it since 1925, is still at it. Her accompanist, bassist Milton Suggs, tries to keep up with her. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. On Tuesday, Feb. 26, Bobby Short, the prized fixture here, returns with his envied repertoire—mostly from the thirties, mostly world-weary—that summons up a generation's view of itself. Helping out, as always, are bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. The three begin at nine-forty-five, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Julius Monk plays cocktail piano every evening except Sunday. Dinner and supper.

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—A small, bright restaurant with an exuberant crowd that, according to pianist Brooks Kerr, "doesn't come for the music, that's for sure." Tucked away in a dining alcove, the musicians—sometimes amplified, sometimes not, depending on the bartender's whim—play jazz from the thirties and forties. But because of the adjacent chaotic bar area, which is usually five people deep, the music, if not completely obscured, becomes Muzak for most of those present. On Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, Kerr, a twenty-two-year-old stride stylist and Ellingtonia fancier, leads (and learns from) the members of his trio—drummer Sam Woodyard and Basie-ite Paul Quinichette, on tenor saxophone. Mondays and Tuesdays are devoted to the No Gap Generation Jazz Band, a swing band led by Art Miller, a young clarinettist. A Dixieland septet—the Original Traditional Jazz Band—plays on Fridays. Music from eleven to four. Dining.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Singer, pianist, and chichi girl Rose Murphy and her bassist, Morris Edwards, reconstruct her past hit songs through Thursday, Feb. 28. On Friday, March 1, California-based singer and pianist Jimmy Rowles begins performing with bassist Larry Ridley. Sundays, Dick Hyman takes over the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining in relaxed surroundings.



Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—This large and casual bar-and-backroom comes up with a mixed bag of performers, some of whom must surely work Washington Square Park in the milder seasons. Sundays are a sort of hootenanny. Sounds from nine. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—One of the quainter historical facts about the Big Apple is that this little club used to be a hamburger stand. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of diffident strength and vast popularity, and his bassist, Al Hall, play together Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. They'll concentrate on music by Ernesto Lecuona on Sunday, Feb. 24, from four-thirty to seven-thirty. Norma Shepherd, backed by bassist Johnny Williams, sings at the piano on Monday evenings, and Tad Bruce takes over from six to nine Mondays through Fridays. Snacks.

Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—This guitarists' pleasure dome has reopened on the ground floor of a modern apartment house. A relatively unadorned setting—molded-metal chairs, hanging white-metal lamps, plastic butcher-block tables, and lots of space. Guitarist Ted Dunbar and bassist Larry Ridley finish up on Saturday, Feb. 23. On Sunday, Feb. 24, Gene Bertoncini begins strumming with bass accompaniment. The strings vibrate from nine to one. Dinner.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—A jazz club in a sombre, modern setting, complete with black-tied waiters. A double-bill policy of first-rate or name groups often manages to fill the neat rows of tables. Saxophonist Stan Getz and his quartet alternate with pianist Mike Longo, who has for the last several years been pianist with and musical director for Dizzy Gillespie. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. On Monday, Feb. 25, blues genius Jimmy Witherspoon, who learned his calling in the forties with Jay McShann's band in Kansas City, begins singing and shouting. Music starts at nine, except Fridays, when it starts at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard (with bassist Lyn Christie on Fridays and Saturdays) every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. Jimmy McPartland, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley play from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A frenetic convention hall, lent a sense of legitimacy by pianist Barry Harris (on now) and the musicians who have in the past assembled in the downstairs 52nd Street Room. Harris, a fine sideman and studio musician, can barely be seen or heard as he performs in a corner of the bar area with bassist Lawrence Evans. Dining. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **52nd Street Room**, Lou Rawls sings through Saturday, Feb. 23. Rawls, a popular singer with a rough, bluesy style, made his début in 1959 with rock-and-roll and bubblegum-bop entrepreneur Dick Clark, and by 1963, he reached the popularity polls in *Downbeat*. He'll be followed, on Monday, Feb. 25, by comedian Pat Cooper. Shows at nine-thirty Mondays through Wednesdays, and at nine and eleven-thirty Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Intended to resemble a ship, the ropes, riggings, and crowded tables recall instead the ambience of a circus or country fair—all in all, an air of make-believe. Bonnie Bramlett, a gutsy blues singer, wrings her hands and performs with her band through Sunday, Feb. 24. Mondays, various other musical types drop in. Music starts at nine-thirty. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—That these dismal, second-story quarters could be considered a night

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spot must stand as a tribute to the imagination of the owner and to the talents of the folk, blues, and rock celebrities who squeeze through the crowd onto the stage night after night. Singer-pianist Billy Joel trades sets with Henry Gross and his rock band through Monday, Feb. 25. On Tuesday, Feb. 26, the stage is occupied by singers Elliot Randel and Larry Estridge. Charles Mingus brings his sextet upstairs on Wednesday, Feb. 27. Folkie Larry Gatlin, who will probably feel more at home here than Mingus and company, shares the bill with the great jazzman. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. Drinks and snacks.

METRO, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—In spite of its brick walls lacquered to resemble plastic and an over-solicitous wine list, this newly established club has become another Village refuge for folk, rock, and the like. Breakfast Special, a casual assemblage that used to work with guitarist David Bromberg (maybe that's where they got their nonchalant stage presence), plays country-style ditties through Monday, Feb. 25. On Wednesday, Feb. 27, two established folksters—Oscar Brand and Patrick Sky—come in. Brand is a singer, folklorist, and former disc jockey for a folk-music program, and he once even made cowboy commercials for Cheerios. Sky sings about more contemporary subjects ("Separation Blues" is one of his better efforts), but nowadays he likes to use themes based on his considerably demented sense of humor. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—This harmlessly Anglomanic restaurant, complete with Tudor trappings and a bar flanked by a round Antonioni-red phone box, is, more often than not, distractingly animated and noisy. Pianist Barbara Carroll, an early Bud Powell disciple, whose current style is a jazz-and-popular amalgam, and her bassist, Lisle Atkinson, try to overcome the audio difficulties through Saturday, Feb. 23, from nine to one. Beginning Tuesday, Feb. 26, the very fine pianist, Mike Longo, works with drummer Louis Hayes and bassist Sam Jones, from nine to eleven. At that point in time, Dudley Moore, the humorist, who is a competent musician (he once won an organ scholarship to Oxford), scuttles across town (after concluding his nightly performance in the revue "Good Evening," in which he and Peter Cook are the principal and, in fact, only participants) to relieve Longo. According to Peter Cook, the main influences on Moore's jazz style are Oscar Peterson, Errol Garner, and Mae West. On Mondays, actor-author-clarinettist Woody Allen plays with a Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Located in an upper-West Side, urban-renewed, high-rise area, this corner restaurant, with its plastic-windowed sidewalk gallery, spaciousness, and easygoing atmosphere, is one of the neighborhood's major assets. Drummer Roy Haynes energizes a quartet Thursdays through Saturdays. Music from ten until three. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A lively West Village cabaret with brick walls, homey curtains on the windows, and devoted patrons. Blues-and-gospel singer Linda Hopkins is featured here Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and midnight. Pianist Jeremy Stone fills some of the gaps between shows. On Sunday, Feb. 24, Joanne Beretta sings at nine and eleven-thirty. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

SOERABAJA, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms, one of them with an illustrated ceiling, above a Greek-French restaurant. The lyrical Zoot Sims, on tenor saxophone, receives subtle, chord-dominated encouragement from guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli from nine-thirty to one, nightly, except Sundays and Mondays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—These small and attractive quarters are occupied by guitarist Mark Elf's trio on Thursday, Feb. 21. Vibraharpist Peter La Barbera and his trio perform Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23. Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma, who have become, it seems, Sunday-night regulars, trade solos on Sunday, Feb. 24. Reedman Charly Gerald brings in a quartet on Thursday, Feb. 28. Music Thursdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty until three, and Sundays from nine until two. Snacks.

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VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In spite of the freshly painted bright-turquoise walls, it remains a murky basement of a night club that keeps tabs on the best jazz around. Currently, that jazz is played by the Pharoah Sanders sextet, with Sanders on tenor sax and Leon Thomas on yodels and vocals. Through Sunday, Feb. 24. The exciting, young quartet co-led by saxophonist Joe Farrell and guitarist Joe Beck begins performing on Tuesday, Feb. 26. Mondays are now given over to the fifteen-piece, forward-looking aggregation under the guidance of pianist, composer, sage Gil Evans. The entertainment begins at ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Hanging tetrahedrons of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Pianist Hugh Lawson, a pleasing interpreter, especially on Horace Silver compositions, plays with Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays from eight to two. Mondays through Wednesdays, the musical chores are taken on by pianist Kenny Brawner and an accompanist. Undistinguished soul food.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old stamping ground of Kerouac and Ginsberg when they were Columbia students. Now it's a modernized and enlarged cafeteria, with jazz. Brooks Kerr, Paul Quinichette, Sam Woodyard, and trumpeter Franc Williams consider this bandstand a haven (compared to their post at Churchill's), because the audience here is interested and listens to the musicians. The Kerr group is onstage Mondays and Tuesdays; clarinettist Art Miller's No Gap Generation Jazz Band works Wednesdays and Thursdays; and on Sunday, Feb. 24, Welsh pianist Dill Jones plays some straight-ahead stuff. Music from nine to one. All this and food at student prices.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—The Sy Oliver band alternates with the Peppi Morreale trio for dancing in the **ROYAL BOX**, from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **CAFÉ**, Herb Winner's dance threesome is around Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty until curfew. Phil Wayne's trio is on duty Sundays and Mondays. In addition, Joseph Murello provides cocktail piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Monique Van Vooren, a long and luxurious poppy from Flanders field, sings in the **PERSIAN ROOM** Mondays through Thursdays at ten, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. The dance music issues from the trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, and pianist Ruth Andrews fills the hours from nine-thirty to one. Sundays from four to seven and seven-thirty to midnight, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight, Sandu Marcu supplies violin music.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—On this height of land, during dinner and supper, Buddy Greco is displaying his voice of experience. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This room with a view is presenting the piano duo of DeMaio and Silver, from seven to midnight, every night but Monday.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE**, that venerable aristocrat of the dining table, is setting forth, at dinner and supper, the songs of Gloria Loring. Anthony Terini's orchestra is in charge of the customers' footwork. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE**, the across-the-way refectory, supplies piano and accordion music, from seven to one. A Russian menu. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **ST. REGIS ROOM**, pianist Emme Kemp and conga drummer Candido will call it a day on Saturday, Feb. 23. On Tuesday, Feb. 26, Chris Connor will start singing. Shows at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Through Saturday, Feb. 23, the **EMPIRE ROOM** will be the showcase for the songs of Tony Martin and the dances of Cyd Charisse. On Tuesday, Feb. 26, Joel Grey will begin dispensing his song-and-dance routines. The schedule is eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, except opening night, when there will be just one show, at ten. Dancing to the Bob Rosengarden orchestra. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ANTONIO AMARAL—Realist paintings of entangled bananas and ropes, by a young Brazilian. Through March 16. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

STANLEY BATE—Oils, drawings, and collages. Through Saturday, March 2. (Hartley, 50 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

KEITH BOYLE—Abstract collages. Starts Saturday, Feb. 23. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

HARVEY BREVERMAN—Paintings combining hard-edge, Photo-Realist, and abstract elements, plus drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

MARTIN CANIN—Optical paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ALEXANDRA COOTE—Paintings consisting of layers of colored pencil applied progressively from light hues to dark, and resembling skies. Through March 13. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

CORNEILLE—Paintings of the Quartier Rose, in Amsterdam, by a founder of the Cobra group. Through March 9. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

RON DAVIS—Minimal paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

AGNES HART—Paintings of geometric shapes on which other forms, done in sand and marble dust, are superimposed. Through Saturday, March 2. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

JAMES HERBERT—Small watercolors, pastels, and charcoal-and-pencil drawings, all of figures. Through Saturday, March 2. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

SERGE HOLLERBACH—Figure studies in casein and acrylic. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St.)

MARVIN ISRAEL—Paintings of chairs and dogs. Through March 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL KLEE (1879-1940)—Drawings and watercolors. Through March 16. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

MICHAEL MAZUR—Oils, pastels, and prints of interiors and views from windows by an artist who formerly worked with an air brush. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

MEL PEKARSKY—Landscapes in oil and pencil on paper. Through March 30. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GREGORIO PRESTOPINO—Bright abstract paintings with images of landscapes and nudes. Through March 16. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

IRA RICHER—Large abstract paintings bolted in sections, and small unstretched canvases. Through Thursday, Feb. 28. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

CONCETTA SCARAVAGLIONE—Figurative sculptures in wood and beaten copper, from 1944 to the present, plus drawings. Through March 9. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

THOMAS SILLS—Abstract paintings by a leading

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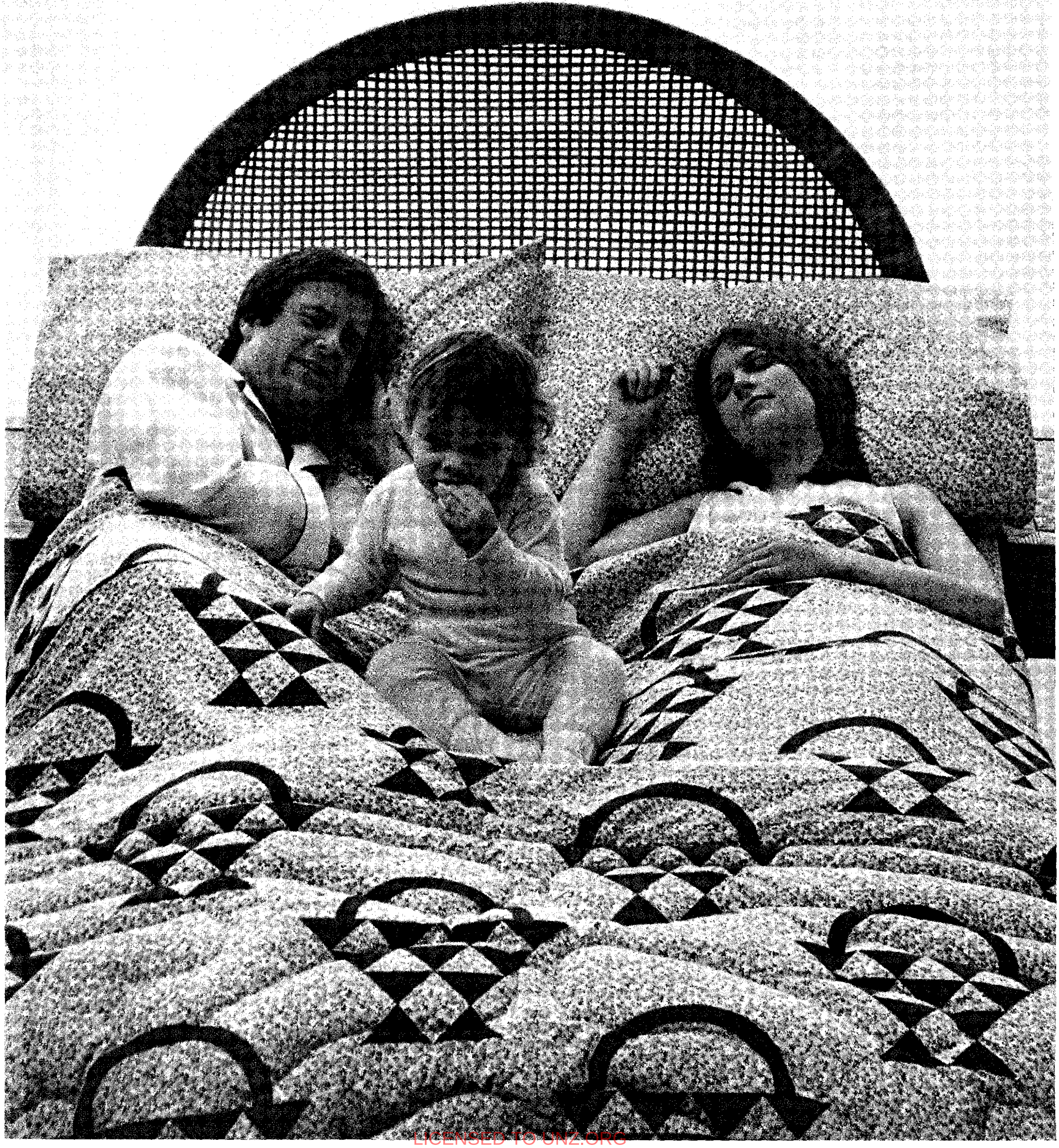

Nick and Lalla Craig explored and golfed extensively before deciding on the Shipyard side of Hilton Head Island.

Nick first visited Hilton Head seven years ago. Then he and Lalla visited for a week of golfing and to look for a vacation home to buy in the Spring of 1971.

They explored all the island's fairways and developments before deciding on Shipyard Plantation. They loved the way Shipyard villas are carved from the lush, tropical foliage. Plus the fact that it borders what they consider the finest golf course on the island, or anywhere else for that matter.

Recently, a friend who lives near their other home in Maine visited the Craigs for eleven days. As a result of her stay, she and her husband will move into their own Shipyard Plantation villa very soon.

The Craigs plan to stay on the island through the winter and into June, when Nick will return to Maine to tend to various business matters. Lalla says they'll possibly rent their antique-filled villa during the summer months. A number of Shipyard residents do this at various times during the year. If you'd like to visit, you might request a copy of A Guide to Vacationing on Hilton Head Island. Write: Charles Rousek, Vice President, The Hilton Head Company, P.O. Box 1304-D, Hilton Head Island, South Carolina 29928.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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black artist. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Harry Sternberg—Semi-abstract landscapes and satirical figure paintings. Through March 9. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Tetherow—Large abstract paintings, each with two holes in it. Starts Saturday, Feb. 23. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Joaquín Torres-García (1874-1949)—Paintings by the South American abstractionist. *Through Saturday, March 2. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)*

John Wesley—More of this artist's paintings of everyday objects and figures with a comic-book slant. Through March 6. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mia Westerlund—Wall pieces of folded cloth made rigid by polyester resin. Through March 16. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Chris Wilmarth—Small wall sculptures of squares and rectangles in etched glass against steel plates, plus watercolors and graphite relief drawings. Through March 7. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Figure paintings and drawings by Milton Avery and nine European masters, including Bonnard, Matisse, and Rousseau. Through Thursday, Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "Self Portraits and Portraits of Other Artists," a show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Soyer, Dickinson, Pearlstein, and others. Through March 8. (Closed Mondays.)... **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by Willem de Kooning, Milton Avery, Darby Bannard, Hans Hofmann, and Burgoyne Diller. Through Saturday, March 2. (Closed Mondays.)... **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings, cartoons, and drawings by Addams, Darrow, Getz, Martin, Miller, Modell, Price, Saxon, Stevenson, and Tobey. Starts Thursday, Feb. 21. (Closed Mondays.)... **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, graphics, watercolors, and sculptures by School of Paris artists. Through March 16. (Closed Mondays.) ... **SOLOMON**, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: American paintings and graphics by Frankenthaler, Gottlieb, Jenkins, and others. Through Thursday, Feb. 28.... **WASHBURN**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: A reconstruction, in part, of the 1925 exhibition organized by Alfred Stieglitz at the Anderson Galleries. Seven Americans are represented, including Demuth, Marin, and O'Keeffe. Through Saturday, March 2. (Closed Mondays.)... **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: "Thangka Art," an exhibition of Tibetan and Nepali hanging scrolls ranging from the earliest known paintings of the genre (1367) through the first half of the nineteenth century. Through Saturday, Feb. 23.... **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century American artists. Through Thursday, Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—Pieces by Arp, Braque, Ernst, and others. Through Friday, March 1. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Ludwig Bemelmans (1898-1962)—Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Isabel Case Borgatta—Stone figure sculptures. Through March 9. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Ray Ciarrochi—Mostly landscapes. Through March 7. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jillian Denby—Paintings of nudes. Starts Saturday, Feb. 23. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Evans—Large abstract paintings. Through Thursday, Feb. 28. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—More than a hundred woodcuts created from 1918 to 1950 and used by the artist as letterheads. Through Saturday, March 2. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

Lucio Fontana (1899-1968)—Drawings by an Italian modernist who specialized in gashed canvases. Through Saturday, March 2. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Hartman—Paintings of clouds. Through March 7. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

R. B. Kitaj—Figurative paintings from 1966 to the present. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Gary Kuehn—Paintings and sculptures from the last ten years, and recent felt-pen works. Through March 9. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Liberman—Bronzes and other small sculptures. Through Saturday, March 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Ligare—Pencil drawings of seascapes with sand formations, along with larger silvery abstract works developed from them, by a California artist. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St.)

Piet Mondrian (1872-1944)—Paintings, drawings, and constructions, together with some two hundred items from the Harry Holtzman Collection—photographs, his painting materials, writings, and books. Through March 9. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Ed Moses—Abstract acrylic paintings by a California artist. Through March 6. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph B. O'Sickey—Impressionistic paintings of gardens. Through Saturday, March 2. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip Pearlstein—Two landscapes and five paintings of the nude in the studio. A collateral show to his retrospective at the Finch College Museum of Art. Through Saturday, March 2. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Randall Rosenthal—Paintings, often massive yet minutely detailed. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Marko Spalatin—Paintings of cubes in geometric *patterns, done with an airbrush.* Through Saturday, March 2. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hedda Sterne—Circular abstract paintings and drawings of plant forms. Through March 9. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Adja Yunkers—Abstract paintings and collages. Through Saturday, March 2. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: The fifth annual exhibition of American folk art. Through Thursday, Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings executed and shown during the thirties by eight gallery artists. Through Saturday, March 2. (Closed Mondays.)... **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: American paintings of the fifties by Pollack, de Kooning, Rothko, Kline, and others. Through March 12. (Closed Mondays.) ... **RENÉ**, 6 W. 57th St.: Aubusson tapestries by Albers, Arp, Kandinsky, and others. Through March 16. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Roberta Allen—Small drawings with arrows, done on grid paper. Through March 13. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Antonakos—Four neon sculptures. Through March 6. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Nancy Azara—Three large partially painted wood carvings of precariously balanced forms, plus color drawings. Through March 6. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Jamis H. Benefield / Esta Nesbitt—Painted-clay figures, highly detailed and placed in miniature landscapes. / Paintings of abstracted figures. Through Thursday, Feb. 28. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Natalie Bieser / Don Eddy—Wall pieces of wood, thread, and beads. / Realist paintings of windows and reflections in windows, based on photographs. Through March 13. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Hilo Chen—Photo-Realistic paintings of figures on a beach. Through March 13. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Alan Cote—Large abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, Feb. 27. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Chris Cross—Realist paintings. Starts Saturday, Feb. 23. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Loretta Dunkelman—Drawings in encaustic on paper. Through March 6. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Mike Gallagher—Lyrical abstractions. Starts Saturday, Feb. 23. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Gloria Greenberg—Wall pieces of painted strips of interwoven canvas. Through March 6. (55 Mercer Street. Closed Mondays.)

Oded Halahmy—Four abstract aluminum sculptures painted in monochromatic hues. Through March 9. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Pat Lipsky—Abstract paintings. Starts Saturday, Feb. 23. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Kyle Morris—Hard-edge geometric abstractions by a former Abstract Expressionist. Starts Saturday, Feb. 23. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

David Novros / Brice Marden—Abstract paintings on panels. / Twenty-five drawings done with sticks dipped in ink. Through Saturday, March 2. (Bykert, 484 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Dennis Oppenheim—Action pieces. Through March 6. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Marion Ranyak / Halina Rusak—Hard-edge paintings. / Paintings of flowers. Starts Saturday, Feb. 23. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Joel Shapiro—Sculptures in wood and metal. Through March 6. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Michelle Stuart—Large graphite paintings. Through March 6. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

Elaine Sturtevant—A Conceptual environment related to the work of Joseph Beuys. Starts Saturday, Feb. 23. (Onnasch, 139 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

Marlene Tseng / Stella Waitzkin—Huge abstract watercolors, plus smaller works on paper. / Polyester sculptures resembling books. Through March 8. (Yu, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

William Wegman—Drawings and videotapes. Through Saturday, March 2. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Group Show—Sculptures by Duane Hanson, paintings by John Horn, and projections by Eric Staller. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Bernard Aptekar—Sculptures of painted cutouts combining a comic-book treatment and social commentary. Through March 8. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Ruth Gikow—Drawings and watercolors depicting contemporary life in New York. Through March 9. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Joyce Weinstein—Cityscapes in oil. Through Saturday, March 2. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

Group Shows—At the **PHOENIX**, 542 LaGuardia Pl.: Paintings by George Kanelous and Margaret Pomfret and sculptures by Elena Kepalas. Through Friday, March 1.... **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: "Diamond Mirror: The Art of the Buddhist and Hindu Tantra," including more than a hundred examples from the seventeenth century to the twentieth. Through Friday, March 1. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5 and 6:30 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Henri Cartier-Bresson—An exhibition of twenty-two photographs taken between 1932 and 1969. Through March 9. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Robert Fichter / Nathan Lyons—Photographs with autobiographic images. / Photographs.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	1	2

Through Saturday, March 2. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Henry Jackson (1843-1942) / **Timothy H. O'Sullivan** (1840-82)—Large prints of Mexico and the West. / Prints from a post-Civil War expedition exploring the Wild West. Through March 31. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Judy Tomkins / Leigh Richmond Miner / Jeremy Cogan—Black-and-white photographs of the black community in Bridgehampton, L.I. / Black-and-white photographs of the black community on St. Helena Island, South Carolina, taken in the early nineteen-hundreds. / Sharp-focus color photographs of nature. Through Sunday, Feb. 24. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **ELLIOTT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Scenes of battles and portraits of the men who fought them, from the Crimean War through the First World War. Through Saturday, March 2.... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An elegant exhibition of work by André Kertész (b. Hungary 1894), Laszlo Moholy-Nagy (b. Hungary 1895), and Alexander Rodchenko (b. Russia 1891) done in the twenties and thirties. Through April 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Photographs on the theme of women by Ken Heyman, Mary Ellen Andrews, Edna Katz, and Bob Rogers. Through Tuesday, Feb. 26. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Ninety-seven medieval tapestries, on loan from museums and private collections all over Europe and North America. Among them are the enormous tapestry from the "Apocalypse" series at Angers and the six pieces of the "Lady with the Unicorn" from the Cluny Museum in Paris. Also, of course, the "Hunt of the Unicorn" set from the Cloisters. Through April 21.... ¶ "The Tens, The Twenties, The Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of clothes of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through May 31.... ¶ A small and excellent exhibition of Japanese color prints, tucked away on the second floor of the north wing, under the title "Hidden Treasures of Japanese Art."... ¶ Ninety-four French drawings ranging from the work of Jacques-Louis David to that of Picasso. Through April 14. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than two hundred oils, drawings, objects, ready-mades, lithographs, books, replicas, posters, and films spanning the career of Marcel Duchamp. Through Sunday, Feb. 24. ... ¶ Woodcuts of the eighteen-nineties by Félix Vallotton which depict all levels of Parisian society. Through April 28.... ¶ Floor sculptures and wall pieces made of cloth, rope, sand, and other materials by Barry Flanagan. Through March 3.... ¶ Twentieth-century portraits by Beckmann, Modigliani, Nolde, and others. Through April 28. ... ¶ Photographs by Kertész, Moholy-Nagy, and Rodchenko; see above, under "Photography." (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Seventy-five prints dated from 1903 to 1942 by Wassily Kandinsky, on loan from the Stadtische Galerie, in Munich. Through Sunday, Feb. 24.... ¶ Selections from the museum's collection. Through March 24. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A loan exhibition of some three hundred works of American folk art from 1776 to 1876. Through March 24.... ¶ A retrospective of portraits from the nineteen-thirties to the present, by Alice Neel. Through March 17.... ¶ Hard-edge paintings of symmetrical rectangles by John McLaughlin. Starts Thursday, Feb. 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Terra-cotta sculptures (toys, cult figures, and relief panels) from ancient India. Through March 3. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, 77th St. at Central Park W.—A show in tribute to Daniel Giraud Elliot, who gave his collection of some thousand birds to the museum in 1869; it is comprised of specimens from the collection, memorabilia, and more than fifty paintings of birds by artists Elliot commissioned to illustrate books. Through Thursday, Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Monochromatic Chinese ink paintings, along with black-and-white ceramics, on loan from the Cleveland Museum of Art. Through March 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A retrospective of the work of Philip Pearlstein, composed of paintings, related drawings, and all of his prints. Through March 17. A complementary show is at the Frumkin Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show exploring the interaction of Japanese pictorial arts and literature. The interactors include calligraphy, paintings, and manuscripts, mostly of aristocratic provenance and ranging from the eighth century to the nineteenth. Lent from the collections of Mrs. Donald Hyde and Mr. Philip Hofer. Through March 17. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Highlights of acquisitions from the past fifty years, including drawings, book bindings, and manuscripts. Through April 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Baroque '74," a show of nearly a hundred objects (jewelry, furniture, textiles) by American craftsmen. Through March 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-forty-ninth annual, composed of nearly three hundred and fifty oils, sculptures, watercolors, and graphics by both members and nonmembers. Starts Saturday, Feb. 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—"Painters of the Mind's Eye," a show linking the nineteenth-century Symbolist movement in Belgium with the work of the Belgian Surrealists René Magritte and Paul Delvaux. Through March 17.... ¶ Paintings, drawings, and magazine illustrations and covers by Benito, the Art Deco artist who did much work for *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair* in the twenties and thirties. Through March 20.... ¶ Metal collage constructions made during the past seven years out of printed tin throwaways and raw-aluminum sheeting by Jim Nichols. Through April 7.... ¶ Drawings of collectors, writers, artists, and actors by Don Bachardy. Through April 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings and etchings of the black ghetto and African landscapes by Vincent Smith. Through March 3. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Maralin Niska, Luciano Pavarotti, Dominic Cossa, John Macurdy, David Holloway, Andrij Dobriansky, and Paul Franke; conducted by Leif Segerstam.... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8: "Otello," with Teresa Stratas, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, William Lewis, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. ... ¶ Friday, Feb. 22, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Rosalind Elias, Shirley Love, Leo Goeke, William Walker, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi; Jan Behr.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 1:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Evelyn Lear, Edith Mathis, Brigitte Fassbaender, Mildred Miller, Manfred Jungwirth, Leo Goeke, and William Dooley; Karl Böhm.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Montserrat Caballé, Nicolai Gedda, Sherrill Milnes, and Justino Díaz; James Levine.... ¶ Monday, Feb. 25, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Reri Grist, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, and Ezio Flagello; Max Rudolf.... ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Montserrat Caballé, Nicolai Gedda, Sherrill Milnes, and Justino Díaz; James Levine.... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Otello," with Teresa Stratas, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, William Lewis, and Paul Plishka; James Levine.... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Nedda Casei, Sándor Kónya, Russell Christopher, and Robert Schmorr; Serge Baudo.... ¶ Friday, March 1, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Montserrat Caballé, Nicolai Gedda, Sherrill Milnes, and Justino Díaz; James Levine.... ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Rosalind Elias, Shirley Love, Leo Goeke, William Walker, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi; John Pritchard.... ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Evelyn Lear, Edith Mathis, Brigitte Fassbaender, Mildred Miller, Manfred Jungwirth, Leo Goeke, and William Dooley; Karl Böhm.

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, April 28—Thursday, Feb. 21, at 7: A new production of Bellini's "I Puritani," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Richard Fredricks, and Robert Hale; conducted by Julius Rudel. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-4700, Ext. 256.)... ¶ Friday, Feb. 22, at 8: "La Bohème," with Patricia Brooks, Carol Bayard, José Carreras, and Thomas Jamerson; Giuseppe Morelli.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 2: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Glenys Fowles, Herman Malamood, and John Darrenkamp; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8: "La Traviata," with Marisa Galvany, Beverly Evans, Helene Guilet, Reginald Byers, and Dominic Cossa; Mario Bernardi. ... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 24, at 1: "I Puritani," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Richard Fredricks, and Robert Hale; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 24, at 7: "Tosca," with Eileen Schauler, José Carreras, Vern Shinall, Jerold Siena, and Robert Paul; Giuseppe Morelli.... ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 8: "Tosca," with Eileen Schauler, José Carreras, Vern Shinall, Jerold Siena, and Robert Paul; Giuseppe Morelli.... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8: "I Puritani," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Richard Fredricks, and Richard T. Gill; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Johanna Meier, Maralin Niska, Patricia Wise, John Alexander, and Dominic Cossa; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Friday, March 1, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Ruth Welting, Rose Wildes, Beverly Evans, José Carreras, and Richard Fredricks; Giuseppe Morelli.... ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 2: "La Traviata," with Marisa Galvany, Beverly Evans, Reginald Byers, and Pablo Elvira; Mario Bernardi.... ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 8: "La Bohème," with Patricia Brooks, Carol Bayard, Luciano Rampaso, and Thomas Jamerson; Giuseppe Morelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Puccini's "La Bohème." Staged by Theodore Mann, with the Juilliard Theatre Orchestra conducted by James Conlon. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 28-March 2, at 8, and Sunday, March 3, at 2. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 22, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 7:30 (no soloists); and Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8:30; Friday, March 1, at 2; Saturday, March 2, at 8:30; and Tues-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	1	2

day, March 5, at 7:30 (all with Maurizio Pollini, piano).

Minnesota Orchestra—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with Martha Argerich, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Colin Davis conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Feb. 20, and Friday, Feb. 22, at 8:30, both with Michael Roll, piano, and Heather Harper, soprano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8, with Jessye Norman, soprano, and Robert Levin, piano.)

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra—Thomas Schippers conducting, with Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Netherlands Wind Ensemble—An all-Mozart program. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

St. Paul Chamber Orchestra—Dennis Russell Davies conducting, with Elly Ameling, soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Symphony of the New World—Kermit Moore conducting, with Ruggiero Ricci, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 3.)

The Composer Speaks—A series of six concerts in which as many composers introduce and discuss premières of their works. In the fourth concert, Dennis Russell Davies will conduct the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, and Marvin David Levy will take over the baton to introduce his "In Memorium—W. H. Auden," in which Paul Sperry will be tenor soloist. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Handel Society Orchestra and Chorus—Stephen Simon directing, with Eileen Farrell, soprano; Richard Lewis, tenor; and Martin Isepp, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting, with Jeanne Benjamin and Gerald Tarack, violin; Kenneth Cooper, piano; Paul Ingraham, horn; and Alexander Kouguell, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting an all-Webern concert, with Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Jeanne Benjamin, violin; and Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 1, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 2, at 8, and Sunday, March 3, at 5:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Bach Aria Group—William Smith directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Monteverdi's Vespers of 1610—Gregg Smith directing soloists of the Gregg Smith Singers, the Long Island Chamber Chorus, and the Orpheus Chamber Ensemble. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

New York Choral Society—Roger Wagner directing a performance of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," with Maralin Niska, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; Mallory Walker, tenor; Robert Oliver, bass; and an orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 7:30.)

Musica Sacra of New York—Richard Westenburg directing a chorus and an orchestra in an all-Ives program. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. 838-2022. Monday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

University Chorale of Boston College—C. Alexander Peloquin directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 2, at 8.)

RECITALS

Rita Bouboulidi—The last three in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. 280-3600. Wednesday, Feb. 20; Saturday, Feb. 23; and Wednesday, Feb. 27, all at 8.)

Paul Wolfe—Harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The third in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal and Robert Veyron-Lacroix—Presenting the Bach cycle of flute and harpsichord sonatas. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Janáček Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Christopher Parkening—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Dorian Woodwind Quintet—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Anthony Newman—Harpsichord, in the last in a series of all-Bach programs, this one with Rafael Druian and Ani Kavafian, violin, and Paula Robison, flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 2:30.)

Music from Marlboro—Chamber music. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 2:30.)

Rodrigo de Zayas and Anne Perret—Vihuela/lute/theorbo and mezzo-soprano. (Fuentidueña Chapel, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale—The last program (postponed from Dec. 9) in a series of three of music for two pianos and for one piano, four hands, with commentary. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 5:30.)

Fine Arts Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

New School Concerts—The Galimir Quartet, with Harold Wright, clarinet. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700, Ext. 315. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Donald Walker—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—With Peter Serkin, piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Andrée Juliette Brun—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Christa Ludwig—Mezzo-soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Stephen Bishop—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

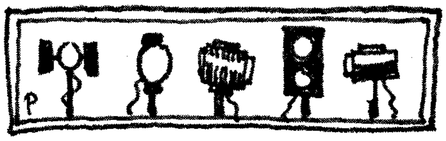
New Amsterdam Ensemble—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Jean Hakes, Cheryl Seltzer, and Joel Sachs—Soprano and pianists, in a program of twentieth-century music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 6.)

Agustin Anievas—Piano, in the second of two concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

New York Philomusica Chamber Ensemble—The second in a series of three concerts of Mozart divertimentos. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 1, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Rudolf Serkin, piano; the Guarneri Quartet; Walter Trampler, viola; and Paula Robison, flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 1, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 3, at 5.)



Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 2, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 2, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

MISCELLANY

Aaron Copland Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by Jean Hakes, soprano; Cheryl Seltzer, piano; Joel Sachs, acting as pianist and conductor; Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; Arthur Bloom, clarinet; the Gail August Dancers; and a string ensemble. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 5:45: **SYLVIA SYMS** and **BARBARA CARROLL**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 5:45: **THEODORE BIKEL**.

Yes—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8.

Cheech & Chong and Bachman-Turner Overdrive—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Ruth Brisbane and Trio—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Danny Kalb Blues Band—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 3.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The first program (postponed from Feb. 10) in a series of four in which lyricists (in this case Loudon Wainwright III) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Jackson Browne and Linda Ronstadt—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8 and 11:30.

Paul Bley and Scorpio—Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 280-5011.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Atlanta, Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Capital Bullets, Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, March 2, at 8. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Nets vs. Memphis, Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Diego, Friday, March 1, at 7:35.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Sunday, Feb. 24, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, Feb. 28, at 7:35.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Feb. 25, through Saturday, May 11. The Paumonok Handicap, Monday, Feb. 25. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 2; through Monday, May 27. . . . **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 16. The Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 23.

Tennis—World Championship Tennis: Stan Smith, John Newcombe, Brian Gottfried, Clark Graebner, Bob Lutz, Alex Metreveli, Charlie Pasarell, Cliff Richey, Dick Stockton, and others, in a benefit tournament. (Nassau Coliseum. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 9 and 1; Thursday, Feb. 21, at 10 and 7; Friday, Feb. 22, at 1 and 7; Saturday, Feb. 23, at 2 and 7; and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 1.)

Track Meet—National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 22, at 7.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, March 2.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **festival winds:** A program of chamber music, with commentary by Melvin Kaplan. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 3.)... **light opera of manhattan:** "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 23-24, at 4.... ¶ "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday, March 2, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)... **tom glazer:** Folksinger. (Central Children's Theatre, 128 E. 55th St. TE 8-5122. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 2.)

H. R. Pufnstuf Show—Sid and Marty Krofft presenting over a hundred characters from their television shows "H. R. Pufnstuf," "The Bugaloos," "Lidsville," and "Sigmund and the Sea Monsters," plus TV star Johnny Whitaker and a twenty-eight-piece puppet orchestra. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 20-23, at 10:30, 1, and 3:30, and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 1 and 3:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **b. gay puppets:** "The Monkey and the Snake." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult.)... **bil baird marionettes:** "Pinocchio." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.)... **meri mini players:** "Pinocchio." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 12:30 and 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.)... **national theatre company:** "Swiss Family Robinson." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 2.)... **paper bag players:** "I Won't Take a Bath!," Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 23-24, at 1 and 3.... ¶ "My Horse Is Waiting," Saturday, March 2, at 1 and 3. (P.S. 41, 116 W. 11th St. Tickets at the box office only, on the days of the performances.) ... **pickwick puppets:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 2, at 2:30. For tickets, call 866-4602.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Spaceship Earth;" through March 4. (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5.

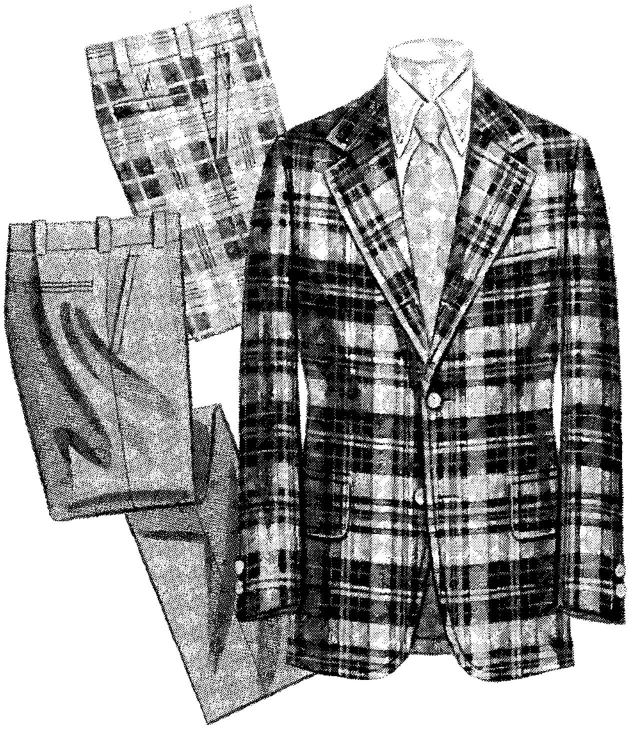
ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

National Antiques Show—The thirtieth annual affair, at which three hundred dealers are showing such diverse items as pens and inkwells, Victorian figural napkin holders, and Wild West novels. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 20-23, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, Feb. 24, from 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Feb. 21, at 2: Jewelry, from various sources.... ¶ Friday, Feb. 22, at 2: European ceramics, from several collectors.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 2: Continental furniture and decorations, from many sources. ... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 27-28, at 10:15 and 2: Books and autographs, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, Feb. 21.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Paper Moon" and "Take the Money and Run."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Feb. 23: "Platinum Blonde" and "American Madness."
Feb. 24-26: "Three Smart Girls" and "Up in Central Park."
From Feb. 27: "Meet Me in St. Louis" and "For Me and My Gal."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Feb. 26: "The New Land" and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."
From Feb. 27: "Westworld" and another feature, to be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Walking Tall."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Bang the Drum Slowly" and "The Friends of Eddie Coyle."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Sting."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Sleeper."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Sleeper."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Blazing Saddles."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Zardoz."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Feb. 26: "Don't Look Now."
From Feb. 27: "The Pedestrian."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Exorcist."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Serpico."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Last Detail."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Way We Were."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Way We Were."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Man Is Not a Bird."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Exorcist."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
Feb. 20: "The Ceremony."
Feb. 21-27: A program of films from Grove Press.
From Feb. 28: "Lucia."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Laughing Policeman."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"American Graffiti."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Exorcist."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Thieves Like Us."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Papillon."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 26: "M*A*S*H."
From Feb. 27: "Westworld."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Feb. 21: "Romeo and Juliet."
From Feb. 22: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Last Tango in Paris."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Feb. 26: "Walking Tall."
From Feb. 27: "Chariots of the Gods?"

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Crazy Joe."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Sting."

86th St East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"McQ."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Sugar Hill."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Feb. 26: "Black Belt Jones."
From Feb. 27: "Busting."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Feb. 26: "El Topo" and "Repulsion."
From Feb. 27: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"A Touch of Class" and "The Ruling Class."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Mean Streets."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Feb. 26: "Happy New Year" and "Money, Money, Money."
From Feb. 27: "Chariots of the Gods?"

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Feb. 26 at one or another of the theatres: "Tupamaros!," "When the People Awake," and "Memories of Underdevelopment"/"O Lucky Man!" and "If . . ."/"Last Tango in Paris" and "The Conformist.". . . ¶ Through Feb. 21: "Robin Hood" and "One Little Indian.". . . ¶ From Feb. 22: "The New Land" and "Marry Me! Marry Me!"

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Feb. 20: "8½" and "I Vitelloni."
Feb. 21-25: "Pygmalion" and "The Importance of Being Earnest."
Feb. 26: "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" and "The Wild Child."
Feb. 27: "Juliet of the Spirits" and "The White Sheik."
From Feb. 28: "Citizen Kane" and "The Birth of a Nation."

23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Feb. 26: "The New Land" and "The Twelve Chairs."
From Feb. 27: "The Seven-Ups" and another feature, to be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Feb. 26: "Vanishing Wilderness."
From Feb. 27: "Chariots of the Gods?"

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Superdad."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Day of the Dolphin."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Day for Night."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Happy New Year." (No evening performances on Tuesday, Feb. 26.)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Sleeper."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Feb. 21: "Morgan!" and "Billy Liar."
Feb. 22-24: "Meet Me in St. Louis" and "The Band Wagon."
Feb. 25-26: "Stolen Kisses" and "Murmur of the Heart."
Feb. 27-28: "Of Human Bondage" and "Jezebel."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Exorcist."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Exorcist."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Feb. 26: "Ash Wednesday" and "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever."
From Feb. 27: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Way We Were" and "Butterflies Are Free."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Feb. 21: "Blume in Love" and "The Candidate."
From Feb. 22: "Charley Varrick" and "The Don Is Dead."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Partner."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 26: "Happy New Year."
From Feb. 27: To be announced.

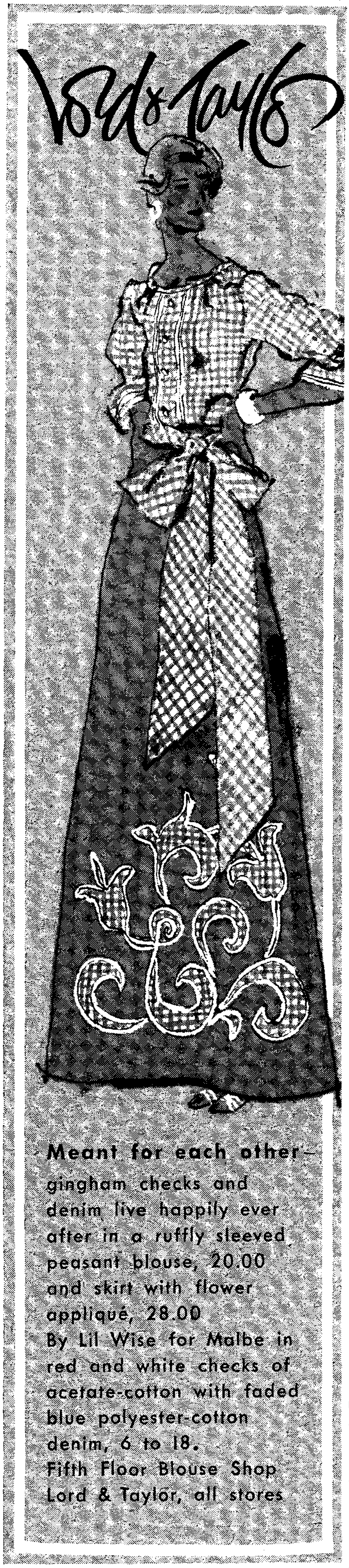
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
"Walking Tall."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Feb. 26: "The New Land" and "Up the Sandbox."
From Feb. 27: "O Lucky Man!" and "If . . ."

Note—A few specialist film houses—**BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210): Movie musicals mostly, and only on weekends. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 22-24: "The Gay Divorcée" (1934; Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire) and "A Damsel in Distress" (1937; Fred Astaire and Joan Fontaine). . . . **FILM FORUM**, 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes*. At 8, Thursdays through Sundays. . . . **PAGODA**, 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 20 at 5:30: "Toni" (1934), in French, directed by Jean Renoir; no English titles. . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 5:30: "Le Mystère Mao" (1965), in French, directed by Claude Oztenberger; and "Regard Sur la Folie" (1961), in French, directed by Mario Ruspoli. . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 8: "Heavy Traffic" (1973), directed by Ralph Bakshi, an X-rated animated cartoon. . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 2: "Charlie Chan in Paris" (1935), directed by Lewis Seiler, with Warner Oland. . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 5:30 and Feb. 23 at noon: A program of four short films. . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 3: "Le Plaisir" (1952), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Danielle Darrieux. . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 5:30: "Charlie Chan in Paris" (1935). . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 12:30 and 3: "Wee Willie Winkle" (1937), directed by John Ford, with Shirley Temple. . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 5:30 and Feb. 25 at 2: "The White Hell of Pitz Palu" (1929), directed by Arnold Fanck and G. W. Pabst, with Leni Riefenstahl. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 5:30: "La Dolce Vita" (1960), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 2: "Three Strange Loves" (1949), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 5:30: "Casual Relations" (1973), directed by Mark Rappaport. . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 5:30: "Three Strange Loves" (1949). . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 5:30: "Festival!" (1966), directed by Murray Lerner, a documentary about the 1963-66 Newport Folk Festivals. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 8: "Isle of Wight Pop Festival" (1970), a work-in-progress by director Murray Lerner. (A limited number of reservations are available, but



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only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through Feb. 21: "Libeled Lady" (1936), directed by Jack Conway, with Jean Harlow and William Powell. . . . ¶ Feb. 22: "The Kid from Spain" (1932), directed by Leo McCarey, with Eddie Cantor. . . . ¶ Feb. 23: "Exit Smiling" (1926), directed by Sam Taylor, with Beatrice Lillie and Jack Pickford. . . . ¶ Feb. 24: "West of Zanzibar" (1928), directed by Tod Browning, with Lon Chaney and Lionel Barrymore. . . . ¶ Feb. 27-28: "The Wrong Man" (1957), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Henry Fonda and Vera Miles. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Feb. 23: "American Moods," a program of five short films. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 24: "Biographical Cinema," a program of four short films. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (636-4100). Films of the American Film Institute—Feb. 20 at 8: "Daughters of Darkness" (1971), directed by Harry Kümel, with Delphine Seyrig. . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 7:30: "Curse of the Demon" (1958), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Dana Andrews. . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 9: "Jonathan" (1972), in German, directed by Hans Geissendörfer.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

American Graffiti—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Reviewed in these pages 8/13/73.) (Columbia II.)

American Madness (1932)—A topical melodrama of the Depression and bank failure, it's about a run on a bank—and with a twist that is purest Hollywood. The big banker (Walter Huston) is the hero, and it's his lower-echelon employees who are the villains. Frank Capra directed, and Robert Riskin wrote the script. Capra's dramatic use of the bank, where almost all the action is set, is ingenious, and the sequences of the mounting panic and the storming of the bank are effectively staged, but the resolution is the usual Capra-Riskin populist hokum: the small depositors, grateful to Huston for his help in the past, bring in their savings to preserve his bank from ruin. Even this early in his career, Capra often underestimated the audience. In some cities, the picture was *too* topical: in Baltimore it opened the day after a bank panic and closed in forty-eight hours. With Pat O'Brien, Constance Cummings, Kay Johnson, and Gavin Gordon. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 23.)

Ash Wednesday—In a few scenes, Elizabeth Taylor is done up like Arletty playing Garance in "Children of Paradise," and she's absolutely ravishing, in an unearthly, ageless way. But the film is a long-drawn-out ghoulish commercial for cosmetic surgery—made, apparently, for people who can't think of anything to do with their lives but go backward. Jean-Claude Tramont is credited with the script and Larry Peerce is credited with the direction, but there is no script and there is no direction. With Keith Baxter, Helmut Berger, and Henry Fonda giving a sour, dumb performance. (Regency; through Feb. 26.)

The Band Wagon (1953)—The Comden-Green script isn't as consistently fresh as the one they did for "Singin' in the Rain," but there are few musicals as good as this one, starring those two great song-and-dance men, Fred Astaire and Jack Buchanan. The plot, about a movie star (Astaire) trying for a comeback on Broadway and falling in love with a ballerina (Cyd Charisse), is a relaxed excuse for some good revue numbers, such as "Triplets," with Astaire, Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray, and, at the end, the "Girl Hunt" dance, parodying Mickey Spillane, with Astaire as the detective and Miss Charisse as the ladies in his life. When Miss Charisse wraps her phenomenal legs around Astaire, she can be forgiven everything, even her three minutes of "classical" ballet and the fact that she reads her lines as if she learned them phonetically. With Oscar Levant, in a good role for a change. Vincente Minnelli directed; the songs are by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 22-24.)

Bang the Drum Slowly—A fictional story with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (9/10/73) (Gramercy.)

Billy Liar (1963)—An English comedy in which Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. With Julie Christie. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Feb. 21.)

The Birth of a Nation (1915)—Of this D. W. Griffith film, James Agee wrote, "It is equal with Brady's photographs, Lincoln's speeches, Whitman's war poems . . . in fact, to the best work that has been done in this country. And among moving pictures it is alone . . . as the one great epic, tragic film." With Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Henry B. Walthall. (Elgin; starting Feb. 28.)

Black Belt Jones—With Jim Kelly and Gloria Hendry, directed by Robert Clouse. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Feb. 26.)

Blazing Saddles—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem as much as they can, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (Sutton.)

Blume in Love—Susan Anspach, looking frail and beautiful, as the divorced wife of a lawyer played by George Segal in a clodhopping story of unkillable love. The film is set mostly in Los Angeles, with tourist-dream sorties to Venice, where a cure-everything baby is had, apparently in the Doges' Palace. Some denouement. Written and directed by Paul Mazursky, of "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice," which was a comedy with a lot more slyness and verve. (6/23/73) (Beacon; through Feb. 21.)

Busting—With Elliott Gould and Robert Blake, directed by Peter Hyams. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Feb. 27.)

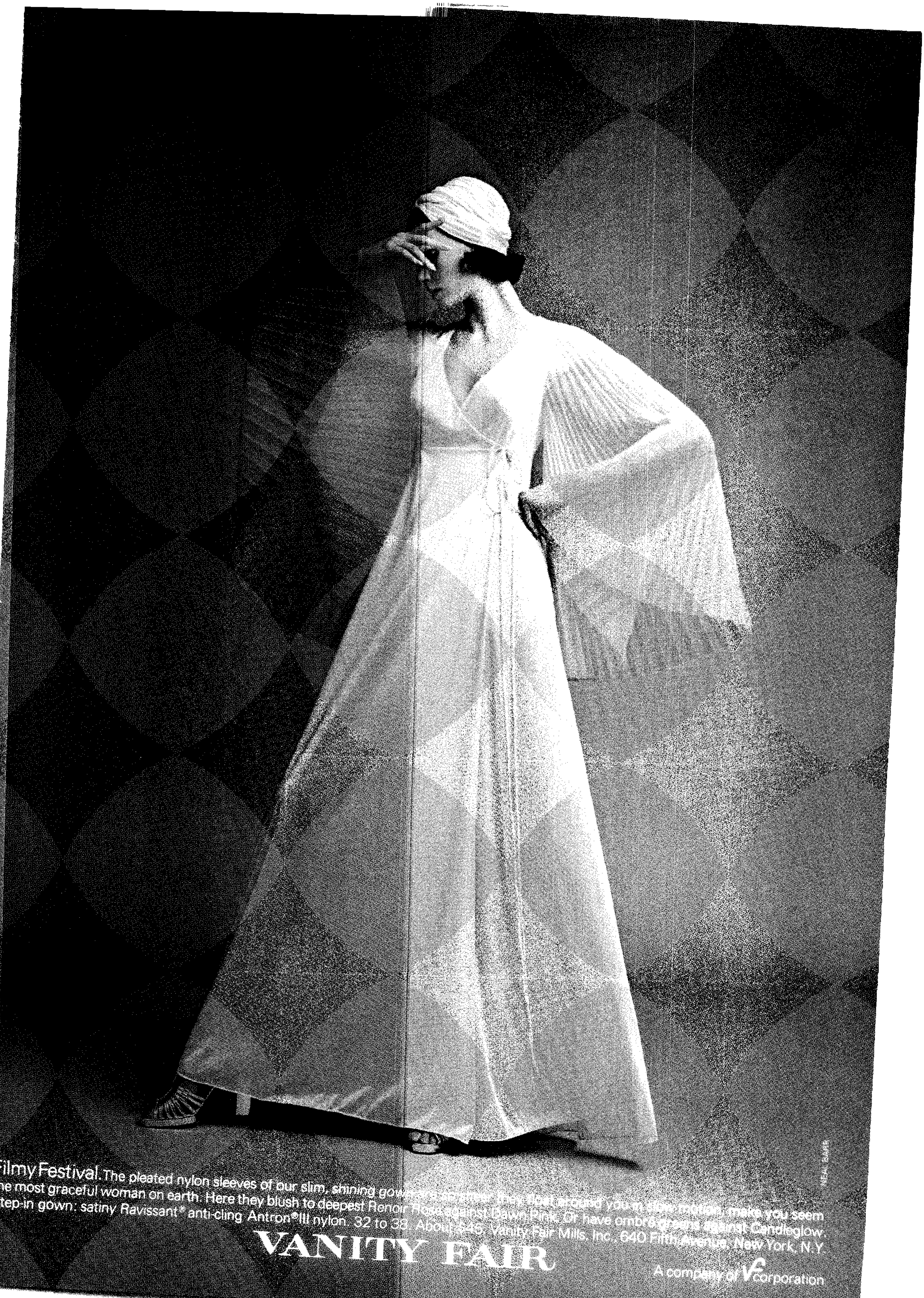
Butterflies Are Free (1972)—Based on the Broadway play, with Goldie Hawn, Eileen Heckart, and Edward Albert. Dim stuff from a dim original, full of the worst sort of show-biz perkiness. Directed by Milton Katselas. (Embassy 72nd St.)

The Candidate (1972)—We need political films, but not this thing, which is about a young straight-from-the-shoulder good-looker (Robert Redford) who decides to run for Democratic senator in California. Redford's likeness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited in one of the most vulgar pieces of casting in years. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (7/1/72) (Beacon; through Feb. 21.)

The Ceremony (1971)—Directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (First Avenue Screening Room; Feb. 20.)

Chariots of the Gods?—Directed by Harald Reinl. (U.A. East, Greenwich, and Guild; starting Feb. 27.)

Charley Varrick—Walter Matthau as a wily bank robber who outsmarts the police and the Mafia, too. Unpleasant, noisy, brutal, and with sentimental flourishes. Don Siegel di-



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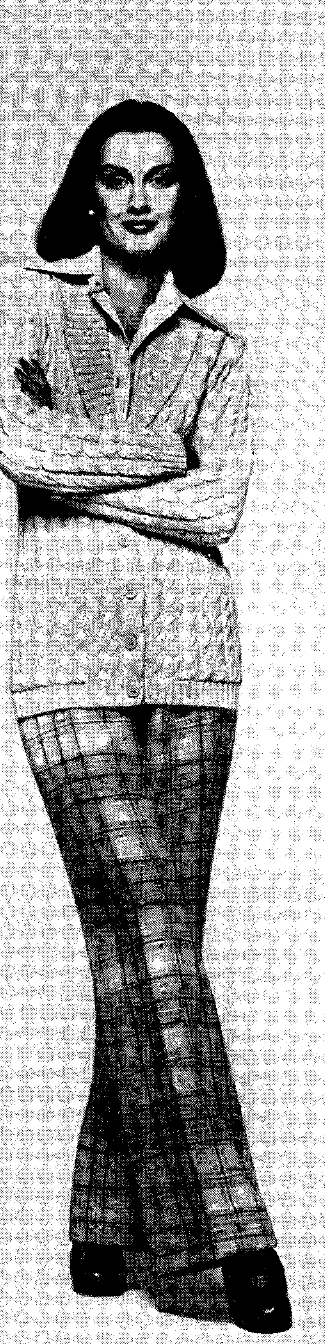

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rected. (11/12/73) (Beacon; starting Feb. 22.)

CITIZEN KANE (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant, muckraking attack on an archetypal economic baron. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane. (Elgin; starting Feb. 28.)

THE CONFORMIST (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 26.)

CRAZY JOE—With Peter Boyle and Paula Prentiss, directed by Carlo Lizzani. (Loews Orpheum.)

DAY FOR NIGHT—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (Festival.)

THE DAY OF THE DOLPHIN—The most expensive Rin Tin Tin picture ever made, with a gimmick the Rin Tin Tin pictures never stooped to: the dolphins here are dubbed with plaintive, childish voices and speak in English. Mike Nichols directed this elaborate anthropomorphic exercise; the wretched plot is about an attempt to assassinate the President by using the dolphins as bomb carriers. George C. Scott is the godlike dolphin trainer. (12/31/73) (Ziegfeld.)

THE DON IS DEAD—With Anthony Quinn, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Beacon; starting Feb. 22.)

DON'T LOOK NOW—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicholas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion Gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (Fine Arts; through Feb. 26.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Elgin; Feb. 20.)

THE EXORCIST—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Plaza, Cinema I, Beekman, Paris, and Paramount.)

FOR ME AND MY GAL (1942)—Fresh from his Broadway success in "Pal Joey," Gene Kelly made his movie début here as a good-bad guy, playing opposite Judy Garland. They are a vaudeville team who are just getting their big break when Kelly is inducted (the period is the First World War); he deliberately injures his hand so he won't have to fight and—the movie having been made during the Second World War—he must then reform, and become a hero. The story is naïvely patriotic and sentimental, but Kelly is amazingly fresh; his grin could melt stone, and he and Garland are a magical pair. A good score, and some neat comedy routines featuring Kelly and Ben Blue. Busby Berkeley directed; with George Murphy and Marta Eggerth. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 27.)

THE FRIENDS OF EDDIE COYLE—Ineffective movie based on the George V. Higgins book—which should have been first-rate movie material. Robert Mitchum, looking appropriately square-headed, tries hard, but nothing really meshes in this movie. The actor who comes across best is Richard Jordan, as the smart, treacherous cop. The director, Peter Yates, doesn't seem to know how to tell a story, and he certainly doesn't know the Boston Irish locale. With Peter Boyle. (Gramercy.)

HAPPY NEW YEAR—With Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Playboy. No evening performances on Tuesday, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Greenwich, and Symphony; through Feb. 26.)

IF . . . (1969)—An odd epic on guerrilla warfare in an English boarding school, combining a cold and queasy view of youth with a romantic view of violence. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Feb. 27.)

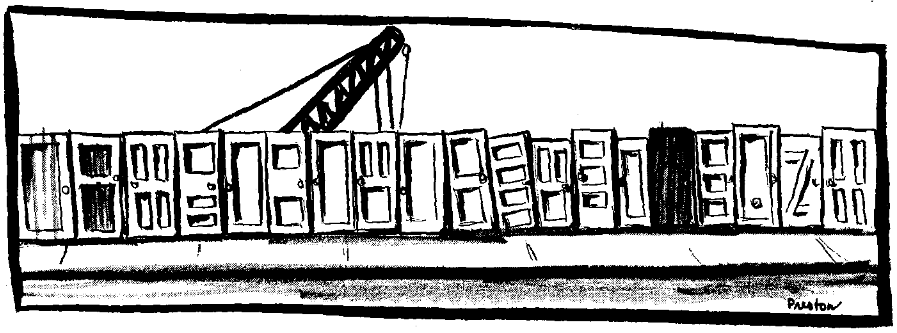
THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST (1952)—Oscar Wilde's deliriously convoluted, perfect comedy. This English production, directed by Anthony Asquith, is a bit stagy but marvellously acted, especially by Edith Evans, Joan Greenwood, Margaret Rutherford, and Michael Redgrave. (Elgin; Feb. 21-25.)

JEZEBEL (1938)—Bette Davis at her dazzling best—as a Southern belle who confuses perversity with coquetry. A full-scale demonstration of the talent of a star who can act. William Wyler directed. With Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 27-28.)

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Elgin; Feb. 27.)

THE LAST DETAIL—About three seamen. Dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson and Otis Young are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. The movie is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (Coronet.)

LAST TANGO IN PARIS (1972)—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form.



In French and English. (10/28/72) (Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Feb. 26.)

THE LAUGHING POLICEMAN—Standard, gory imitation of "Dirty Harry," "The French Connection," and "Bullitt." There isn't much acting honor to be had from it, but Walter Matthau, playing a black-haired police detective, loses what little there is to Bruce Dern, who plays his partner. Matthau does the ancient obvious, but Dern's contentious, muffled manner is the latest in fey one-upmanship. The choppy film makes practically no sense; Stuart Rosenberg's direction features massacres, cadavers, and close inspection of wounds. (1/21/74) (Columbia I.)

LUCIA—A Cuban film, directed by Humberto Solas. In Spanish. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Feb. 28.)

MAN IS NOT A BIRD (1966)—A Yugoslav film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (Ciné Malibu.)

MARRY ME! MARRY ME! (1969)—A slight but truly done film by Claude Berri, about a Jewish boy who gets shoved gently into rather the wrong marriage. The film is kindly and acute about compromise. In French. (Quad Cinema; starting Feb. 22.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (72nd Street East; through Feb. 26.)

MCCABE & MRS. MILLER (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 26.)

MCQ—Prostratingly dull. John Wayne, eager to change his image, plays a tough cop, modelled on Clint Eastwood's Harry Callahan. As a member of the Seattle police force, Wayne clutches a little gun in gnarled hands the size of cattle hocks. John Sturges directed, at a funereal pace. (2/11/74) (86th St. East.)

MEAN STREETS—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (10/8/73) (5th Ave. Cinema.)

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS (1944)—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent musical-comedy adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien as Tootie, whose Halloween adventure is the high point of the movie. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 22-24. . . . ¶ Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 27.)

MEMORIES OF UNDERDEVELOPMENT—A beautifully complicated and subtle picture from Cuba, with an actor named Sergio Corrieri playing a thirty-eight-year-old writer whose sense of stasis must practically amount to counter-revolution in Castro's new society. The sophisticated flashes of happiness, yearning, and discontent that are expressed so freely in the picture are a political as well as a filmmaking wonder. The director, who would rank with the highest in Europe, is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. He also wrote the screenplay, from a novel by Edmundo Desnoes. In Spanish. (5/26/73) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 26.)

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY—Claude Lelouch's knockabout comedy concerning a set of farcical urban pirates whose most rewarding theft lies in kidnapping the Pope. The picture is not funny, funny, funny, but fairly. In French. (4/21/73) (Greenwich; through Feb. 26.)

MORGAN! (1966)—An unusual movie about an anarchistic left-wing misfit rebel (David Warner). The movie (directed by Karel Reisz, from David Mercer's TV play) often seems to be out of control as it teeters along, sometimes presenting its hero as cute and funny, other times as tragic and in pain. With Vanessa Redgrave. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Feb. 21.)

MURMUR OF THE HEART (1971)—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 25-26.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the viewer wanted to go on and discover if the survivors of the mid-nineteenth-century emigration from Sweden found what they had hoped for. In this second half, the master director Jan Troell shows what happened to them in Minnesota. Together, the two halves offer the pleasures of a rich, overflowing epic novel. Troell has a ravening appetite; it almost seems as if he loves nature so much that he wants to plunder it all; the viewer is the beneficiary. Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann have never been better—that's saying a lot. With Eddie Axberg and Monica Zetterlund. (10/15/73) (In Swedish, with subtitles. Through Feb. 26 at the Olympia and St. Marks Cinema, and, starting Feb. 22, at the Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the 23rd St. Cinema; through Feb. 26.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Bette Davis had a great slouch in the role of Mildred, the scheming, deceitful Cockney waitress who sinks her hooks into the sensitive hero, Leslie Howard. (Howard was the man-born-to-be-betrayed until Dirk Bogarde came along.) Davis makes her role work through sheer will; she doesn't let it happen, she makes it happen—and, boy, you'd better watch! Her peroxide-blond Mildred may be too showily *mean* to be convincing, but Davis's energy was, for the first time, fully released on the screen, and the role made her a star. John Cromwell directed this careful, rather stilted version of the Somerset Maugham novel. The other women in the hero's life are played by the lovely young Frances Dee and the unusual, wry Kay Johnson. With Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, and Alan Hale. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 27-28.)

O Lucky Man!—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated and ambitious picture yet: a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer ("The Loves of Isadora," among many others); the quiet style of the camera work is Miroslav Ondříček's ("If . . . ," "The White Bus," "Loves of a Blonde," "The Fireman's Ball," and so on). Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (6/16/73) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Feb. 27.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever (1970)—Barbra Streisand, fitfully alive, in a musical about reincarnation. A fey notion, gussied up with Cecil Beaton gowns and Vincente Minnelli staging, and weighed down by Alan Jay Lerner's atrocious script. With Yves Montand at his worst. (Regency; through Feb. 26.)

One Little Indian—From the Disney studios, with James Garner and Vera Miles, directed by Bernard McEveety. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 21.)

Paper Moon—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy, played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (5/26/73) (Art.)

Papillon—A pointlessly gruelling movie, in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island and Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. The picture is so solemn that one would think it the story of a pope, at the very least. Directed by Franklin Schaffner. (12/24/73) (Loews Tower East.)

Partner (1969)—Two years before "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this inventive but bewildering political vaudeville—a modernization of Dostoevski's "The Double," in which a young drama teacher (Pierre Clémenti) has fantasies of extending the theatre of cruelty into political revolution. Clémenti doesn't convey enough intellectuality for an audience to understand the character, who seems to be a comic-strip Artaud. Visually extraordinary, and with original and daring tricks of style, but not easy to take. With Stefania Sandrelli and Tina Aumont. In Italian. (3/27/71) (New Yorker.)

The Pedestrian—Directed by Maximilian Schell. In German. (Fine Arts; starting Feb. 27.)

Platinum Blonde (1931)—Frank Capra's early talkie about a glib newspaper reporter (Robert Williams) who marries an artistocratic heiress (Jean Harlow, ludicrously miscast but fun to watch anyway). Almost a catalogue of the movie conventions of the period, complete to an effete valet (Claude Allister) and a comic butler (Halliwell Hobbes). The film's considerable attractions include Robert Riskin's uninhibited dialogue and ravishing Loretta Young, who, as a tough-minded girl reporter (prototype of the later Jean Arthur roles), is a natural aristocrat. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 23.)

Pygmalion (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G.B.S. picture ever done. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film début as Eliza, and Leslie Howard is in great form as that fatuous snob Higgins. With Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle, and Marie Lohr as Mrs. Higgins. Shaw supervised, Gabriel Pascal produced, Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed, David Lean edited, Arthur Honegger did the score, and Harry Stradling shot it. (Elgin; Feb. 21-25.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous terrified girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. (Waverly; through Feb. 26.)

Robin Hood—An animated version from the Disney studios. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 21.)

Romeo and Juliet (1968)—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap. His version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Juliet 2; through Feb. 21.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (9/16/72) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Serpico—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (Baronet.)

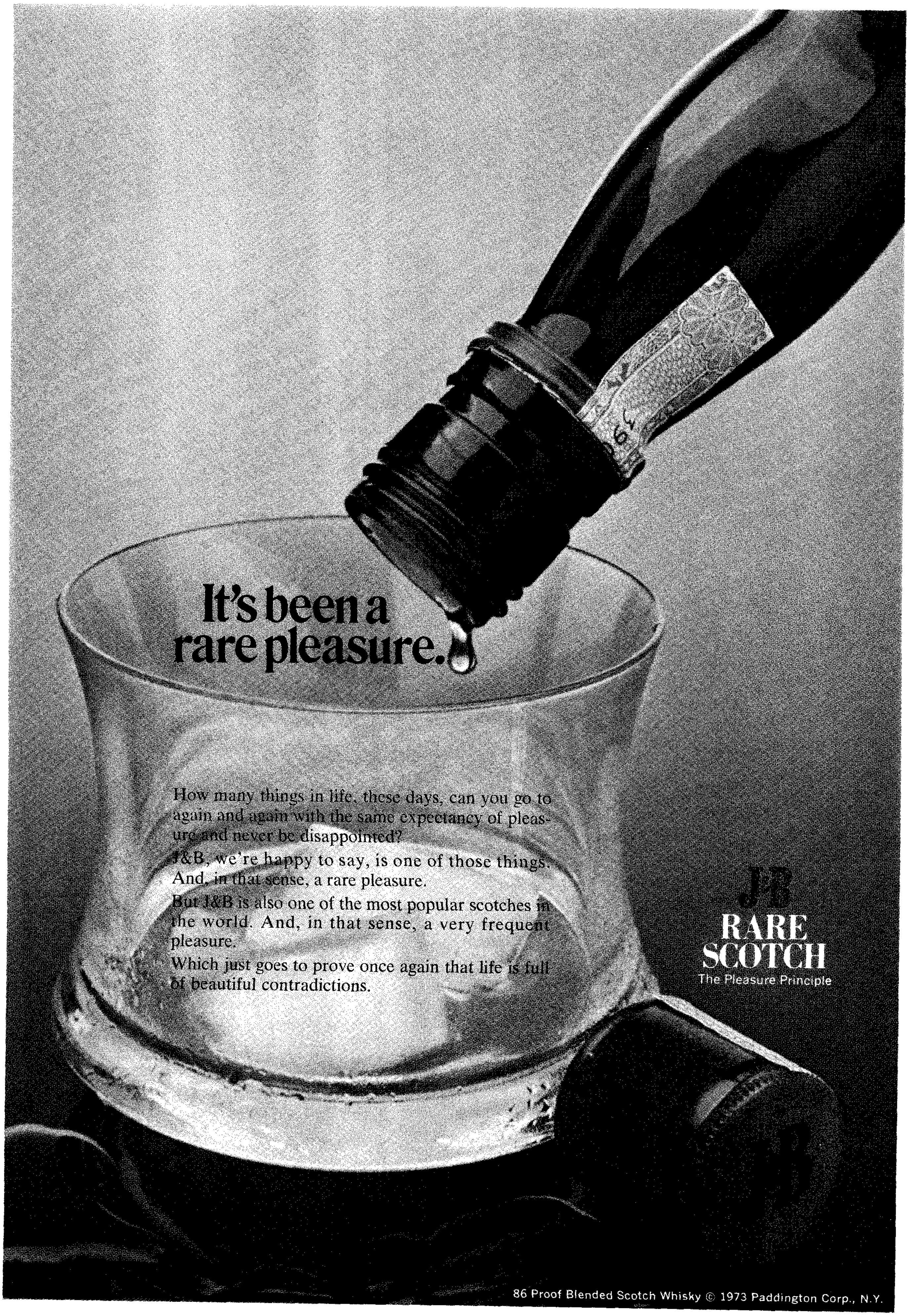
The Seven-Ups—With Roy Scheider, directed by Philip D'Antoni. (23rd St. Cinema; starting Feb. 27.)

Sleeper—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, and with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (12/31/73) (34th St. East, Eastside Cinema, and Little Carnegie.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people will probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Murray Hill, and Loews Ciné.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 25-26.)

Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me—Truffaut, and by no means at his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsizes the meagre pos-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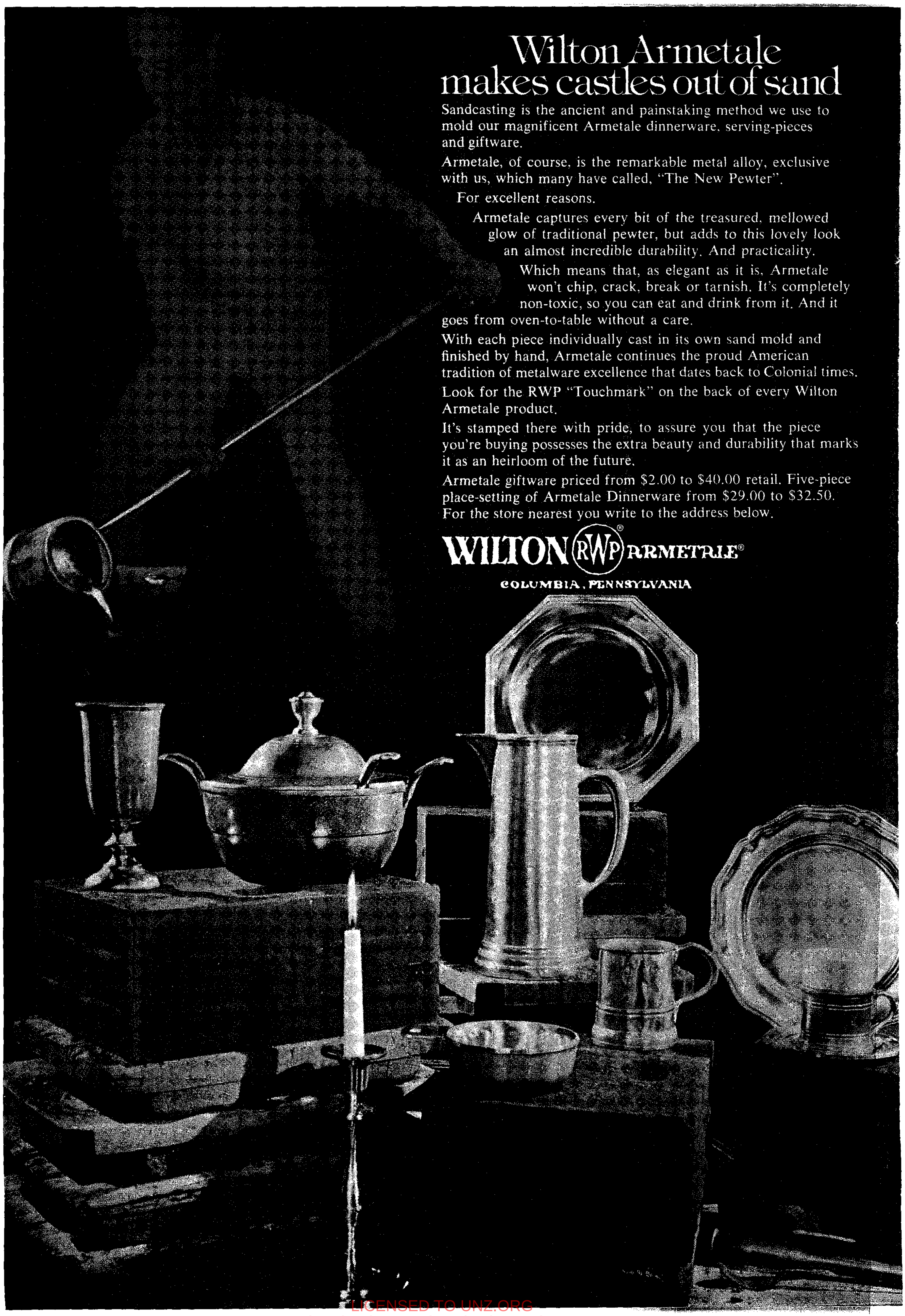

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sibility of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (3/31/73) (Elgin; Feb. 26.)

Sugar Hill—With Marki Bey, directed by Paul Maslansky. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Superdad—Bland, vacuous situation comedy from the Disney studios, with Bob Crane and Barbara Rush having slapstick troubles with their teen-age daughter, Kathleen Cody. Vincent McEveety directed; that is, he supervised the grimaces that are meant to provoke laughter. (Music Hall.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Art.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (9/3/73) (Cinema II.)

Thieves Like Us—From the first, pearly-green long shot, Robert Altman finds a sureness of tone and never loses it. This story of young lovers in the thirties is the closest to flawless of his films—a masterpiece. Made in Mississippi, "Thieves Like Us" is so sensuous and lucid that it is as if William Faulkner and the young Jean Renoir had collaborated. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Three Smart Girls (1937)—Deanna Durbin's début picture, in which the happy, toothsome fourteen-year-old soprano conquered audiences and rescued Universal Pictures. And you can see why. The surrounding cast of solid pros (Binnie Barnes, Alice Brady, Ray Milland, Charles Winninger, Mischa Auer, Ernest Cossart) keeps grinning. The picture is idiotically turned on to happiness, but it isn't boring. Joe Pasternak produced; Henry Koster directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 24-26.)

El Topo (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (Waverly; through Feb. 26.)

A Touch of Class—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose, Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (7/9/73) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Tupamaros!—A documentary inside view of Latin America's urban-guerrilla movement. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 26.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (23rd St. Cinema; through Feb. 26.)

Up in Central Park (1948)—A misery from Universal. The subject of how the Tweed ring was busted isn't exactly ideal musical-comedy material, and with smiley, suave Vincent Price as Boss Tweed, and that most juvenile of all singing juveniles, Dick Haymes, as the reporter who blows the lid off, there's no redemption. Deanna Durbin plays a colleen (yes, really) who is smitten with love for Haymes, and she sings some of the undistinguished songs by Dorothy Fields and Sigmund Romberg. William Seiter directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 24-26.)

Up the Sandbox (1972)—Barbra Streisand has never seemed so multi-radiant as in this joyful mess, taken from the Anne Richardson Roiphe novel. The picture is full of sass and knockabout urban humor, though it doesn't seem to have settled on what it's meant to be about. The heroine is the wife of a Columbia instructor, and the movie is a hip, free-association treatment of her daydreams and conflicting desires, and of a variety of women's-lib problems. Irvin Kershner directed. (12/30/72) (Olympia; through Feb. 26.)

Vanishing Wilderness—A documentary. (Guild; through Feb. 26.)

I Vitelloni (1953)—Fellini made this warm observation of overgrown Italian loafers. The warmth doesn't prevent his view from being accurately acid about these adolescents pushing thirty who sponge off their parents and (all but one) lack the stomach to quit their aimless provincial lives. Fellini, as usual, wonderfully touches melancholy with farce. In Italian. (Elgin; Feb. 20.)

Walking Tall—With Joe Don Baker and Elizabeth Hartman, directed by Phil Karlson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Village, and Thalia. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through Feb. 26.)

The Way We Were—Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time, and Barbra Streisand is a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the blacklisting troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Redford and Streisand turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (10/15/73) (East 59th Street I, East 59th Street II, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Westworld—Michael Crichton wrote and directed this sci-fi movie; it's set in Delos, a Disneyland for adults, where vacationers can play out their movie-fed fantasies by living in total environments that simulate past ages—ancient Rome, the medieval world, or the West of the eighteen-eighties. Computer-programmed humanoids satisfy the guests' vanity and lust and aggression. The idea is ingenious, and the film might have been marvellous; it isn't (the movie has the skimped TV-movie look of a too-tight budget), but it's moderately entertaining, and the leads (Richard Benjamin and Yul Brynner) are far superior to the actors in the usual sci-fi films. With James Brolin. (11/26/73) (St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; starting Feb. 27.)

When the People Awake—A documentary on recent political events in Chile and their historical background, through early 1973. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 26.)

The White Sheik (1951)—An affectionate satire on glamour and delusion by Fellini—pleasant but a little flat, Brunella Bova is the star-struck bride who leaves her husband (Leopoldo Trieste) on their honeymoon when she meets a cheap actor—Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance. With Giulietta Masina, as a whore—the role that was later expanded and became "Nights of Cabiria." In Italian. (Elgin; Feb. 27.)

The Wild Child (1970)—A late-eighteenth-century doctor (played by François Truffaut) takes over the education of a barbarian boy who has spent his childhood abandoned in a forest. The understanding between the two of them is wary and delicate; all the same, they are some sort of kin, and both of them are in the direct line of Truffaut's alert, thin-skinned, outwardly intransigent heroes. Truffaut directed the film in a beautiful black-and-white that has the look of an old photograph. In French. (Elgin; Feb. 26.)

Zardoz—Sean Connery in a loincloth as the only virile man in an élitest commune of the future, dominated by hyper-intellectual immortal women. John Boorman, who wrote, produced, and directed this lushly photographed piece of twaddle, appears to be worried about mankind's losing its fighting strength. With ideas skimmed off the top of various systems of thought, "Zardoz" is a glittering cultural trash pile, and probably the most gloriously fatuous movie since "The Oscar"—though the passages between laughs droop. With Charlotte Rampling, whose gimlet eyes and sensual hauteur inspire Connery to found a new race. (2/18/74) (Trans-Lux East.)

Long-stemmed red rose

Soft, sensuous and sensational.
Pat Sandler's low-necked gypsy shirt
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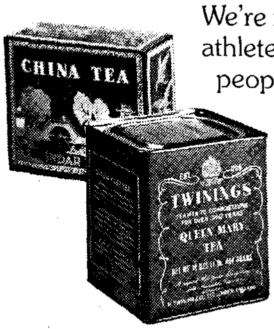
There's a whole new breed of tea-totalers.



We're not sure the new breed of tea drinkers believes the old saying that coffee is for athletes and tea for intellectuals, but we have noticed an increasing number of young people snapping up our rare blends at an amazing rate. In fact, under the superb tutelage of Mr. James Cappiello, our tea merchant, we now have a Compleat Tea House with well over one hundred different blends of tea.

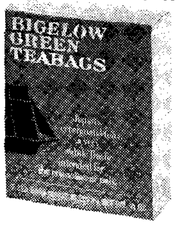
Mr. Cappiello says the most exciting thing to happen in an August moon was getting real **China** tea again. "Of course, it's very glamorous to serve it, but you can't fault the teas of India, Ceylon, Indonesia or Japan. They're very good, too. But for blending, well, no one can beat the British."

Incidentally, tea wasn't known in England until 1657. It didn't even have a name. Sellers used the Chinese spelling T'e, which became "Tay" which became "Tea." Tea was first touted as a cure for **"giddiness,** feavers and agues" and one bought it at the chemist, not the grocer.

PRODUCE OF CHINA
FORTNUM&MASON
EARL GREY

One of the earliest tea merchants was Thomas Twining, who started the tea drinking rage in a coffee house on the Strand. Today Twining is still a major force in the tea world and one of our favorite Twining blends is "Queen Mary," a superb Darjeeling flavored with muscatel.

Earl Grey is another big seller—a fascinating China tea packaged in a handsome wooden crate. It comes from Fortnum & Mason and Altman's is the nearest place this side of **Land's End** that carries the Fortnum & Mason collection of fine foods, as well as tea.



As for the Japanese, one of the most flavorful teas is from Bigelow. It's called Ceremonial Tea. (And who puts on a better tea party than the Japanese?)

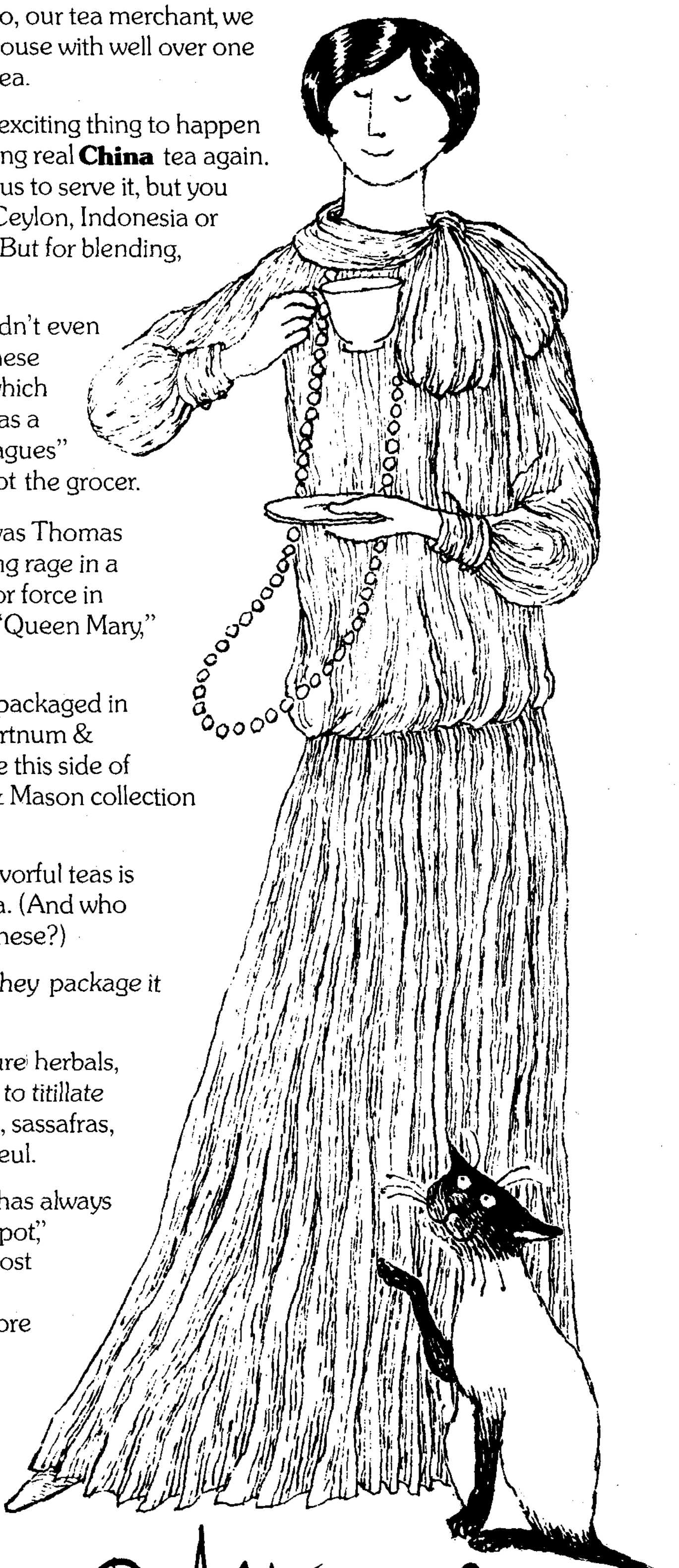
Jackson of Piccadilly not only blends a lovely brew, but they package it in a good-looking tin tea cannister you'll cherish.

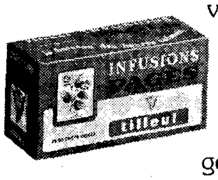
Jacksons of Piccadilly

For young tea drinkers who love the pure herbals, Pages has a superb selection of flavors to titillate tired taste buds. You can choose alfalfa, sassafras, peppermint, rosehip, chamomile or tilleul.

As for the preparation of tea, our staff has always loved what they called the "charladies pot," a little brown glazed teapot that was most handsome and inexpensive. But then the late Duke of Windsor visited the store and spied our brown pot and said, "Heavens, that's *my* teapot."

Well, needless to say, the little **"ole pot"** took on a very royal stature after that.





If you'd like to talk tea, just dial 679-7800, extension 8287 this minute. If you don't get an answer on the first ring, don't give up, we're just out having a spot of tea ourselves.

B Altman & Co

House of Tea, fifth floor, Fifth Avenue store.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE are not among those who have slowed down to conserve fuel this winter, much as we'd like to be. Living in the city as we do, we find it impossible to get up much speed at all, and the fifty-five miles per hour that the President has proposed as a limit is no more limiting to us than would be a law against levitation. We like the idea of slower, though, and so we were interested to hear last week from a correspondent in the Midwest who had just borrowed a friend's big car and driven two hundred miles to see what slower was like. Here is his report:

"Speed perception is relative. Depends on car, road, traffic. Especially car. Thus, 55 in a small, poorly suspended car on a busy throughway seems fast & can be terrifying, like a giant slalom through moving gates. But 55 on a wide-open interstate in a monster built to cruise at 80 is like flying in outer space. Very peaceful & quiet. The freeway seems a mile wide & there's very little sensation of movement—no curves that feel centrifugal, no road vibrations. Effect on driver is gradual, profound. Since you don't need to keep close track of road, you meditate on the passing scene, which hardly seems to pass. Crossing a broad valley at 55, you really get into that valley. In fact, feel like a resident. There is a tendency, passing a herd of cows, to count them. Also a tendency to think about your own life in terms of a road—this road. As you become acclimated to 55, you want to go slower, explore the possibilities of 50 for a while. The effects of 50 are twice as powerful. You begin to turn inward, relinquish control of the trip to the car. The car is like your mind & you are like *in* the car. Car/person synergism drifts like cloud across permanent floating counties of the road & into ultimate moving/motionless relativity cycle. Tremendous center-line & median-strip consciousness. Total loss of Wall Street/Evel Knievel/General Motors/Pentagon/Miami Dolphins/masculine-power-trip complex. Tribal-unity identification w. other likewise slow-moving cars. Reconciliation w. sweet small-town 1958 Eisenhower America that dreamed of freeways & long family trips but sadly never broke out of 75 & 80 mind habit & sought slow rush of 50. Realization that fifties passed too soon—into sixties, seventies—& that seventies must slow down to preserve planetary life & sanity. Now turning & seeking new underground power resources through combination of Johnny Cash TV folk wisdom & Zen tortoise/hare parable.

"Time passes & few more miles. Slow realization of car getting low on gas. Approaching condition of gaslessness. Curiosity: What would it (this/the trip) be like w/o gas—i.e., stop'd by road, turn'd-off motor, vain flagging attempts, long hike? Urge prevails to get gas. A sign: 'Gas—Next Exit.' Next Exit a long way off. Dreams of no gas to be had. Stuck in small town & have to get job there & get married to strange woman & never return to former life.

"Next Exit appears & car hews right. Comes off cloverleaf at 50 onto twisting, hilly two-lane highway. Sudden awareness—50 is *too fast.* Loss of timeless freeway perspective. Return to standard Rand McNally linear landscape. 'Glen's Standard Service Just Ahead.' Pull in to Glen's pumps & have Glen fill it up & check oil & pay out money & back to freeway for return trip.

"Return trip uneventful. Arrived home & returned car to friend. Next day felt good—no withdrawal symptoms—able to go to work. But think you shouldn't try 50 alone. Take a friend to talk you down & revive attention when trip gets heavy."

In Circles

AN exhibition called "The Energy Show" is running these days in the Owens-Corning Fiberglas Exhibit Center, at Fifth Avenue and East Fifty-sixth Street. The purpose of the show is to demonstrate to people—with the aid of a host of audiovisual devices, an orange plastic human figure with a TV screen in its belly, some wood cut-out houses, and a hoked-up bicycle—how to save energy. We dropped by the other day and found an actor named Alan Clement leading a group of about thirty people through the exhibition. Lights flashed, a fan turned, meters registered temperature and humidity, motors hummed, and balloons expanded.

Our attention, however, soon wandered to the color scheme of the whole affair. The lobby had been provided with three demonstration platforms, one of which was carpeted in shamrock green, another in sunny papaya, and the third in Beaujolais red. Placed around the room were Plexiglas or plastic discs, all of which were printed with black lettering that spelled out hints on saving energy. A charming chartreuse circle read "Drive at 50 m.p.h., not 70—save 25% gas consumed." (No mention of the dreamy effects of 50.) A tangerine circle read "Install storm doors and windows—save up to 10%." A very attractive grass-green circle bore the legend "Better driving habits (smooth starts and stops) save up to 10%." A lavender-blue circle—it was the color, we realized, of some drapery material that a friend of ours recently bought and then returned to the store—read "Energy demands far exceed energy supplies." A peach-colored circle read "Caulk and weatherstrip—save up to 4%." On a large display board were about seventy yellow or orange circles bearing legends like "Turn out the lights when leaving a room," "Keep fireplace damper shut when not in use," "Defrost the freezer when the frost is about ¼ inch thick," and "Repair leaky hot-water faucets immediately." The most healthful circle, we decided, was a bright-orange one that read "Bicycles are 28 times as energy-efficient as cars." The tersest circle was a dark-orange one that read "Form car pools." The most self-critical circle was a large cerise one reading "We have become a nation of energy wasters." The circle we liked best was a jonquil-colored one that read "Eat by candlelight for a little romance."

New Boy

Whatever your interest, it is catered for in these compact, fun-packed, fact-packed IMPACT pages.—*The National Star, Volume I, No. 1.*

THE word "exclusive" appears five times on the front page of the first issue of the *National Star*. The word "win" appears four times. "Super" turns up twice. Other words and phrases that occur on that same page include "top pop," "top heart throb," "top beauty," "craze sweeping the world," "Prince Charming," "tot tycoons," "personality parade," "zinging showbiz," and "a newspaper for all the family." Inside, the self-promotion is maintained at a level that calls up a mental picture of an overstimulated newsstand operator, eyes bulging, screaming his pitch at a startled pedestrian an inch or two away: "WATCH THE SUPER SHOOTING STAR EVERY WEEK. . . . AMERICA'S LIVELIEST NEWSPAPER. . . . ALWAYS . . . IN THE STAR. THE PICK OF THE PIX. . . . LET THE STAR LOOK AFTER YOU AND YOUR FAMILY—IT'S THE PAPER THAT CARES. . . . KEEP AHEAD OF THE TRENDS WITH THE STAR. . . . CATCH THE SWINGING STAR. . . . SUPER . . . SUPER . . . SUPER . . ."

Rupert Murdoch, who publishes the *Star*, and Larry Lamb, who edits it, are very good at selling newspapers. Mr. Murdoch, who is forty-two years old, Australian, and dynamic, has spent the past nineteen years building up the third-largest newspaper-publishing business in the world. Except for the San Antonio *Express* and *News*, both of which he bought in December (and the *Star*, of course), his newspapers (seventy-nine, all told) are in Australia, New Zealand, and Great Britain. His Fleet Street Sunday paper, the legendary *News of the World*, sells over six million copies a week, giving it the largest circulation of any English-language newspaper on Earth. His greatest success, though, is the London morning tabloid the *Sun*. When Mr. Murdoch bought the *Sun*, in 1968, it was a journalistic zombie with a circulation of "only" eight hundred thousand. He installed Larry Lamb as his editor, and together they refashioned the *Sun* according to a formula that relies heavily on short sentences, a simple vocabulary, melodramatic headlines, the hard sell, and (this was the distinctive Murdoch-Lamb contribution to British daily journalism) big pictures of pretty girls wearing nothing from the waist up. The *Sun* now sells over three million copies a day and is inching up on its archrival, the *Daily Mirror*.

The *Star* is apparently an attempt to transplant the *Sun's* style of British pop journalism to the United States. The *Star* is wordier than the *Sun*, and the topless pinups have been omitted, but the similarities are more striking than the differences. Like its British cousin, the *Star* has a flashy, busy layout, with the punchy headlines ("I'VE LET HUNDREDS DIE SAYS MERCY DOCTOR") interwoven among the blocks of text instead of perched primly above, as is the American custom. The *Star* has a column called "Liveliest Letters," consisting of banal anecdotes purportedly sent in by readers, and so does the *Sun*. Most of the *Star's* copy editors are British, and a few examples of British English slipped into the first couple of issues. We noticed, among others, "switched on" for "turned on," "whisky and soda" for "Scotch-and-soda," "post your coupon" for "mail your coupon," "motoring" for "driving," "Willy Mays" for "Willie Mays," "sport" for "sports," "in hospital" for "in the hospital," and "slimming" for "reducing." Several years ago, someone bought London Bridge, took it apart, and reassembled it in the middle of a desert in Arizona. London Bridge is now one of Arizona's chief tourist attractions. As for the *Star*, its first issue sold more than a million copies.

Larry Lamb went home to England last week to oversee the *Sun's* coverage of the British general election, but before he left we dropped by for a word with him in the *National Star's* offices, at 730 Third Avenue. Mr. Lamb is a tall, rugged-looking Yorkshireman of forty-four. "Why are you putting out this paper?" we asked him.

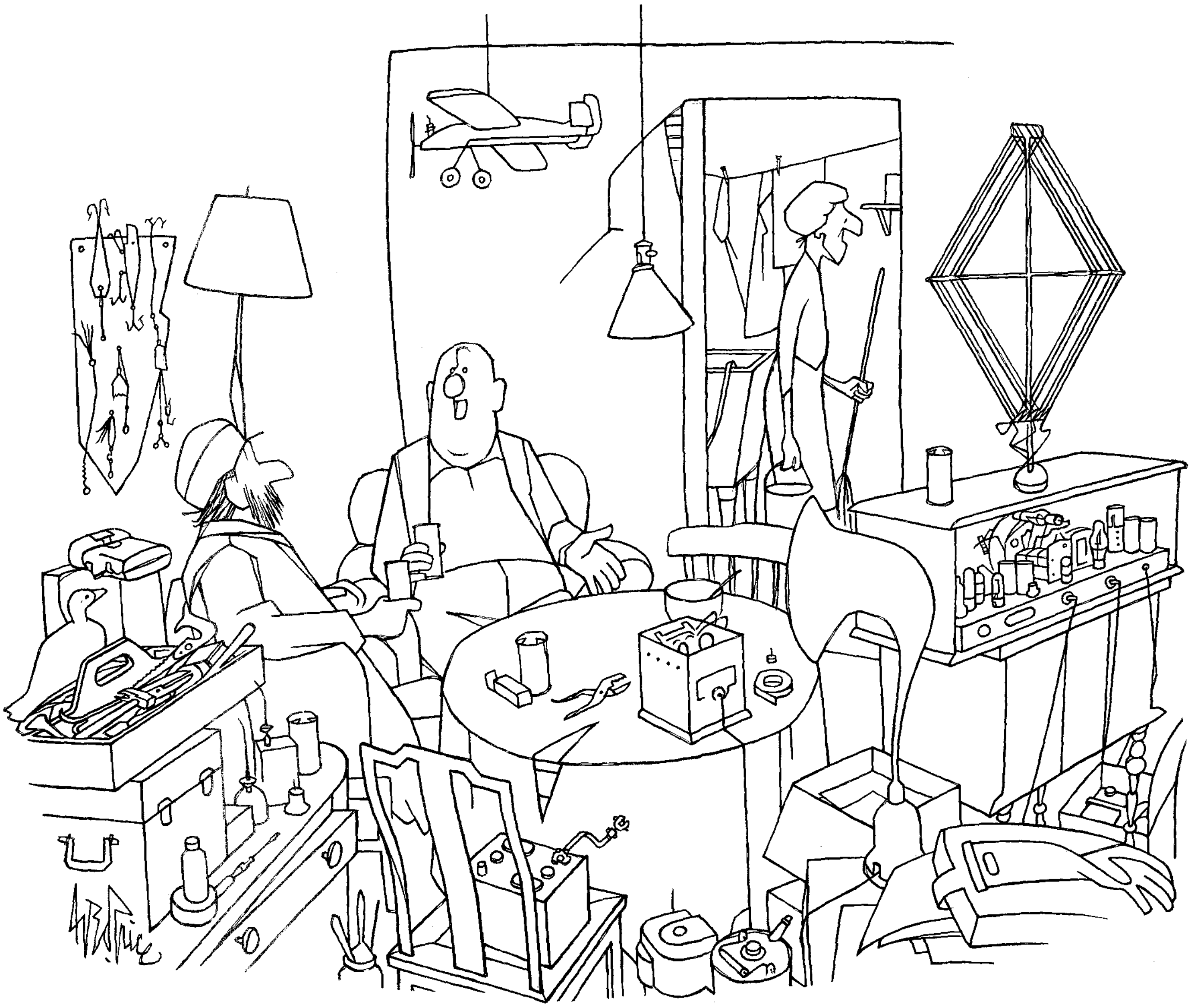
"We are in the publishing business, so we publish," he said. "We enjoy new experiences, and this—America—is the biggest English-speaking audience in the world. We feel American publishers have got away from readers. They're going after the top-twenty-per-cent income group. They're trying to please advertisers and win Pulitzer Prizes. We're not. We're trying to please readers. Journalists and advertisers tell us the *Star* is awful, so we know we've got it right." Mr. Lamb told us that Mr. Murdoch, whom he calls "the Chairman," is prepared to spend five or six million dollars promoting the *Star* on television, and that the *Star* will make its money through circulation, not through advertising. "If one regards the promotion as a long-term investment, we are very close to the break-even point already," he said. "We have funds available. We are not accustomed to failure."

"How come there's no cheesecake in the *Star*?" we asked. "Do you think Americans are more straitlaced than the English?"

"Let's say Americans are less permissive," he said. "The *Sun's* kind of sauciness is not appropriate to the market here. There's a market for a very hard-core, clinical kind of sex but not for the light, bubbly eroticism that's part of the *Sun*."

"How about politics? Do you have any?"

"Yes. In the last election, our Australian papers supported the Labor opposition, because we thought it was time for a change, but that wouldn't stop us backing the other side next time. Both the Chairman and myself are, I suppose, slightly left of center. We try to judge political issues as they arise rather than in a political-party context,



"She gave me a come-hither look, I went thither, and the rest is history."

• •

but we think it's cowardice to sit on the fence."

"Does that mean that the *Star* will support particular Presidential candidates?"

"Yes," Mr. Lamb said.

On our way out, we stopped off in the newsroom to say hello to Stan Mieses. Like a half-dozen others on the *Star's* editorial staff of twenty-eight, Mr. Mieses was recruited from the New York *News*, where he wrote a Sunday column on pop music. The *Star* bills him as "the rock jock who knows where it's at." Mr. Mieses, who is twenty-one, said he was enjoying his new job.

"There's nothing negative in this paper," he said. "I've got stories back for rewrite with a little note saying 'Not sufficiently optimistic.' If you want to be bummed out, you can pick up the *Times*, the *Post*, or the *News*. I look at this paper as an AM paper. Not as opposed to P.M.—as opposed to FM. The *Star* is like Top Forty radio. It comes at you like Murray the K."

With Jamaica

WE took our friend Jamaica Kincaid, who is just slightly sassy, to the opening of a new club on West Fourth Street called The Bottom Line, and then she took us to a roller rink in Brooklyn. Jamaica, who is in her early twenties, makes it a point to combine her Striking Black Looks with the syntax of Eve Arden, and it is hard to win her approval.

"I don't like crowded clubs," she said as we entered The Bottom Line, "but, of course, I don't like empty clubs, either."

The Bottom Line was a crowded club. Carol Strauss, the snappy public-relations woman, and Stanley Snadowsky, one of the owners of the club, were standing by the door, guarding it, in a way, and they had a very accurate idea of who was in the crowd.

"Carly Simon was here and left," Carol Strauss said.

"Edgar Winter and Johnny Winter are here," said Stanley Snadowsky.

"Geraldine Page and James Darren," added Carol Strauss.

"Did I mention Stevie Wonder?" asked Stanley Snadowsky.

"That about does it," said Carol Strauss. "We got a call from Mick Jagger's chauffeur, though. Maybe I shouldn't tell you that. It could be a fake, of course, but I know Mick is in town."

"You forgot Melvin Van Peebles. He's here," said Stanley Snadowsky.

We talked for a while with Stanley Snadowsky. Mr. Snadowsky is a man in his early thirties. He was wearing a print shirt, a plaid jacket, plastic-framed glasses, and a belt with a Western buckle. "We've got Dr. John headlining tonight," he told us. "It's a good booking. It makes sense. He's a quality talent, there was the availability, and we went with it. Did you know Stevie Wonder was here?"

Then Melvin Van Peebles, dressed in a black suit that may have been a Mao suit, except we don't remember exactly what a Mao suit looks like, was introduced to Mr. Snadowsky.

"You've got a dynamite club here," said Mr. Van Peebles. "It's really a dynamite club. And that's not just cocktail talk, if you know what I mean."

"Well, you have to be able to attract the right talent," said Mr. Snadowsky.

"And the right people will follow," said Mr. Van Peebles.

"Have you been backstage?" Mr. Snadowsky asked.

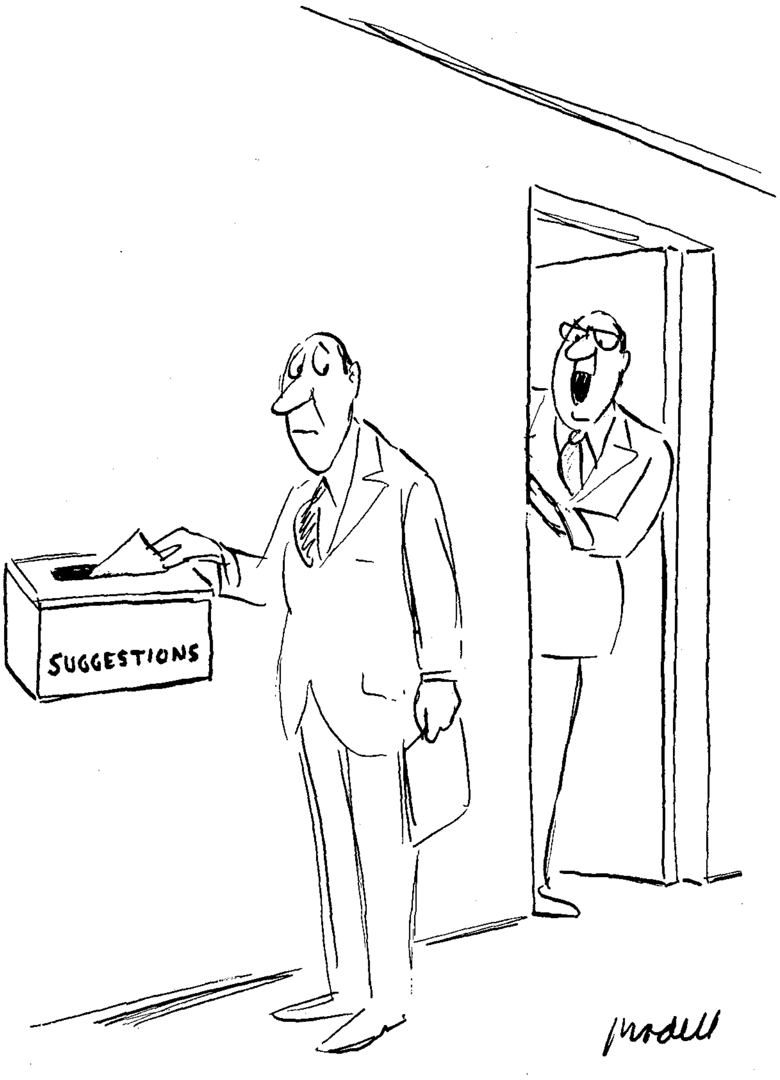
"Yeah, I thought I'd go back and check out Dr. John," Mr. Van Peebles said.

"You'll see, the dressing rooms are just beautiful," said Mr. Snadowsky.

People were waiting for Dr. John to begin his show. Everyone was milling about. Jamaica had disappeared. She reappeared for a moment. "I'm not having a good time," she said. "It's very crowded." She disappeared again. We milled about until we ran across our friend Daphne Davis. Daphne Davis always has a reliable summary of parties she attends. "Do you remember when you were a kid and Warner Brothers had their own theatre in your home town?" she said. "Well, this is like the Warner Brothers night club in your home town." Soon after our talk with Daphne Davis, but somewhat before Dr. John actually performed, Jamaica took us away from The Bottom Line. "If we were late and the roller rink was closed, I would never forgive you," she explained.

Jamaica took us to the Empire Rollerdrome, on Empire Boulevard, between Rogers and Bedford Avenues, in Brooklyn. "You can't go on just any night," Jamaica said. "It must be Tuesday or Thursday night. On other nights, there is roller-skating, I suppose, but on *Tuesday* and *Thursday* my friends run it and there is dancing. Dancing on roller skates. That club you took me to is trapped somewhere in the early seventies. This, as you will see, is *eternal*."

"If You're Ready," by the Staple Singers, was playing loud when we got to the Empire Rollerdrome. There were about eight hundred young black people in the Rollerdrome. About four hundred of these were roller-skating around an oval track in a way that gave equal attention to (1) the oval track, (2) the audience around the oval track, (3) "If You're Ready," by the Staple Singers. The four hundred other people were crowded around the outer rail of the track and around the inner rail of the track, which defined an islandlike area designed for rest and observation. The Rollerdrome was filled with effortless but concentrated attention. Everyone at the Rollerdrome seemed aware of everyone else at the Rollerdrome. It was a party, but not a meaningless party. All around, people were dealing with imperatives of one sort or another. The music provided one set of imperatives, the track (which compelled the roller-skaters to travel around in infinite dervishlike figures) provided another, and there were present, as well, imperatives of dress and style. Jamaica introduced us to her friend Vy Higginsen, who is a disc jockey on WBLS in the afternoon, and to Vy's brother, Randy, who was in charge, and who spells his last name with an "o." "It came to me in a dream to do this," said Randy Higginson. "You see, I'm vice-president of We Four Guys. We're a travel club, a bicycling club, a ski club, and now we're a roller-skating club. In the future, we want to get into real estate. Now, some of these guys have on special sweatshirts. They're the 'roller rockers,' the regulars. Now, take Elliot." He waved a friend over. "Of course, Elliot's a little sweaty now, but he's one of us that skates regular." Randy Higginson pointed out some other regulars to us and commented on their style. "Watch the guy in the flat hat," he said, pointing out a young guy in his twenties wearing a bluejean jacket and a flat denim hat who skated forward and backward and made intricate turns without losing his rhythm, which was his and at the same time the rhythm of the record. "He's *gone*, he's got his *stride*," said Randy Higginson. "He can change direction almost in the air. It's hard to explain, but when you're going around in these circles, people get a pace, you know, and no one bumps into anybody. It's like you're going at the same r.p.m. You're on the same r.p.m. with everybody else and you're on the same r.p.m. with the record. That's when you begin to improvise with your hands and feet, *if* you're good."

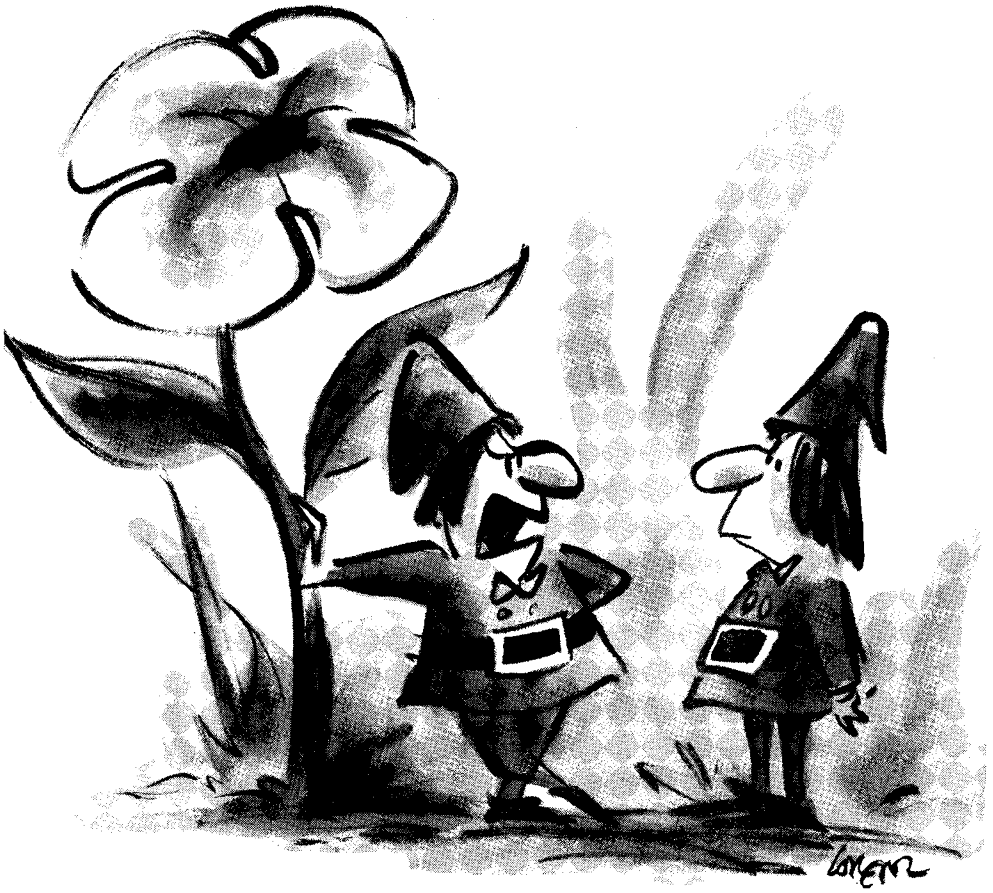


"I hope that's going to be one of your constructive suggestions, Farnwell."

"Boogie Down Baby," the new Eddie Kendricks record, came over the loudspeaker, and the fellow playing the records announced that this record was for ladies only. "Some girl goes to a *dance*," Randy Higginson said, "she can stand around all night. Get all dressed up to stand around. Here she can just get out there and *do it*." Randy Higginson took us across the track out to the center island, and back again. "Now, the thing is not to watch the skaters," he said. "Just *walk*. They'll watch you. If you watch the skaters, you can get hurt."

We went inside, where Peter Brown, president of We Four Guys, was playing the records. He said that the big records were "BRA," by Cymande; "For Love of Money," by the O'Jays; "Hollywood Swinger," by Kool & the Gang; and one year-old classic record—"Girl, You Need a Change of Mind," by Eddie Kendricks. "One of these days, some of those people'll get smart and make a record just for roller rockers," Peter Brown said.

"I like to think of myself as a roller rocker," Jamaica said as we left.



"Personally, I'm sick of running up brownie points. How can I get my hands on some real cash?"

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With the Old Curmudgeon

WE turned out for Mlle. Josephine Baker's opening at Raffles, the elegant little private club behind the discreet wooden door at the Sherry-Netherland. So did our acquaintance the old curmudgeon—you may remember, we met him a few weeks ago at the Italian Fortnight. "I'm going to come to Raffles again," said the curmudgeon, who was drinking his customary brandy Alexander. "Dinner jackets and long dresses abound."

The place reminded him of a deluxe speakeasy when speaks were by far the best clubs in town. "This particular room flourished in the fifties, when it was Colonel Serge Obolensky's Carnaval—the sort of grand *boîte de nuit* that the Stork Club thought *it* was. Raffles is a perfect reincarnation of the Carnaval. And the Stork Club never did find out the truth. Did you know that the Stork Club once did the dirty by Mlle. Baker? She was scheduled to open at Monte Proser's Café Theatre in 1951 but refused to appear when she discovered how filthy Proser's dressing rooms were. Proser and Walter Winchell were thick as thieves. Winchell—I always called him the Acting President of the United States—used the Stork Club as his throne room. Some time later, she came in there, sat at a table for forty minutes without service, and then walked out. Winchell immediately began saying all sorts of things about her, and finally accused her of being practically a Communist. This about a woman whom the French government had awarded the Croix de Guerre, the Legion of Honor, and the Rosette de la Résistance!"

It was time for Josephine Baker's first performance. She came onstage—tall, slim, shimmering, with a long and graceful stride, wearing a stunning coat of embroidered Swiss silk. She wrapped her long fingers around a cordless Japanese mike and sang old French songs and new American songs and held us spellbound. "Watch out," she said as she came onstage. "I've just come from the mountains and I'm full of energy."

Afterward, the curmudgeon said, "Let's talk to Mlle. Baker. I first saw her in something called 'Chocolate Dandies' in 1924, the year before Paris made her famous. That happened in 'La Revue Nègre,' at the Champs-Élysées. The French called her 'Josephine Baa-kaire.' In 'Dandies,' she was billed as 'that crazy chorus girl.' That was a gag—they always had one nonconformist chorus girl in those shows who stepped out of her part to stop the show."

Mlle. Baker was using the Committee Room of Raffles as her dressing room—a pretty little room with beautiful prints on the walls. Two gorgeous Josephine Baker hats, a mink cowl and a black feather headdress, sat on a table in a corner. She was talking to her pianist about the next show. "*Oui, 'La Vie en Rose.' Après, le 'Hava Nagila.'* "

"*D'accord*," the pianist said, exiting.

The curmudgeon asked Mlle. Baker where she'd been lately, and she mentioned Tokyo and both Berlins. They talked about old friends in Paris—Sidney Bechet, the great jazz soprano saxophonist, who played in "La Revue Nègre;" Jimmie Daniels, who ran the Bon Soir in the Village for many years; Herbert Jacoby, who ran The Blue Angel in New York with Max Gordon and Le Bœuf sur le Toit in Paris with Julius Monk. Herbert Jacoby was the first man who ever sent her flowers. "A bunch of violets when I was appearing at The Cotton Club. I didn't know that men did such things for singers."

Mlle. Baker rose to go on for her second show.

The curmudgeon said, "May I try on your mink hat?"

"You can even put on the one with the feathers if you want," she said.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORE

THE Editor of SHOCK ART *has hardly to say that the amazing fecundity of the LeDuff-Galerie Z controversy during the past five numbers has enflamed both shores of the Atlantic, at intense length. We did not think anyone would care, but apparently, a harsh spot has been touched. It is a terrible trouble to publish an international art-journal in two languages simultaneously, and the opportunities for dissonance have not been missed. We will accept solely one more correspondence on this matter, addressed to our editorial offices, 6, Viale Berenson, 20144 Milano (Italy), and that is the end. Following is a poor selection of the recent reverberations.*

Nicolai Pont
Editore

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Sirs:

This is to approximate a reply to the reply of Doug LeDuff to our publicity of 29 December which appeared in your journal and raised such possibilities of anger. The fumings of Mr. LeDuff were not unanticipated by those who know. However nothing new has been proved by these vapourings, which leave our points untouched, for the most part, and limp off into casuistry and vague threats. We are not very intimidated! The matters of substantial interest in our original publicity are scathless. Mr. LeDuff clearly has the opinion that the readers of SHOCK ART are dulls, which we do not. Our contention that the work of Mr. LeDuff the American are sheer copyings of the work of our artist Gianbello Bruno can be sustained by ruthless scholarship, of the type that Mr. LeDuff cannot for obvious reasons, bear to produce. But the recipient of today's art-scene is qualified enough to judge for himself. We need only point to the 1958 exposition at the Galerie Berger, Paris, in which the "asterisk" series of Bruno was first inserted, to see what is afoot. The American makes the claim that he has been painting asterisks since 1955—we say, if so, where are these asterisks? In what collections? In what expositions? With what documentation? Whereas the accomplishment of the valuable Bruno is fully documented, by the facts and other printed materials, as was brought out in our original publicity. That LeDuff has infiltrated the collectors of four continents with his importunity proves nothing, so much so as to be dismissive and final.

Of course the fully American attitude of the partisans of LeDuff, that there is nothing except America, is evident here in the apparently fair evaluation of the protagonists which is in fact deeply biased in the direction of their native land. The manifestation of Mr. Ringwood Paul in your most recent number, wherein he points out (correctly) that the asterisks of LeDuff are six-pointed versus the asterisks of Bruno which have uniformly five points, is not a "knock-out blow." In claiming severe plastic originality for LeDuff on this score, Mr. Paul only displays the thickness of entrenched opinion. It is easy, once one has "borrowed" a concept from another artist, to add a little small improvement, but it is not so easy to put it back again without anyone noticing! Finally, the assertion of the estimable critic (American again, we understand!) Paula Marf that the moiré effect achieved by both Bruno and LeDuff by the superimposition of many asterisks on many other asterisks is an advancement created by LeDuff alone and then adduced by Bruno, is flatly false. Must we use carbon-dating on these recent peintures to establish truth, as if we were archeologists faced with an exhausted culture? No, there are living persons among us who remember. To support this affair with references to the "idealism" of the œuvre of LeDuff is the equivalent of saying, "Yes, mostly his shirts are clean." But the clean shirt of LeDuff conceals that which can only throw skepticism on this œuvre.

Bernardo Brown
H. L. Akefeldt
Galerie Z
Milan

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Sirs:

The whole thing is to make me smile. What do these Americans want? They come over here and everyone installs them in the best hotels with lavish napery, but still, complaints of every kind. Profiting unduly from the attentions of rich bourgeois, they then emplane once again for America, richer and thoughtful of coming again to again despoil our bourgeois. Doug LeDuff is a pig and a child, but so are his enemies.

Pino Vitt
Rome

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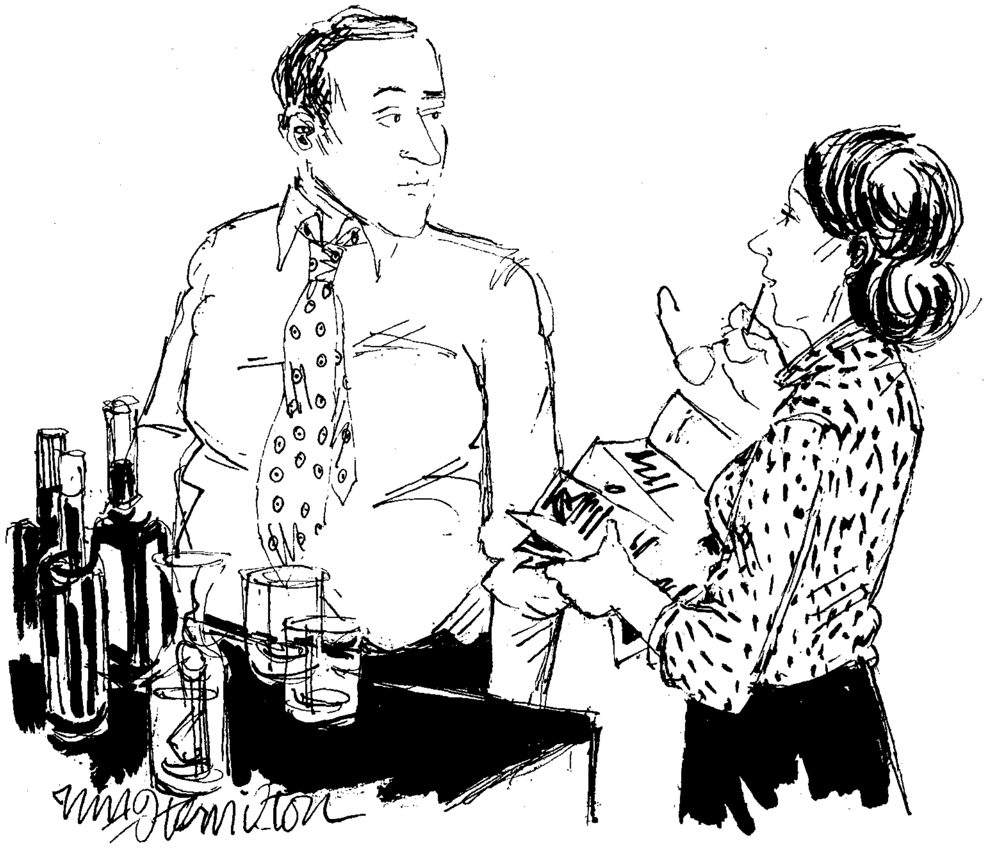
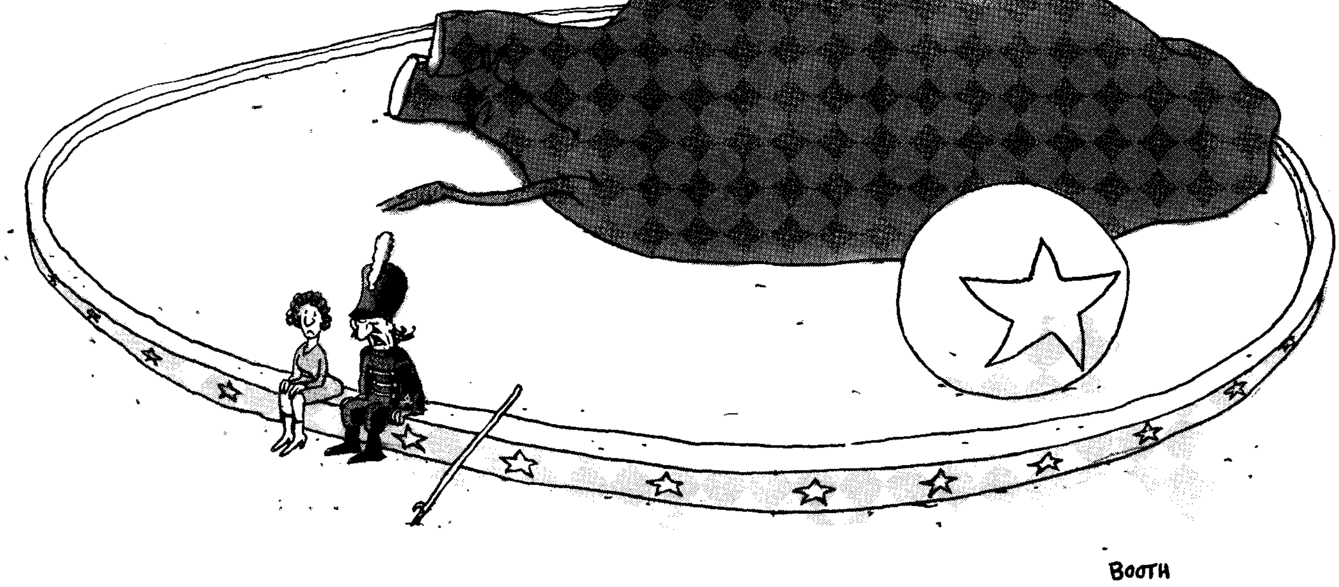
Caro Nikki—

May I point out the facility of the LeDuff-Galerie Z debate that you have allowed to discolor your pages for many months now? Whether or not



"Now, Phil, about Hugh's summer camp. Do we want tennis, French, horsemanship, or survival?"



"It seems some days like I make a little progress, then other days it seems like I'm not getting anywhere at all."

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you were admirable in your decision to accept for publication the Galerie Z advertisings defaming LeDuff (whom I personally feel to be a monger of dampish wallpaper) is not for me to state, although you were clearly incredible, good faith notwithstanding. I can only indicate, from the womb of history, that both LeDuff and Bruno have impersonated the accomplishments of the Magdeburg Handwerker (May 14, 1938).

Hugo Timme
Düsseldorf

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Sirs:

The members of the SURFACE Group (Basel) are unfalteringly supportive of the immense America master, Doug LeDuff.

Gianni Arnan
Michel Pik
Zin Regale
Erik Zorn
Basel

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Editore (if any)
SHOCK ART
Milano

The most powerful international interests of the gallery-critic-collector cartel have only to gain by the obfuscations of the LeDuff-Galerie Z bickerings. How come you have ignored Elaine Grasso, whose work of now many years in the field of parentheses is entirely propos?

Magda Baum
Rotterdam

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Sirs:

SHOCK ART is being used unforseeably in this affair. The asterisk has a long provenance and is neither the formulation of LeDuff nor of Bruno either, in any case. The asterisk (from the Greek *asteriskos* or small star) presents itself in classical mythology as the sign which Hera, enraged by yet another of Zeus's manifold infidelities, placed on the god's brow while he slept, to remind him when he gazed in the mirror in the morning that he should be somewhere else. I plead with you, Sig. Pont, to publish my letter, so that people will know.

G. Philios
Athens

Caro Pont,

It was kind of you to ask me to comment on the good fight you are making in your magazine. A poor critic is not often required to consult on these things, even though he may have much better opinions than those who are standing in the middle, because of his long and careful training in ignoring the fatigues of passionate involvement—if he has it!

Therefore, calmly and without prejudice toward either party, let us examine the issues with an unruffled eye. LeDuff's argument (in SHOCK ART #37) that an image, once floated on the international art-sea, is a fish that anyone may grab with impunity, and make it his own, would not persuade an oyster. Questions of primacy are not to be scumbled in this way, which, had he been writing from a European perspective, he would understand, and be ashamed. The brutality of the American rape of the world's exhibition spaces and organs of art-information has distanciated his senses. The historical aspects have been adequately trodden by others, but there is one category yet to be entertained—that of the psychological. The fact that LeDuff is replicated in every museum, in every journal, that one cannot turn one's gaze without bumping into this raw plethora, LeDuff, LeDuff, LeDuff (whereas poor Bruno, the true progenitor, is eating the tops of bunches of carrots)—what has this done to LeDuff himself? It has turned him into a dead artist, but the corpse yet bounces in its grave, calling attentions toward itself in the most unseemly manner. But truth cannot be swallowed forever. When the real story of low optical stimulus is indited, Bruno will be rectified.

Titus Toselli Dolla
Palermo

—Donald Barthelme

THREE ENCOUNTERS

I

I LEFT home at seventeen. I told my parents the truth: I didn't believe in the Gemara or that every law in the Shulhan Aruk had been given to Moses on Mount Sinai; I didn't wish to become a rabbi; I didn't want a marriage arranged by a matchmaker; I was no longer willing to wear a long gaberdine or grow earlocks. I went to Warsaw, where my parents had once lived, to seek an academic education and a profession. My elder brother, Joshua, lived in Warsaw and had become a writer, but he wasn't able to help me. At twenty, I came back home with congested lungs, a chronic cough, no formal education, no profession, and no way that I could see of supporting myself in the city. During the time I was away, my father had been appointed rabbi of Old-Stikov in Eastern Galicia—a village of a few dozen crooked shacks, with straw-covered roofs, built around a swamp. At least, in the fall of 1924 that's how Old-Stikov appeared to me. It had rained all October, and those shacks lay reflected in the swamp as if it were a lake. Ruthenian peasants, stooped Jews in gaberdines, women and girls wearing shawls over their heads and men's boots waded in the mud. Clouds of mist swirled in the air. Crows soared overhead, cawing. The sky hung low, leaden, heavy with storms. The smoke from chimneys didn't rise but drifted downward toward the soaked earth.

The community had assigned Father a semi-ruin of a house. In the three years I was away, his beard, red when I left, had become streaked with strands of white. Mother had discarded her wig for a kerchief. She had lost her teeth and her sunken cheeks made her nose hooked, her chin pointed. Only her eyes remained youthful and sharp.

Father warned me, "This is a pious community. If you don't conduct yourself as you should, they'll drive us out of here with sticks, God forbid."

"Father, I'm giving in. My only hope is that the Army won't take me."

"When do you have to report for conscription?"

"In a year."

"We'll arrange a match for you. God willing, your father-in-law will ransom you. Put aside your foolishness and study the Yoreh De'ah."

I went to the study house but no one was studying there. The congregation, mostly artisans and dairymen, came to pray early in the morning and returned for the evening services; in between time, the place was deserted. I found an old volume on the cabala there. I had brought along from Warsaw an algebra book and a Polish translation of Baudelaire's poems. I had begun to write, and I needed notebooks and ink. I went to buy them, but the local shop didn't have these items.

Abraham Getzel the matchmaker came to look me over—a little man, with a white beard hanging nearly to his loins. He was also the village beadle, the cantor, and the Talmud teacher. He measured me up and down and sighed. "These are different times," he complained. "Girls want a husband who's a provider."

"I can't blame them."

"The Torah has lost its value in our generation. But don't you worry, I'll find you a bride."

He proposed a widow who was six or seven years older than I and had two children. Her father, Berish Belzer, managed a brewery owned by an Austrian baron. (Before the war, Galicia had been ruled by Emperor Franz Josef.) When the weather cleared somewhat during the day, one could see the brewery chimney. Black smoke sat on it like a hat.

Berish Belzer came to the study house to have a chat with me. He had a short beard the color of beer. He wore a fox coat and a derby. A watch on a silver chain dangled from his silk vest. After we had talked for a few minutes, he said, "I see you're no businessman."

"I'm afraid you're right."

"Then what are you?"

And the match was off.

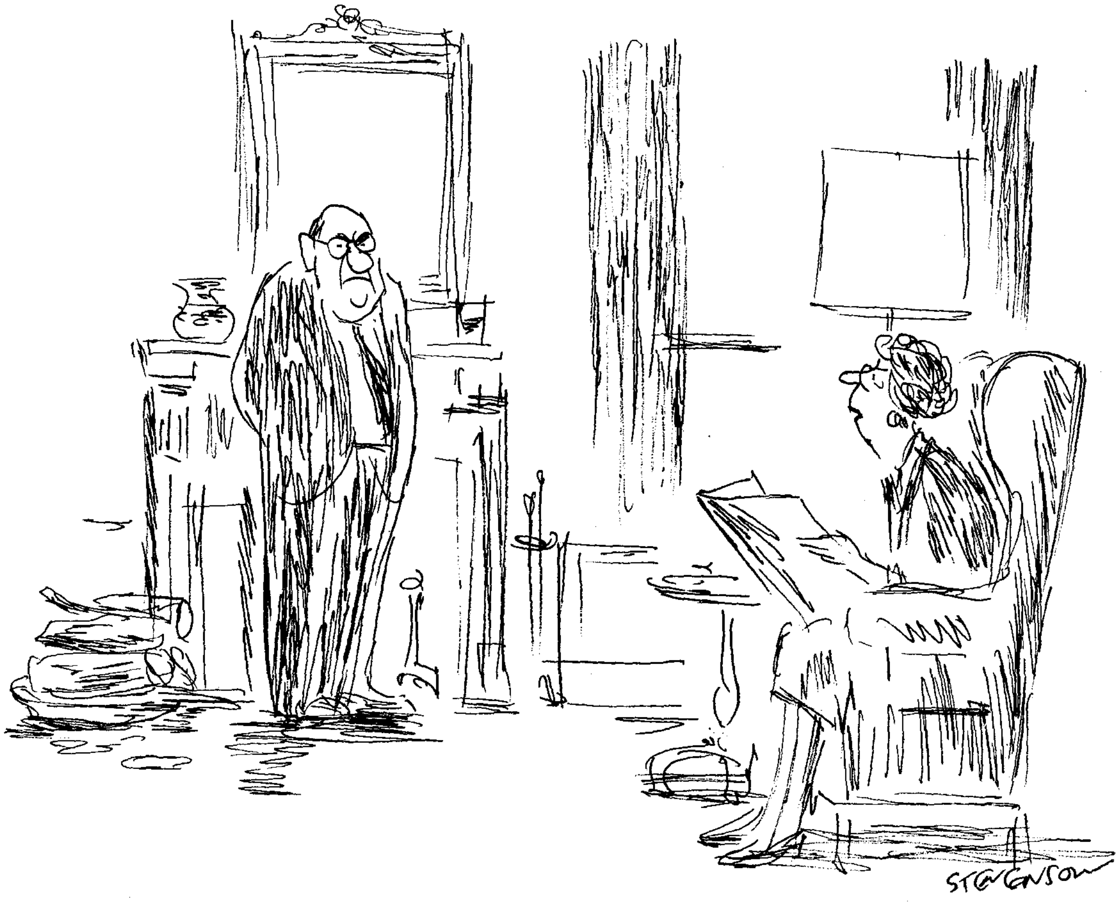
All of a sudden, the mail brought news from Warsaw. My brother had become co-editor of a literary weekly and I was offered the job of being its proofreader. He said that I could publish my stories there if they proved good enough. The moment I read the letter my health improved. From then on, I didn't cough once during the night. I regained my appetite. I ate so much that my mother grew alarmed. Enclosed with the letter was the first issue of the magazine. It discussed a new novel by Thomas Mann, "The Magic Mountain," and it contained poems in free verse, illustrated with Cubistic drawings. It reviewed a book of poetry entitled "A Boot in the Lapel." Its articles spoke of the collapse of the old world and the emergence of a new man and a new spirit that would reappraise all values. It printed a chapter of Oswald Spengler's "The Decline of the West," as well as translations of poems by Alexander Blok, Mayakovsky, and Esenin. New writers had appeared in America during the war years, and their work was beginning to be published in Poland. No, I could not while away my days in Old-Stikov! I waited only for the train fare to be sent me from Warsaw.

Now that I was about to return to modern culture, I began to observe what was happening in Old-Stikov. I listened to the women who came to consult Father on ritual matters and to gossip with Mother. We had a neighbor, Lazar the shoemaker, and his wife brought us the good tidings that their only daughter, Rivkele, was marrying her father's apprentice. Soon afterward, Rivkele herself came to invite us to the engagement party. I looked at her with amazement. She reminded me of a Warsaw girl. She was tall, slim, with unusually white skin, black hair, dark-blue eyes, a long neck. Her upper lip drew back slightly to reveal white teeth without a blemish. There was a watch on her wrist and earrings dangled from the small lobes of her ears. She wore a fancy shawl with fringe and boots with high heels. She glanced at me shyly and said, "You are invited!"

We both blushed.

The next day, I went with my parents to the party. Lazar the shoemaker's house had a bedroom and a big room where the family cooked, ate, and worked. Scattered on the floor around the worktable were shoes, boots, heels. Rivkele's fiancé, Yantche, was short, broad, and dark, with two gold front teeth. The nail of his right index finger was deformed. For the party he had put on a paper collar and dickey. He passed cigarettes to the male guests. I heard him say, "Marry and die are two things you must do."

WARSAW was in no rush to send me train fare. Snow had fallen and a frost gripped Old-Stikov. Father had gone to the house of prayer to study and warm himself at the stove. Mother went to pay a call on a woman who had slipped on the ice near the well and broken a leg. I sat alone at home, going over my manuscripts. Although it was daytime, a cricket chirped, telling of a story as old as time. It stopped, listening to its own silence, then commenced again. The upper panes of the window were covered with frost flowers, but through the lower panes I could see a water car-



"Well, we don't seem to be running out of grumpiness, crankiness, or general irascibility."

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rier with icicles in his beard carrying two pails of water on a wooden yoke. A peasant in a sheepskin hat, his feet wrapped in rags, followed a sledge loaded with logs and pulled by an emaciated horse. I could hear the tinkling of the bell on its neck.

The door opened and Rivkele entered. "Your mother isn't here?" she asked me.

"She went to pay a sick call on somebody."

"I borrowed a glass of salt from her yesterday and I'm giving it back." She put a glass of salt on the table, then looked at me with a bashful smile.

"I didn't get the chance to wish you good luck at the engagement party, so I'm doing it now," I said.

"Thank you kindly. God willing, the same to you." After a pause, she added, "When it's your turn."

We talked, and I told her that I was going back to Warsaw. This was supposed to remain a secret, but I boasted to her that I was a writer and had just been made a staff member on a periodical. I showed her the magazine, and she gazed at me in astonishment. "You must have some brain!"

"To write, what you need most is an eye."

"What do you write—your thoughts?"

"I tell stories. They call it literature."

"Oh, yes, things happen in the big cities," Rivkele said, nodding. "Here time stands still. There used to be a fellow here who read novels, but the Chassidim broke in on him and tore them all to shreds. He ran away to Brody."

She sat down on the edge of the bench and glanced toward the door, ready to spring up the moment anyone might come in. She said, "In other towns they put on plays, hold meetings, and what not, but here everyone is old-fashioned. They eat and they sleep, and that's how the years go by."

I realized that I was doing wrong to say this, but I said it anyway: "Why didn't you arrange to marry someone from a city?"

Rivkele thought it over. "Do they care around here what a girl wants? They marry you off and that's that."

"So it wasn't a love match?"

"Love? In Old-Stikov? They don't know the meaning of the word."

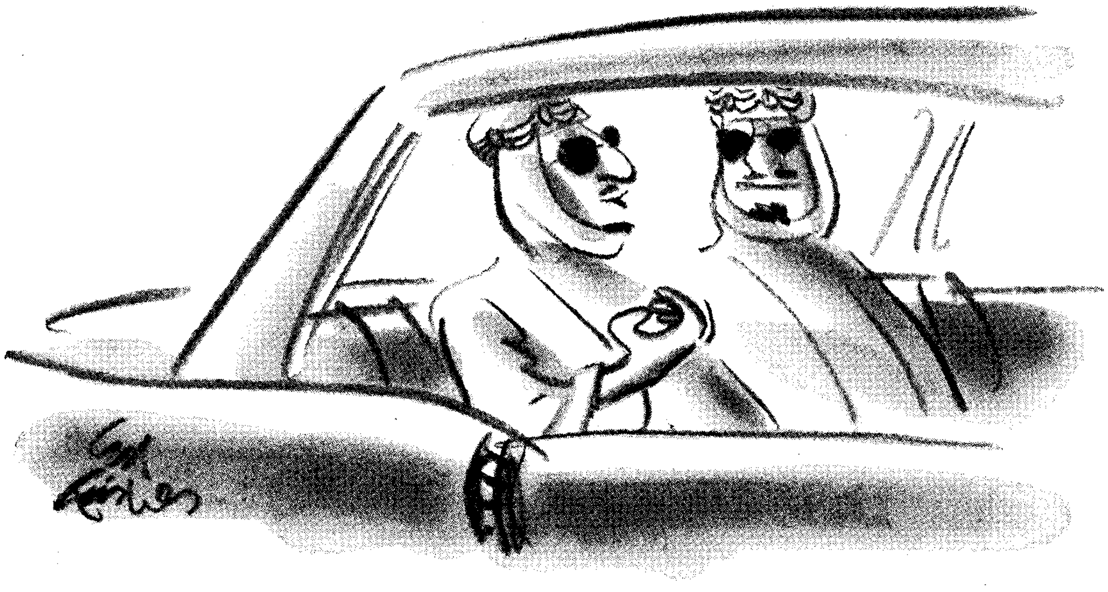
I am not an agitator by nature, and I had no reason to praise the Enlightenment that had disenchanted me, but somehow, as if against my will, I began to tell Rivkele that we lived in the twentieth century, not in the Middle Ages; that the world had awakened and that villages like Old-Stikov weren't merely physical quagmires but spiritual ones as well. I told her about Warsaw, Zionism, Socialism, Yiddish literature, and the Writers' Club, where my brother was a member and to which I held a guest pass. I showed her pictures in the magazine of Einstein, Chagall, the dancer Nijinsky, and of my brother.

Rivkele clapped her hands. "Oy, he resembles you like two drops of water!"

I told Rivkele that she was the prettiest girl I had ever met. What would become of her here in Old-Stikov? She would soon begin bearing children. She would go around like the rest of the women in coarse boots and a dirty kerchief over a shaved head and take old age upon herself. The men here all visited the Belzer rabbi's court and he was said to perform miracles, but I heard that every few months epidemics raged in town. The people lived in filth, knew nothing about hygiene, science, or art. This was no town—I spoke dramatically—but a graveyard.

Rivkele's blue eyes with the long eyelashes gazed at me with the indulgence of a relative. "Everything you say is the pure truth."

"Escape from this mudhole!" I cried out like a seducer in a trashy novel. "You are young and a beauty, and I can see that you're clever, too. You don't have to let your years waste away in such a forsaken place. In Warsaw you could get a job. You could go out with whoever you please and in the evenings take courses in Yiddish, Hebrew, Polish—whatever you wish. I'll be there, too, and if you want we'll meet. I'll take you to the Writers' Club, and when the writers get a glimpse of you they'll go crazy. You might even become an actress. The actresses who play the romantic parts in the Yiddish theatre are old and ugly. Directors are desperate to find young, pretty girls. I'll get a room and we'll read books together. We'll go to the movies, to the opera, to the library. When I become famous, we'll travel to Paris, London, Berlin, New York. There they're building houses sixty stories high; trains race above the streets and under the ground; film stars earn a thousand dollars a week. We can go to California, where it's al-



"As Adam Smith so aptly put it . . ."

ways summer. Oranges are as cheap as potatoes. . . ."

I had the odd feeling that this wasn't I talking but the dybbuk of some old enlightened propagandist speaking through my mouth.

Rivkele threw frightened glances toward the door. "The way you talk! Suppose someone hears—"

"Let them hear. I'm not afraid of anybody."

"My father—"

"If your father loved you he should have found you a better husband than Yantche. The fathers here are selling their daughters like the wild Asiatics. They're all steeped in fanaticism, superstition, darkness."

Rivkele stood up. "Where would I spend the first night? Such a fuss would break out that my mother couldn't endure it. The outcry would be worse than if I converted." The words stuck in Rivkele's mouth; her throat moved as if she were choking on something she couldn't swallow. "It's easy for a man to talk," she mumbled. "A girl is like a—the slightest thing and she is ruined."

"That's the way it used to be, but a new woman is emerging. Even here in Poland women already have the right to vote. Girls in Warsaw study medicine, languages, philosophy. A woman lawyer comes to the Writers' Club. She has written a book."

"A woman lawyer—how is this possible? Someone's coming." Rivkele opened the door. My mother was standing at the threshold. It wasn't snowing, but her dark kerchief had turned hoary with frost.

"Rebbitsin, I brought over the glass of salt."

"What was the hurry? Well, thank you."

"If you borrow, you have to pay back."

"What's a glass of salt?"

Rivkele left. Mother looked at me suspiciously. "Did you talk to her?"

"Talk? No."

"As long as you're here, you must behave decently."

II

TWO years passed. The magazine of which my brother was editor and I the proofreader had failed, but in the meantime I managed to publish a dozen stories and no longer needed a guest pass to the Writers' Club, because I had become a member. I supported myself by translating books from German, Polish, and Hebrew into Yiddish. I had presented myself before a military board, which had deferred me for a year, but now I had to go before another. Although I often criticized Chassidic conscripts for maiming themselves in order to avoid being accepted for service, I fasted to lose weight. I had heard horrible stories about the barracks: young soldiers were ordered to fall in muck, to leap over ditches; they were wakened in the middle of the night and forced to march for miles; corporals and sergeants beat the soldiers and played malicious tricks on them. It would be better to sit in jail than to fall into the hands of such hooligans. I was ready to go into hiding—even to kill myself. Pilsudski had ordered the military doctors to take only strong young men into the Army, and I did everything I could to make myself weak. Besides fasting, I went without sleep; I smoked steadily, lighting one cigarette from the butt of the last; I drank vinegar and herring brine. A publisher had commissioned me to do a translation of Stefan Zweig's biography of Romain Rolland, and I spent half my nights working on it. I rented a room from an old physician, a onetime friend of Dr. Zamenhof, the creator of Esperanto. The street was named after him.

That night I had worked until three o'clock. Then I lay down on the bed in my clothes. Every time I fell asleep I woke up with a start. My dreams had become strangely vivid. Voices spoke to me from all sides, bells rang, choirs sang. When I opened my eyes I could still hear their reverberations. My heart palpitated, my hair pricked my skull like wires. My hypochondria had returned. My lungs felt compressed and about to collapse. The day was rainy. Whenever I looked out the window I saw a Catholic funeral cortège on its way to Powązek Cemetery. When I finally sat down to work on the translation, Yadzia, the maid, knocked on my door and announced that a young woman was asking for me.

My caller turned out to be Rivkele. I didn't recognize her immediately. She was smartly dressed in a coat with a fur collar, and a modish hat. She carried a purse and an umbrella. Her hair was cut *à la garçon*, and her dress was stylishly short; it came just to her knees. I felt so addled I forgot to be surprised. Rivkele told me what had happened to her. An American had come on a visit to Old-Stikov. He was a former tailor who said he had become a ladies'-clothing manufacturer in New York. He was a distant relative of her father's. He assured the family that he had divorced his wife in America and began to court Rivkele. She broke her engagement to Yantche. The visitor from America bought her a diamond ring, went with her to Lemberg, took her to the Yiddish theatre, to the Polish theatre, to restaurants, and generally behaved like a prospective bridegroom. Together they visited Kraków and Zakopane. Her parents demanded that he marry her, but he came up with all kinds of excuses. He had divorced his wife according to Jewish law, he said, but he still needed a civil decree. On the road, Rivkele began to live with him. Rivkele talked and cried. He had seduced and deceived her. He owned no factory; he worked for someone else. He had not divorced his wife. He was the father of five children. All this came out when his wife suddenly arrived in Old-Stikov and made a scandal. She had family in Jarosław and Przemyśl—butchers, draymen, tough fellows. They warned Morris—that was his name—that they would break his neck. They turned him in to the police. They threatened to report him to the American consul. The result was that he went back to his wife and they sailed together to America.

Rivkele's face was drenched with tears. She trembled, convulsed by hiccuplike sobs. Soon the truth came out. He had made her pregnant; she was in her fifth month. Rivkele moaned. "Nothing is left me but to hang myself!"

"Do your parents know that—"

"No, they don't know. They'd die of shame."

This was another Rivkele. She bent down to take a draw on my cigarette. She had to go to the bathroom, and I took her through the living room. The doctor's wife—a small, thin woman with a pointed face, many warts, and popping eyes that were yellow as if from jaundice—glared at her. Rivkele lingered in the bathroom for such a long time that I feared she had taken poison.

"Who is that creature?" the doctor's wife demanded. "I don't like the looks of her. This is a respectable house."

"Madam, you have no reason to be suspicious."

"I wasn't born yesterday. Be so good as to find lodgings somewhere else."

After a while, Rivkele came back to my room. She had washed her face and powdered it. She had put on lipstick.

"You are responsible for my misfortune," she said.

"*I* am?"

"If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have let myself go with him. Your words stuck in my mind. You spoke in such a way that I wanted to leave home right then and there. When he came, I was—as they say—already ripe."

I had the urge to scold her and tell her to be on her way, but she started to cry again. Then she began to sing a tune as old as the female sex: "Where do I go now and what do I do? He has slaughtered me without a knife. . . ."

"Did he leave you some money at least?" I asked.

"There is a little left."

"Maybe something can still be done."

"Too late."

We sat without speaking, and the lessons of the moral primers came back to me: No word goes astray. Evil words lead to iniquitous deeds. Utterings of slander, mockery, and profanity turn into demons, hobgoblins, imps. They stand as accusers before God, and when the transgressor dies they run after his hearse and accompany him to the grave.

As if Rivkele guessed my thoughts, she said, "You made me see America like a picture. I dreamed of it at night. You made me hate my home—Yantche, too. You promised to write me, but I didn't get a single letter from you. When Morris arrived from America, I clutched at him as if I were drowning."

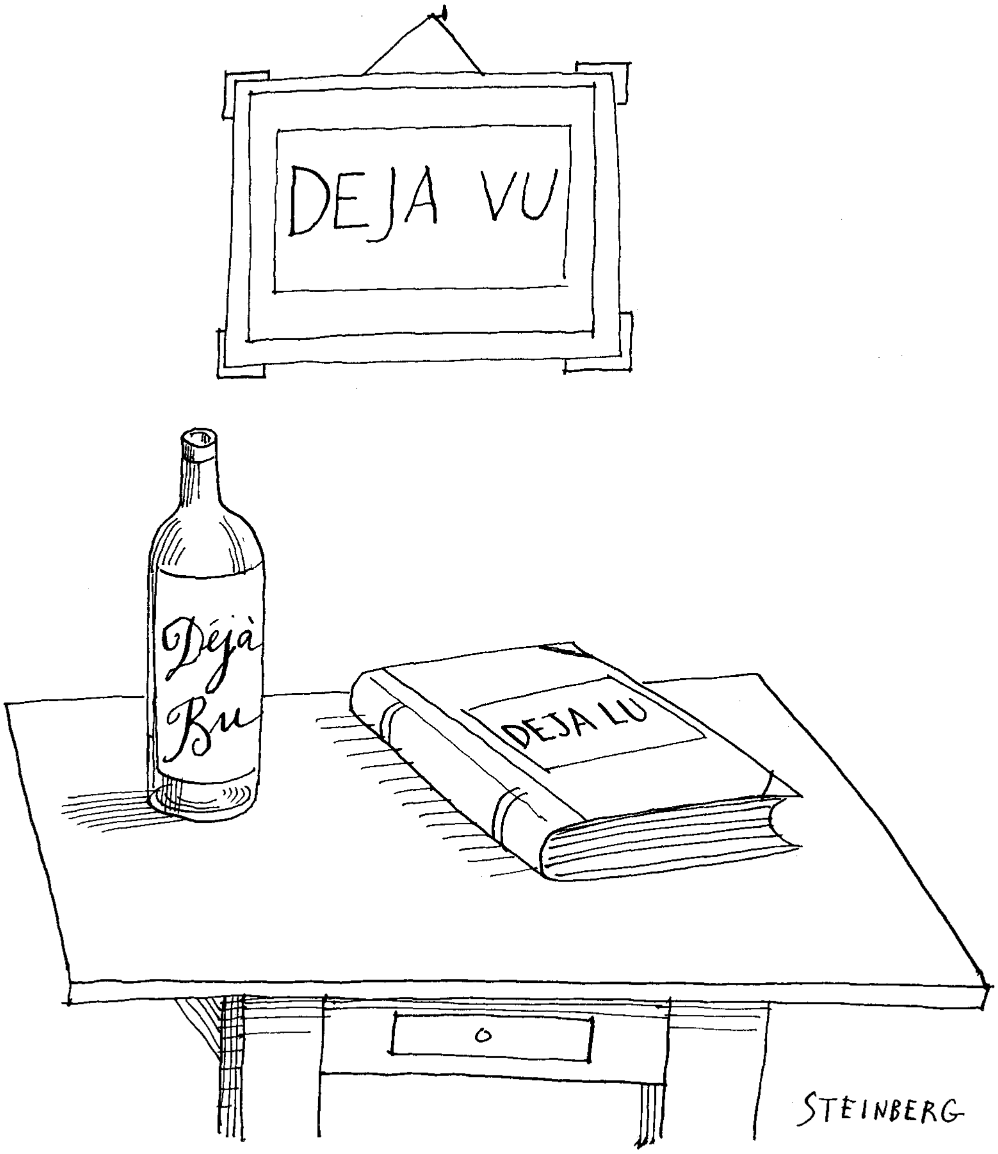
"Rivkele, I have to report for conscription. I'm liable to be sent to the barracks tomorrow."

"Let's go away somewhere together."

"Where? America has closed its gates. All the roads are sealed."

III

NINE years went by. It was my third year in New York. From time to time, I published a sketch in a Yiddish newspaper. I lived in a furnished room not far from Union Square. My room was dark. I had to climb four stories to get to it, and it stank of disinfectant. The linoleum on the floor was torn, and cockroaches crawled from beneath it. When I turned on the naked bulb that hung from the ceiling, I saw a crooked bridge table, an overstuffed chair with torn upholstery, and a sink with a faucet that dripped rusty water. The window faced a wall. When I felt like writing—which was seldom—I went to the Public Library at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue. Here in my room, I only lay on the sagging bed and fantasized about fame, riches, and women who threw themselves at me. I had had an affair, but it ended and I had been alone for months. I kept my ears cocked to hear if I was being summoned to the pay phone below. The walls of the house were so thin that I could hear every rustle—not only on my floor but on the lower floors as well. A group of boys and girls who called themselves a "stock company" had moved in. They were getting



ready to put on a play somewhere. In the meantime, they ran up and down the stairs, shrieking and laughing. The woman who changed my bedding told me that they practiced free love and smoked marijuana. Across from me lived a girl who had come to New York from the Middle West to become an actress, and for whole days and half the nights she sang wailing melodies that someone told me were called the "blues." One evening, I heard her sing over and over again in a mournful chant:

> He won't come back,
> Won't come back,
> Won't come back,
> Never, never, never, never.
> Won't come back!

I heard footsteps and my name being called. I sat up so hastily that I nearly broke the bed. The door opened and by the dim light of the hall I saw the figure of a woman. I didn't put on my light because I was ashamed of the condition of my room. The paint on the walls was peeling. Old newspapers lay scattered around, together with books I had picked up along Fourth Avenue for a nickel each, and dirty laundry.

"May I ask who are you looking for?" I said.

"It's you. I recognize your voice. I'm Rivkele—Lazar the shoemaker's daughter from Old-Stikov."

"Rivkele!"

"Why don't you put on the light?"

"The light is broken," I said, baffled by my own lie. The blues singer across the way became quiet. This was the first time that I had ever had a visitor here. For some reason, her door stood always ajar, as if deep inside her she still hoped that he who wouldn't come back would one day come back after all.

Rivkele mumbled, "Do you at least have a match? I don't want to fall."

It struck me that she spoke Yiddish in an accent that wasn't exactly American but no longer sounded the way they had spoken back home. I got off the bed carefully, led her over to the easy chair, and helped her sit down. At the same time, I snatched one of my socks from the back of the chair and flung it aside. It fell into the sink. I said, "So you're in America!"

"Didn't you know? Didn't they write you that—"

"I asked about you time and again in my letters home, but they never answered."

She was silent for a time. "I didn't know that you were here. I only found out about it a week ago. No, it's two weeks. What a time I had finding you! You write under another name. Why, of all things?"

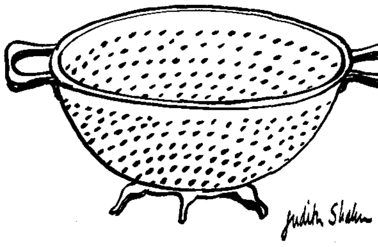
"Didn't they tell you from home that I'm here?" I asked in return.

Rivkele didn't reply, as if she were thinking the question over. Then she said, "I see you know nothing. I'm no longer Jewish. Because of this, my parents have disowned me as a daughter. Father sat shiva for me."

"Converted?"

"Yes, converted." Rivkele made a sound that was something like laughter.

I pulled the string and lit the naked bulb that was half covered with paint. I didn't know myself why I did this. My curiosity to see Rivkele in the role of a Gentile must have outweighed any shame I felt about my poverty. Or maybe in that fraction of a second I decided her disgrace was worse than mine. Rivkele blinked her eyes, and I saw a face that wasn't hers and that I would never have recognized on the street. It seemed to me broad, pasty, and middle-aged. But this unfamiliarity lasted only an instant. Soon, I realized that she hadn't really changed since the last time I had seen her in Warsaw. Why, then, had she seemed so different at first glance, I wondered.



Apparently Rivkele went through the same sensations, because after a while she said, "Yes, it's you."

We sat there, observing each other. She wore a green coat and a hat to match. Her eyelids were painted blue and her cheeks were heavily rouged. She had gained weight. She said, "I have a neighbor who reads the Yiddish paper. I had told her a lot about you, but since you sign your stories by another name, how could she know? One day she came in and showed me an account of Old-Stikov. I knew at once that it was you. I called the editorial office, but they didn't know your address. How could that be?"

"Oh, I'm here on a tourist visa and it's expired."

"Aren't you allowed to live in America?"

"I must first go to Canada or to Cuba. Only from the American consul in a foreign country can I get a permanent visa to return."

"Then why don't you go?"

"I can't go on a Polish passport. It's

FIVE FLIGHTS UP

Still dark.
The unknown bird sits on his usual branch.
The little dog next door barks in his sleep
inquiringly, just once.
Perhaps in his sleep, too, the bird inquires
once or twice, quavering.
Questions—if that is what they are—
answered directly, simply,
by day itself.

Enormous morning, ponderous, meticulous;
gray light streaking each bare branch,
each single twig, along one side,
making another tree, of glassy veins . . .
The bird still sits there. Now he seems to yawn.

The little black dog runs in his yard.
His owner's voice arises, stern,
"You ought to be ashamed!"
What has he done?
He bounces cheerfully up and down;
he rushes in circles in the fallen leaves.

Obviously, he has no sense of shame.
He and the bird know everything is answered,
all taken care of,
no need to ask again.
—Yesterday brought to today so lightly!
(A yesterday I find almost impossible to lift.)

—ELIZABETH BISHOP

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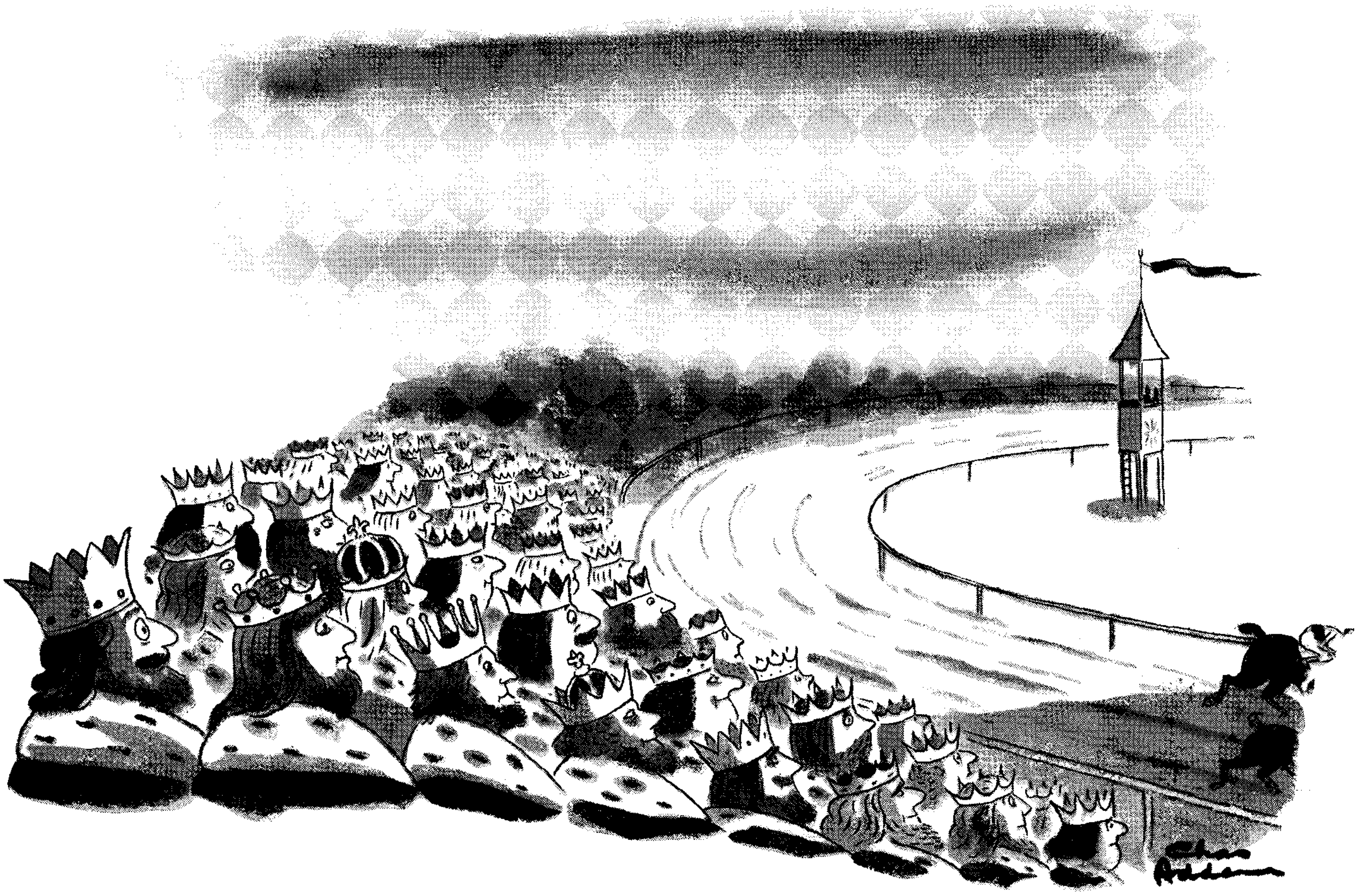


all tied up with lawyers and expenses."

"God in Heaven!"

"What happened to you?" I asked. "Did you have the child?"

Rivkele placed a finger with a red, pointed nail to her lips. "Hush! I had nothing. You know nothing!"

"Where is it?"

"In Warsaw. In a foundling home."

"A boy?"

"A girl."

"Who brought you to America?"

"Not Morris—somebody else. It didn't work out. We split up and I went to Chicago, and there I met Mario. . . ." Rivkele began to speak in a mixture of Yiddish and English. She had married Mario in Chicago and adopted the Catholic faith. Mario's father owned a bar that was patronized by the Mafia. Once, in a quarrel, Mario stabbed a man and he was serving his second year in prison. Rivkele—her name was now Anna Marie—was working as a waitress in an Italian restaurant in New York. Mario had at least a year and a half left to serve. She had a small apartment on Ninth Avenue. Her husband's friends came by, wanting to sleep with her. One had threatened her with a gun. The owner of the restaurant was a man past his sixties. He was good to her, took her to the theatre, the movies, and to night clubs, but he had an evil wife and three daughters, each one more malicious than the next. They were Rivkele's mortal enemies.

"Are you living with him?"

"He is like a father to me." Rivkele changed her tone. "But I never forgot you! Hardly a day goes by that I don't think of you. Why this is I don't understand. When I heard that you were in America and read that article about Old-Stikov, I became terribly excited. I called the paper maybe twenty times. Someone told me that you sneak into the pressroom at night and leave your articles there. So I went there late one night after work, hoping to find you. The elevator man told me that you had a box on the ninth floor where I could leave a letter for you. I went up and all the lights were on but no one was there. Near the wall a machine was writing by itself. It frightened me. It reminded me of what they recite on Rosh Hashanah—"

"The Heavenly Book that reads itself and everyone inscribes his own sins in it."

"Yes, right. I couldn't locate your box. Why are you hiding from the newspapermen? They wouldn't denounce you."

"Oh, the editor adds all kinds of drivel to my pieces. He spoils my style. For the few dollars he pays me, he makes me look like a hack."

"That article about Old-Stikov was good. I read it and cried all night."

"Do you miss home?"

"Everything together. I've fallen into a trap. Why do you live in such a dump?"

"I can't even afford this."

"I have some money. Since Mario is in jail, it would be easy for me to get a divorce. We could go to Canada, to Cuba—wherever you ought to go. I'm a citizen. We'll marry and settle down. I'll bring my daughter over. I didn't want any children with him, but with you . . ."

"Idle words."

"Why do you say that? We are both in trouble. I got myself into a mess and was feeling hopeless. But when I read what you wrote everything came back to me. I want to be a Jewish daughter again."

"Not through me."

"You are responsible for what has happened to me!"

We grew silent, and the girl across the way who had stopped singing and seemed to be listening to her own perplexity, like the cricket in Old-Stikov, resumed her mournful song:

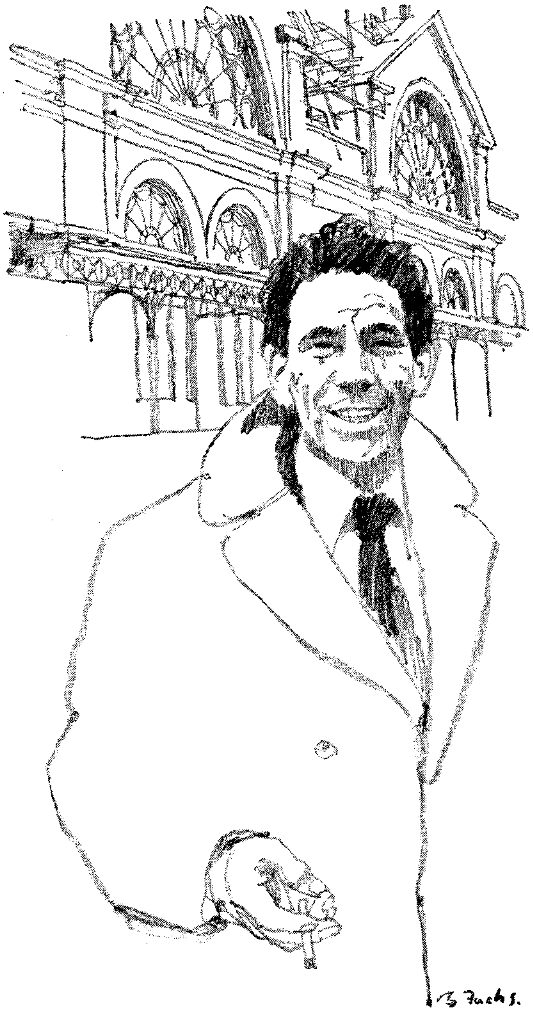
He won't come back,
Won't come back,
Won't come back,
Never, never, never, never.
Won't come back. . . .

—Isaac Bashevis Singer

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by Joseph Singer.*)

PROFILES

DASHIN' ABOUT



TED ADAMS, a Cockney who is known among many of his acquaintances in London as Teddy the Monk, is the proprietor of a little street flower stall on the Brompton Road, just outside the entrance to the Knightsbridge Underground station. He is also in the junkier end of the antique-and-secondhand-furniture business. You might buy an electric clock from Teddy cheap, or get a line on some used lumber—a commodity no longer cheap, however used it might be—if you happened to catch him at the right time and place, which is not always easy. Teddy is very often on the move, especially around Knightsbridge, Belgravia, Chelsea, and Covent Garden. If you asked him to describe what he did for a living, he would probably say that, aside from his involvement in the flower business, he was "a general dealer." If, instead of asking, you just waited until he volunteered something about what his working life consisted of, you would probably hear him refer to himself as a London street trader.

My interest in Teddy goes beyond friendship. The word "Cockney" has long symbolized British endurance and good nature, and perhaps no group has better represented the Cockney spirit than the London street traders. But the street traders have become something of an endangered species; changing times and powerful economic forces have been working against their survival. And now, of course, the viability not only of the street traders but of Britain itself is threatened by an economic crisis whose outcome is impossible to predict. I spent some time with Teddy last spring, before Britain's present difficulties, in days that now seem halcyon. Off and on over a fortnight or so, I went around with him in his van, not only for the pleasure of catching up with him again but also out of curiosity about the texture of the parts of London he shuttles through, bearing with him his own particular thread of life, as within some great, noisy loom. My first excursion with Teddy was to the Covent Garden Flower Market, where he goes every weekday morning to buy flowers for his stall. Teddy picked me up by the flower stall about seven o'clock. It was a cool, damp morning. The stall, which stood against a plywood construction partition outside a branch of Barclays bank in which some renovation work was going on, was as yet unattended; Pat, an elderly man who usually looks after it on Teddy's behalf, would be arriving after a while. A few feet away from the flower stall, and extending to each side of the entrance to the Knightsbridge Underground station, was a newsstand, which is also in the Adams family and is run principally by Teddy's brother John; it was manned that morning by a round-faced fellow wearing a narrow-brimmed hat, whom Teddy addressed as Porky.

Teddy was driving an off-white Ford transit van with a dirty windshield. I got in beside him. He was wearing a pale-orange ski jacket, and he looked as spry as ever—it had been a year since I'd seen him. Teddy is in his early forties. He has plenty of dark hair, keen blue eyes, an unusually good set of teeth for a Cockney of his generation, and a wide smile. His movements are agile, and his general air is somehow rather horsy. The top of the van's dashboard, which itself was pretty dirty, was littered with odds and ends of paper and a couple of empty Player's cigarette boxes. There were scribbles on various white spaces on the boxes—Teddy's own system of notation, which he uses sparingly, not being a man to rely heavily on the written word.

I asked Teddy what his work plans were for the day. "Dunno Tom!" Teddy said without hesitation. "I never know what the day's going to bring when I get up in the morning. I know that I'll go to the Flower Market, and that sooner or later I'll get the flowers back to the pitch, but beyond that I'll just take things as they come. I don't go on schedules Tom. I might go to see my partner down in Chelsea to see how the antique business is going, or I might go dealing around. Depending on how I feel on the spur of the moment. See what I mean Tom." Teddy speaks rapidly. There are no hesitations, no "uh"s and "er"s, in his speech. He is very positive about what he wants to say. His conversation has a rattling, rasping quality. When he is talking to me, he will often use my first name at the end of a sentence without the customary pause, as a sort of substitute for a period. But it is clear that he does so not only as a means of punctuation. In his staccato way, he throws "Tom"s into his conversations with me as though hammering little rivets into a relationship.

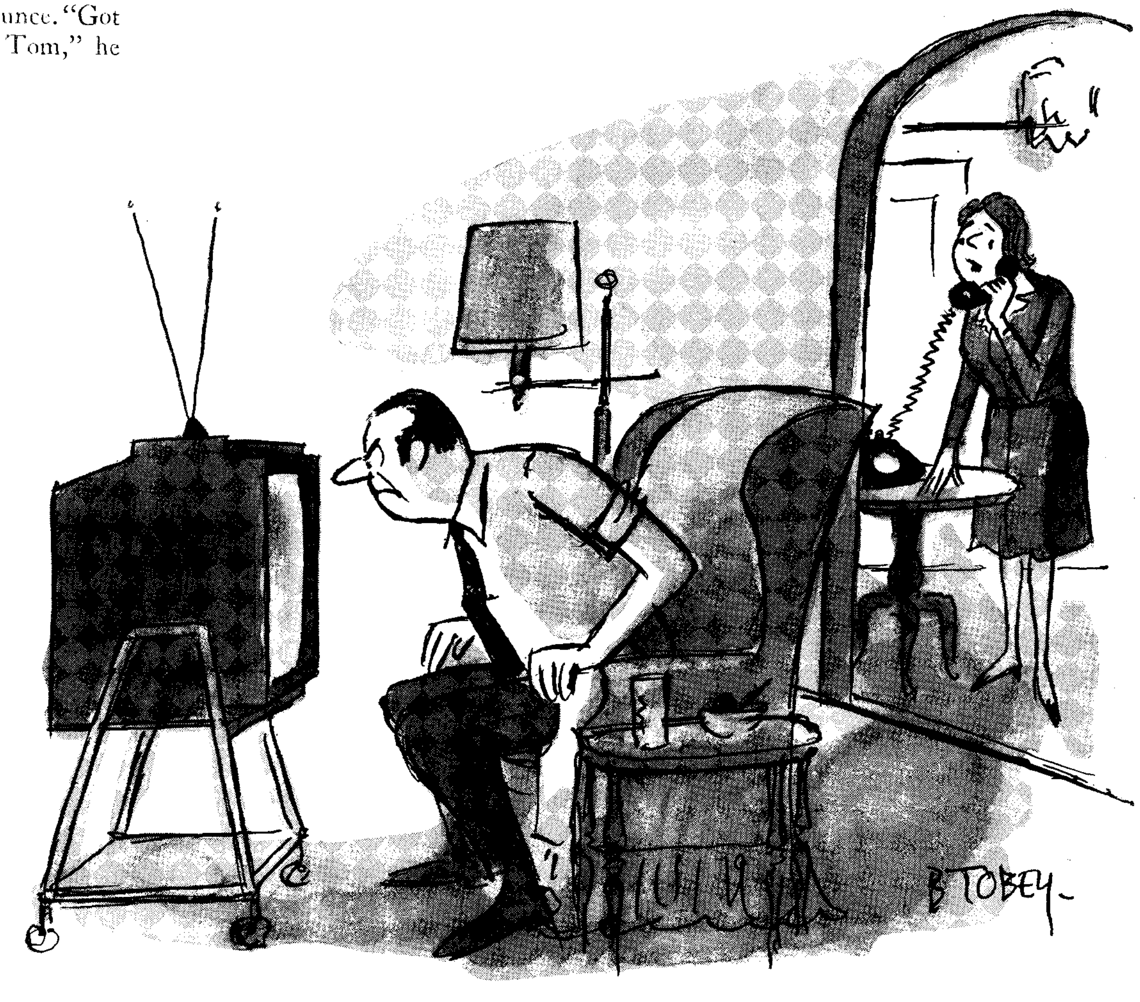
We drove off along the Brompton Road, passed Hyde Park Corner, and sped along Piccadilly en route to the Covent Garden area. Teddy talked about what he expected to get that morning at the Flower Market. "A little bit cool today Tom," he said. "This week we'll have freesias, daffodils—three different types of daffodils—violets, anemones, roses, and tulips. And primroses. If I stayed around the flower pitch today and some woman slowed down as she passed, I'd say, 'Come on, love,' and I'd stick a bunch of primroses under her nose, and maybe she'd buy. It's a good day psychologically for that. It's not so cold, really—just cool enough to make people feel that some of the good things are on the way and some of the bad things are behind. People are in a better mood and they're spring-cleaning and the old clothes are a bit shabby and they're thinking, Perhaps I'll buy a new coat. Funny how people's preference in flowers varies from day to day with the weather. If it's a very cold day, I won't want too many freesias. People tend to buy freesias on impulse, and they don't buy on impulse so much on cold days. I'll buy the gladioli that'll go in the main hall, because that isn't an impulse. The people who are doing the selling in Covent Garden know about that, too, and their wholesale prices vary accordingly with the kind of day it is. There's some movement to it all the time Tom. There's a bit of a soul to the whole thing! Violets go better when it's warm, because people walk slower and they'll stop by the flower pitch and say, 'They're lovely.' If it's chillier, they'll move a bit brisker. If they do buy from you, they'll buy the stabler sort of flowers."

Teddy maneuvered the van around Piccadilly Circus. Along the northern curve of the circle, he pointed out to me, in the manner of a mariner indicating dangerous rocks in a channel, three sets of traffic lights that could easily confuse the unwary driver and cause the Metropolitan Police to pounce. "Got nicked there the other day Tom," he said. "See this one here and that one over there? It's very easy to look at the green light here and find yourself going through the red light just there. It's like a man-made trap Tom!"

Teddy navigated the man-made trap and continued, chatting away, toward Leicester Square. As we went along, I remarked that on a previous visit to London I'd been told I might find him at the Chelsea Antique Market, on the King's Road, but that when I got there people in the market didn't seem to know a Ted Adams, and only when I uttered the words "the Monk" had I got any signs of recognition. I asked Teddy what he was generally called at the Covent Garden Flower Market.

"I'd say that at the market most of 'em just ask for Monk," Teddy replied. "But not all of 'em. It all depends Tom. Due to the fact that I'm known by different names to different sets of people. I'm more or less known as Monk, but it varies. If I go on one side of London, I'm known as one sort of character, and if I'm on the other I'm known as another sort of character. I don't do that purposely. Nothing sinister about it Tom! When I was a small kid, I used to be known as Noogers. The only time that I was mostly called by my right name was at school. I've sort of got different personalities in different parts of London. When I got involved with a bit of work down Victoria way, they knew me as Solomon. Up at Covent Garden, it's mostly just Monk. But not always. There's a fellow there I've done business with for years. He calls me Eddie. He says to the porter, 'Get Eddie some flowers out.' One of the men over the road from him, *he* calls me Harrods—known me that way for years. Some people call me Solly. To some other people, I'm Charlie Apple. It all depends. When you've been trading in the streets, people call you by different names. And wherever I go I sort of adapt myself. I'm still myself, but I'm also a little bit different. If I'm with car dealers, I use car dealers' language—I talk about 'snips' and things like that. A snip is a good buy. Each trade having its slang or jargon. At Covent Garden, for example, if flowers are hard to get they call them 'trumpy,' which means they blow their own trumpet—they're dear. But in the rag trade a trumpy article is rubbish—it smells so bad it makes a noise. Every trade has its own language and I'm on the fringe of all of them, and maybe that's why I use different names. It just comes naturally to me Tom." Teddy went on to say that he had acquired the nickname of the Monk when he was fifteen. On one royal occasion, Teddy had turned up outside Buckingham Palace to sell souvenirs, and since this sort of thing is strictly forbidden there, he had dressed in a monk's cloak, under which he deftly concealed his wares at the approach of the police.

WE crossed Charing Cross Road and entered the narrow streets of the Covent Garden area, which, to the dismay of most of the people who live or work there, has been the subject of plans for widespread demolition and redevelopment. Many of the buildings of the Covent Garden Market complex are due to be taken down, and the operations of the market itself are even-



"I'm afraid he can't come to the phone right now. He's eyeball to eyeball with William Simon."

tually to be transferred to quarters now under construction in the Nine Elms area, south of the Thames. Even though activities in the Covent Garden Market were past their peak for the day—they tail off at between six and seven o'clock in the morning—traffic was heavy. We crawled down Garrick Street, which was crowded with fruit and vegetable trucks, some of them bearing French commercial registrations and huge loads of produce marked "Pommes" or "Maroc"—articulated trucks of a kind known to indignant residents along the roads between London and the Channel ports as "Continental juggernauts." Then we inched through Bedford Street. Winding in among all the trucks were porters in workmen's peaked caps—"Andy caps," in Covent Garden—pushing two-wheeled, long-handled barrows piled high with boxes of produce. The barrows, with their iron-rimmed wheels, made rumbling, grinding sounds as they were trundled about in the narrow street. "Early in the morning, traffic is so bad around the market that Harrods"—Teddy was referring to the famous department store in Knightsbridge—"sees to it that one of their wagons is parked on the street at one o'clock in the morning, just to keep a place for the regular market lorry two hours later. A pal of mine, Alfie Wagstaff, he drives the regular market lorry for Harrods, and he gets in here at a quarter to three to be in position to change places with the wagon."

We were now in the middle of a tremendous jam at the corner of Bedford Street and Maiden Lane. "Morning!" Teddy shouted out the window of the van to a porter with a barrow-load of leeks.

To another man passing by on foot, he called, "Eh, Johnny!"

Cheerfully, to yet another porter, who was trying to maneuver a barrow piled high with boxes of tomatoes through a narrow break in the traffic, he said, "'Ere, 'ere, wait a minute! What are all these 'f's I 'ear!"

"'Ere, Ted, I want to get through," the man said.

"'Oo you waitin' for?" Teddy called out. "You want to get through? O.K.! 'Ere! I'll back up a bit."

Grasping the long handles of his loaded barrow almost at shoulder height, the porter began pushing through the space Teddy had left. "Bloody early this morning, ain't you?" he said to Teddy. He added, "The traffic this week, it drives you potty." He coughed in the London chill. Somewhere to my left there were hoarse shouts, then laughter.

Once the porter had moved by with his load, Teddy inched forward again. "Quite a performance this morning, ain't it?" he observed to a van driver on his right.

I remarked to Teddy that, considering all the traffic, the atmosphere around the market seemed to be pretty good-humored—a bit of a change for anybody who has driven through traffic on Seventh Avenue in midtown Manhattan. "You don't get much of that New York stuff here, actually," Teddy said. "You know—'Get your ass over there, you bum!' You can come to the market here for twenty years and never see a fight Tom. Oh, you may hear a lot of 'f's and 'b's around Covent Garden, but it's as different as chalk and cheese."

Teddy turned into Maiden Lane and continued toward the Flower Market. Near the corner of Southampton Street, he leaned out, pointed a finger, and called out in a mock-stern voice to a little old red-faced, toothless man who was standing on the sidewalk, "I want to see those shoes a little cleanah!" Teddy told me that the old man helped people who came to the market find space to park their vans. "He's been here for sixty years, believe it or not. Nobody knows his name. Years ago, he was a porter. Now he's too old for that. People call him Fred, Ted, Harry—whatever they feel like. He gets a few shillings a day from helping people out."

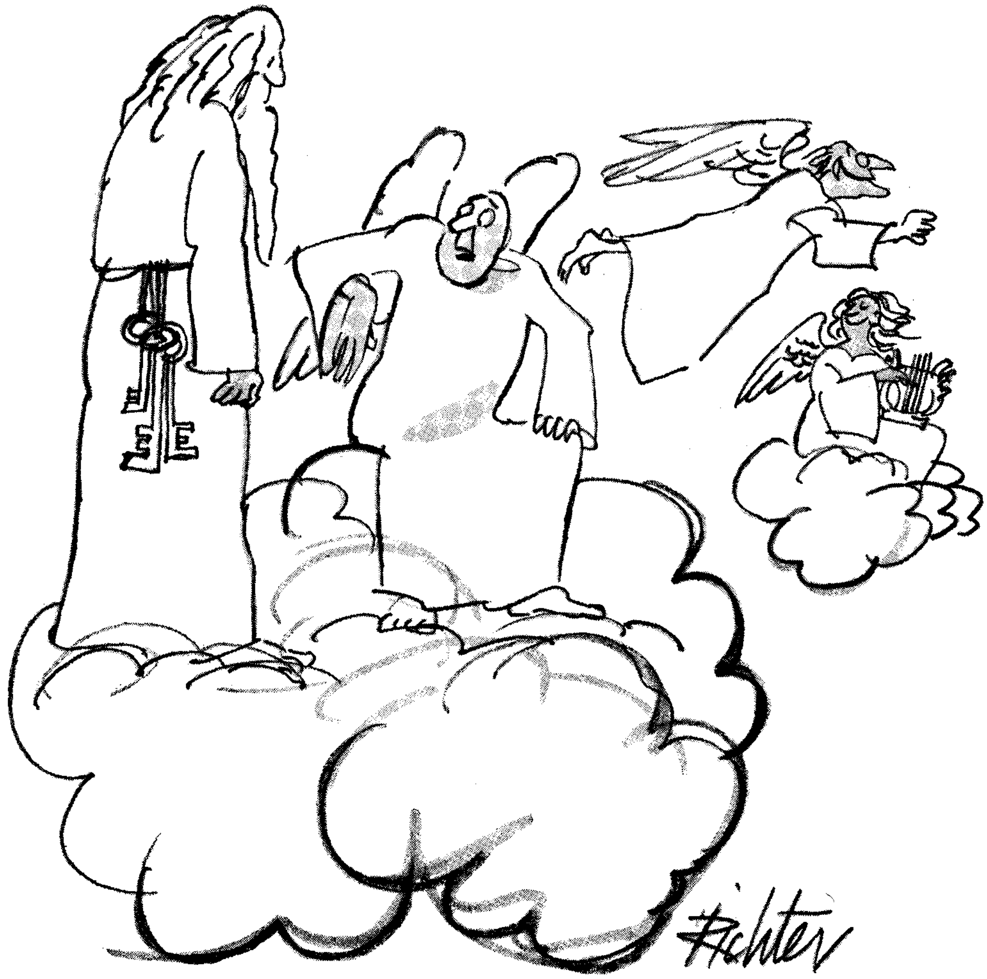
Moving forward, Teddy traversed Maiden Lane and took a jog into Tavistock Street, on the south side of the Covent Garden Market. At the corner of Burleigh Street, near the main entrance to the market, he went into a double-parking maneuver that culminated as, with a flourish, he pulled at the parking-brake handle, which made a loud ratchety sound, like bulky machinery being adjusted for a debarkation at a ferry slip. Teddy jumped out of the van, calling "Morning, Mr. Jay!" to a man standing in the doorway of a wholesale dried-and-artificial-flower shop on the southwest corner of the intersection.

To a porter trundling a load, Teddy said, "Oh, you're not so bloody lively this morning, are you?"

"Oh, you're early," the porter replied. "You've been up all night, have you? Been at a party?"

Teddy laughed and, whistling a tune, set off briskly along Tavistock Street, past an entrance to the Flower Market building, and turned in to Wellington Street, where he entered a fairly small wholesale flower shop. There he began his market activities by examining samples of flowers on sale that morning, which were arrayed in open cardboard boxes on a long table. He worked at this task quietly, quickly, and intently, in the company of the owner, a dig-

nified-looking man in a tan smock, whom Teddy called John, and with whom he discussed prices sotto-voce. Within a very few minutes, Teddy had collected several boxes of freesias and roses (from the Isles of Guernsey and Jersey), daffodils and tulips (from the Scilly Isles), and violets (from Cornwall). The bill was made out simply to "Ted, London," and Teddy paid in cash from a fair-sized roll of pound and five-pound notes he hauled out of a trouser pocket. He stacked the flower boxes one on top of another, deftly hoisted them onto the top of his head, said, "Ta-ta, John," and, holding the boxes in place with a lightly guiding hand, set off at a fast clip toward his van. "I don't have to do bargaining with John," Teddy told me on the way. "He knows me, and he knows what I'll pay. He knows it's no good asking me a price that I'll knock down after half an hour's haggling and coming back and telling him another story. They all know me around here. They know what I'll buy and what my limit is. Now I've bought most of what I need, I'll go into the main market and make a few price inquiries, and maybe I'll buy a few more flowers, and you'll see I did all right."



"Should I still be getting these twinges of bursitis?"

• •

AFTER depositing his load in the back of the van, Teddy stepped into the Flower Market building, a very large hall filled with double rows of green-painted ornamental iron stands, on which flowers were displayed in colorful tiers. (The Flower Market stands separate from the central market complex in Covent Garden, which, with its colonnaded buildings based on an Inigo Jones design, was put up in the early nineteenth century and is devoted to trade in fruit and vegetables.) Along these rows, green-painted cast-iron columns, springing at intervals from this profusion of flowers, soared upward for perhaps forty feet, spreading out in delicate Victorian tracery. From the roof, which is mostly glass, a soft light flooded down and suffused the hall. Here and there, high up in the window tracery, larks, robins, and English sparrows were perched, singing away, and from time to time one would swoop down and fly about.

By this time of morning, the Flower Market was crowded but not uncomfortably so. The air was delightfully fragrant, and there was cheerful, echoing noise and movement, with much whistling by porters as they went about their business, and all sorts of agreeable clankings and rumblings of handcarts being pushed around, and cheepings from the sparrows overhead, and light slapping sounds of flower boxes being piled up for delivery to customers. To the left, just inside the hall, I noticed a long-haired young man of medium height, wearing a windbreaker, who was standing next to a stack of cardboard flower boxes more than seven feet high and was holding in his hands, at shoulder height, two other boxes. After a trial movement, he raised himself on tiptoe and, with the motion of a basketball player dropping a ball into a net, gave a quick upward push that sent the boxes flying into the air so that they landed neatly and symmetrically on top of the stack.

Teddy moved along one of the aisles of the Flower Market, looking at the morning's flowers—primroses from Devon and Cornwall, roses from Essex, gladioli from South Africa, orchids from New Zealand. On the way, there were more greetings—"Mornin', governor!" "Mornin', mate!"—and quiet, almost muttered trading: " 'Ow much these, Charlie? . . . I'll scout around, mate; bit too much for me. . . . I'll have a box of these." Moving on, Teddy exchanged hellos at one stall with a tall young man in a rather modish outfit, and introduced me: "Friend of mine—Tom from the States." To me, he explained, "This is Fred—bed-'em-down Fred!"

Fred took this with a certain aplomb. The two of them chatted for a minute. Fred remarked that he'd been on a date the previous Saturday night. He indicated that he hadn't been all that pleased with his companion. "I don't like skinny birds," he said. A pause. Then, with emphasis, "Can't stand bones!" In a matter-of-fact tone, he went on, "Got some nice carnies in, Ted."

Teddy looked over the day's crop of carnations—from the South of France, Malta, Kenya, Italy, Holland, Bulgaria—and ordered some. He pushed along to another aisle, where he bought bunches of daffodils from a substantial-looking white-haired man named Joe Lavender. Teddy walked on, exchanging, as he progressed, more greetings and small talk: "Allow, Kit! See that Andy Warhol movie on the telly last night? The one they made all that fuss over—'Trash'? Did you see that? Lot of rubbish, ain't it? And it's been played up so much!"

"Cor! Bloody disgustin'! They should put 'im in Fort Knox with all that gold and leave 'im there. Frighten the mice away!"

Farther on, Teddy bought a few freesias from a small man in a cloth cap.

"Name, please?" the man said soberly, making out the bill.

"Monk," Teddy said.

"Where are you from, Mr. Monk?" the man said politely, still writing.

"Fulham," Teddy said.

As we moved along, I expressed mild curiosity about this answer, since, as far as I knew, Teddy didn't live or work in the Fulham section of London. "Doesn't matter Tom," Teddy said. "One day I'm from Fulham, another day I might be from Stepney. Whatever comes into my 'ead. Doesn't mean anything—it's unimportant Tom. See what I mean."

MIRROR

Mother-of-pearl, mother-of-pearl,
your face is the moon's, an oval

the fog dreams in, a crystal ball
reflecting the sea floor. Mother,

I have held my life up to you, a stranger
to the company of your saints: the gnats

of summer, the winter's spindrift
flakes falling like stars

on the window facing you,
that eye at the end of your smile.

The world is a trinket, a tiny god.
You play with it. You eat it piece by piece

after giving birth.
Talisman, lady,
you give back myself to myself—

I turn away. I carry your features like wax
over mine, taking the shape of my name

till others answer him. *Peter*, *Peter*.
A death mask, aging in preparation.

How shall I presume this morning
to face you, the crumbs at your table

reminders of what I have laid out
this year, last: here a child, drowning

in his own breath, there my shadow
a young man gave you to reverse.

They glitter, prisms like little flames.
They splutter, reaching, reaching at the light.

Mother, you hold me up too dark . . .
This morning
the window is sheeted with ice

like muslin, a hole torn out of it
for a face, a rent in the wind.

What body have you raised to carry me?
That hole for a face. What cold?

—PETER COOLEY

• •

"The man you bought freesias from didn't seem to know you," I remarked. "I suppose you haven't bought from him before."

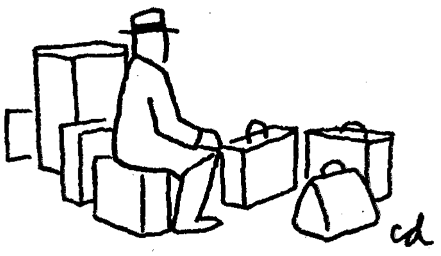
"Not at all—deal with him all the time Tom," Teddy said.

As we made the rounds, I asked stall holders here and there how they felt about the prospective move to the new market in Nine Elms. "I'll miss this place, but I suppose it has to be done," one man, whose family had been in business at the Flower Market for eighty-five years, told me. "You can't stop progress, can you?" Most of the people I talked to were even less enthusiastic about the project—especially older men. But the people who expressed themselves most strongly against the move were two young men in their twenties, whom Teddy introduced to me as Mike and Allen.

Mike, who had long curly hair and was wearing a brown sweater, said that he had been in the market for thirteen years and had taken over the family business upon the retirement of his father, who had worked there for forty-eight years. "When we go to this new market, it'll be more like a factory than like the market we know," Mike said. "It'll all be so spread out, and you'll lose the atmosphere. And when you lose the atmosphere you lose the market. You got *character* around here. You got Drury Lane. You got all the theatres. You got the writers and the artists and the printers and the ballet dancers, as well as the porters and the lorries and the Flower Market. This is what makes London."

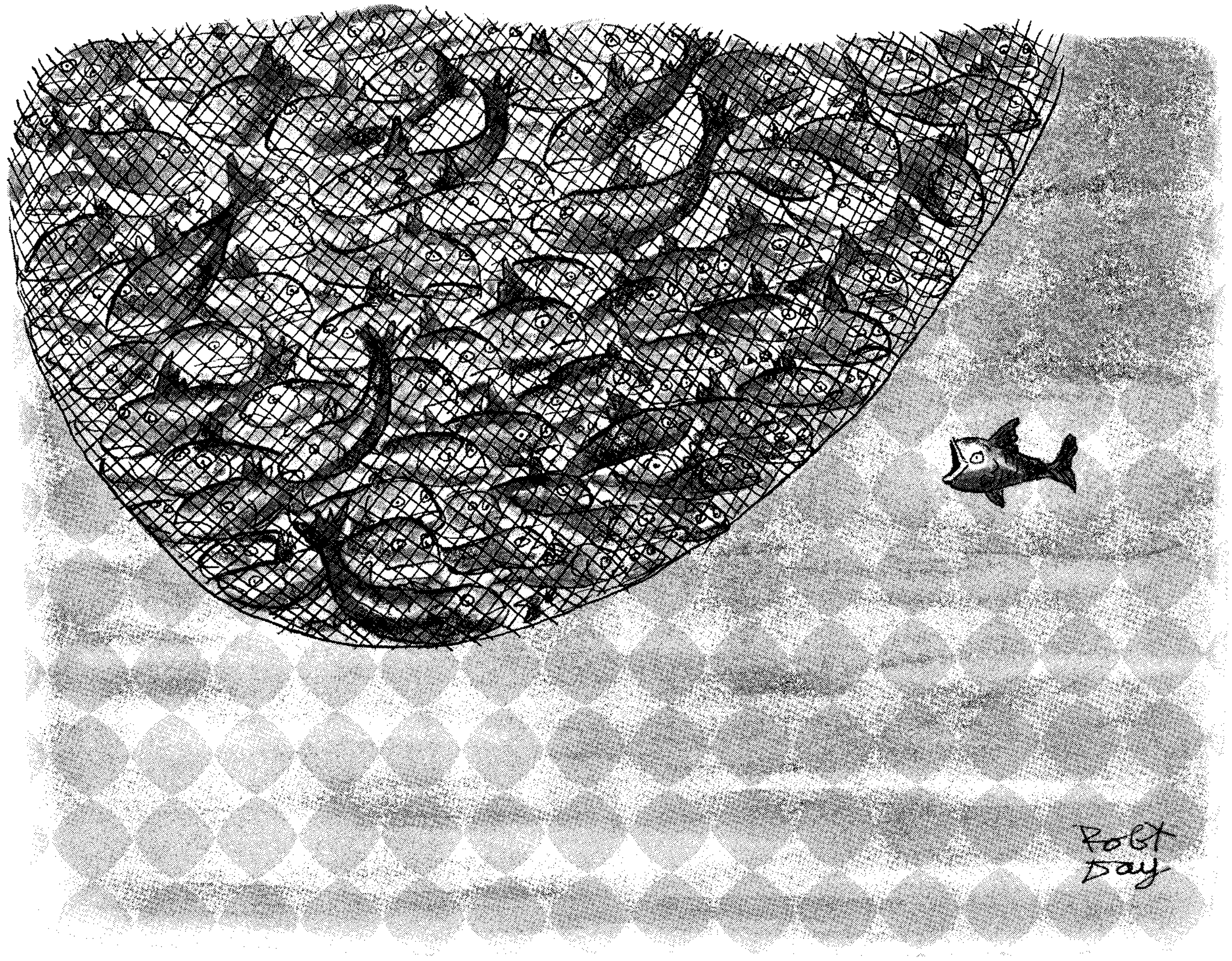
Allen, who is Mike's partner, said, "In the new market, you won't get the same bustle. You'll get people going around on electric trolleys. They'll have plenty of time to buy, which will make things more uniform. One of the things that makes the market here is that there's a limited amount of time to buy in. That makes for a real sense of supply and demand. When circumstances call for it, all of a sudden you'll find you have a crowd around you and you're selling like mad. You have to know exactly when to let the produce go. You might be selling tulips at fifteen pence, and you know from the way the market's behaving you've got an hour to sell 'em at that price and then you've got to take twelve and a half pence."

"In the new market, you won't get the same kind of keen trading," Mike said. "The rents will go way up over what they are here—you won't have all these stalls but shops instead—and the high rents will put the market in the hands of the big wholesalers, who will charge more or less set prices, and certainly much higher ones, for the flowers. And that is going to make life just about impossible for the street traders—people like Ted, here, who have outdoor flower pitches. I'd say that about fifty per cent of our business here is dealing with street traders. There are hundreds of them. Some people who have pitches a hundred miles away from London come here to trade. There's a limit to what the street traders can pay for flowers and still make a living. Take those people away from this business and it's finished, except for the big firms."



"This government isn't interested in the small man," Allen said. "Its whole ambition, it seems to me, is to put the street trader out of business."

Teddy agreed that the street traders in flowers would be facing much harder times when the market moved out of Covent Garden. "In the new market, you'll get the big firms, and you won't get the smaller feller who'll give you a couple of boxes a bit cheap," he said. "It'll be like a bleedin' supermarket." To me, he added, "As things stand, at this market, if Mike, here, was in trouble one morning with fifty boxes of flowers, slightly going over, he would say to a barrow boy, 'O.K., have a go, give us a fair price,' and he'd clear the lot out. And the barrow boy would stand on the street and sell 'em half price, sixpence a bunch, and make out all right. At the new market, things



"How come, you guys? We're supposed to be brain food."

won't go that way. The big combines won't do what Mike and Allen do. They'd just as soon see the flowers go rotten. Everything will be done systematically, like a bloody computer."

As Teddy set out to collect the flowers he had bought in the market, he told me that he was about to "pop in to the caff" for a bit of breakfast, as he usually did after marketing, and invited me to come along. The prospect of breakfast caused him to cut short a passing chat with someone he ran into near the entrance to the hall. "We're going down to the Savoy Grill to 'ave a sausage sandwich and a cup o' tea! We got a reserved table down there!" he called out as he left.

Outside, Teddy put his flowers in the back of the van, and we walked off down Burleigh Street for breakfast. Along the way, there were more greetings, beginning with one from a man in a tan coat standing just inside the doorway of a tiny shop near the corner of Tavistock Street: "Morning, Ted."

"Morning," Teddy said. "You going to Newmarket, Bert?"

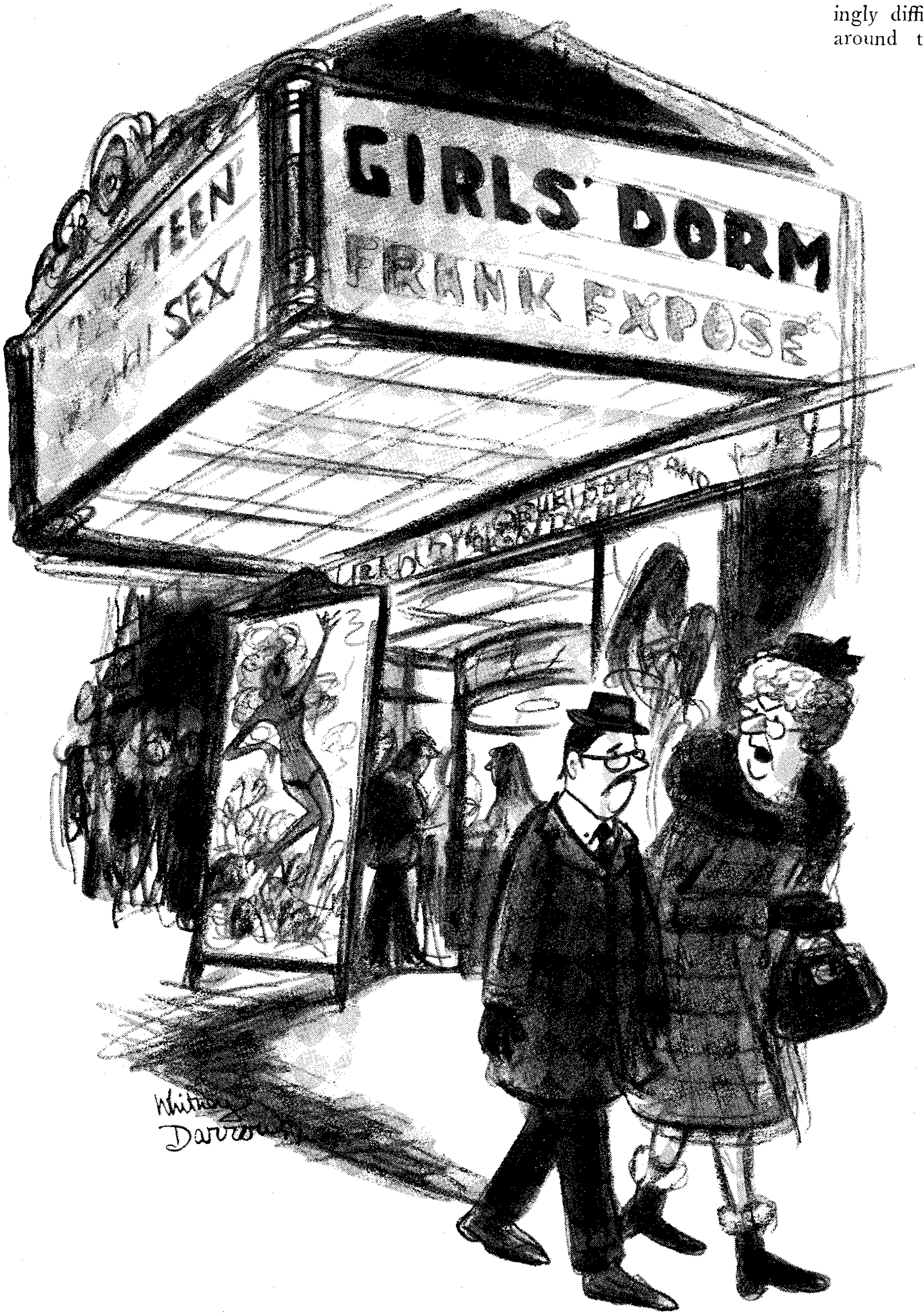
"Yeah," Bert said. Teddy stopped, and he and Bert had a few words about the start of the flat-racing season. Teddy introduced me, and Bert invited us in for a moment. We edged into the shop, which was only a little bigger than a couple of telephone kiosks. In front of him, Bert had a compartmented box filled with tin cutout letters of the alphabet two inches high. From these he was composing an inscription that went, "Uncle Bill from Mary and Arthur." Other inscriptions, finished with silver paint in which some sparkly material had been sprinkled, lay about the place: "At Last, Asleep," "My Dear Husband," "Sister Violet." Teddy looked around at these. "Different angles Tom," he explained. "It's another part of the trade that has to be done. Bert gets the orders for the lettering from the florists, and they pick these up when they order their flowers and the moss and the green, and they put 'em together to make the wreaths and all that."

A couple of doors down, there was an even tinier shop, presided over by a stocky elderly man with a gray mustache. "Morning, Mark," Teddy said to him. Mark, who had apparently just finished talking to a short man in a workman's cap, gave Teddy a cheerful smile. Mark sold the kind of small signs, each with its single pin, that English greengrocers stick over displays of produce. He didn't have many of them on hand. Some of the legends were "Beans," "Foreign," and "Morning Gathered"—the last intended for displays of fresh strawberries. Mark also sold paper bags to the fruit-and-vegetable trade, and tissue paper—called "cat"—to the flower trade. He told me that he had worked in Covent Garden for forty-eight years and that when the market moved to Nine Elms he'd have to give up, because it would be impossible for him to rent a place there as small and cheap as the one he had. We moved on. "Mark gets up at three in the morning and comes here, and if he doesn't it's got to be Christmas," Teddy said. "He has all his friends here. He meets them one by one. The bloke he was just talking to before I said hello used to sell flowers off a barrow under the arch at the Clapham Junction railway station. For Mark to be around all his pals and have a chat when he feels like it—it's a way of life."

BREAKFAST was at Peter's Café, a small eating place for workmen at the corner of Wellington and Exeter Streets. Peter's was noisy with Cockney chatter, the clashing of teacups and plates, and the spattering of bacon, which sounded like a downpour of rain. At a marble-topped counter tended by a small, bald-headed man and a homey-looking lady in a blue smock—Peter and his wife, I was informed—Teddy ordered bacon and eggs and tea. He affected a grand style in settling the bill ("No! No! I'll have to sign for it! All tax deductible!"), which brought a smile from Peter's wife. We sat at a table with a couple of men in workmen's caps and a man wearing a white coat that was belted with a length of rough twine. The bacon and eggs, served by the proprietor's daughter, came on plates aswirl with delicious bacon grease and accompanied by thick slices of fried bread and by cups of tea that had already been heavily sweetened. Teddy talked to me about the tax information and other kinds of paperwork that were making life increasingly difficult for small entrepreneurs around the market, including him.

"Every single man down at this market now—they're in a frame of mind where they'd sooner go out there, pick up an axe and shovel, and dig a hole for three hours than to go home and do ten minutes' paperwork," Teddy told me. "Not that I can't do paperwork, mind you—it's just that it's foreign to us. No! I could work all day with my brain"—by this he meant making mental calculations of various kinds, and where sums of money are concerned he is something of a lightning calculator—"and feel less fatigue than I would if I sat down and wrote a letter for a few minutes. I can talk for six hours non-stop Tom, to make someone understand what I'm driving at. But to write a letter takes more out of me mentally, for some unknown reason. Most of the people around here are the same."

I was well aware of Teddy's attitude toward letter writing. I knew from experience that he almost never answered letters, and I had never taken this amiss. Most of the time, according to what Teddy once told me, the nearest he comes to writing letters is buying cards that have various sentiments printed on them, ticking off a few that he thinks are appropriate, and sending them off to friends. Teddy assured me, over his bacon and eggs, that if he had something important to tell me, there would be no real problem, whether I was in London or in New York—he would find a way of getting it to



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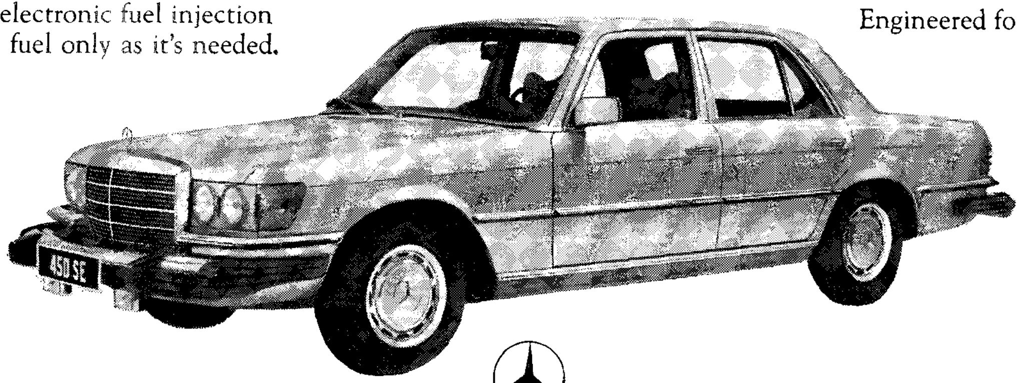

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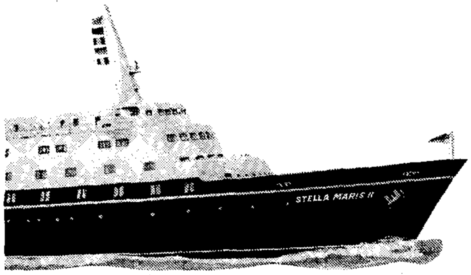
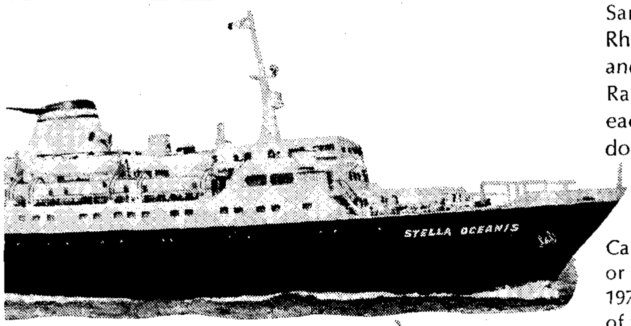
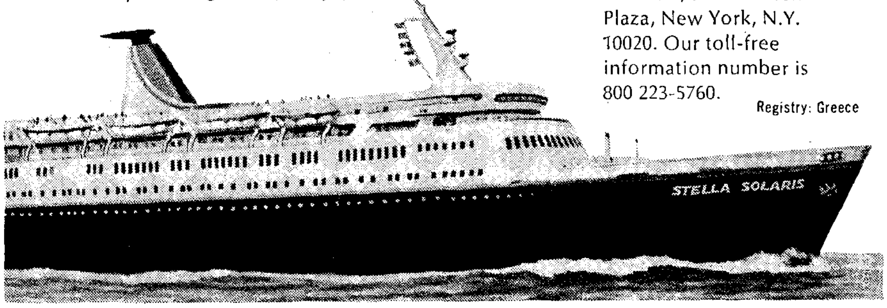


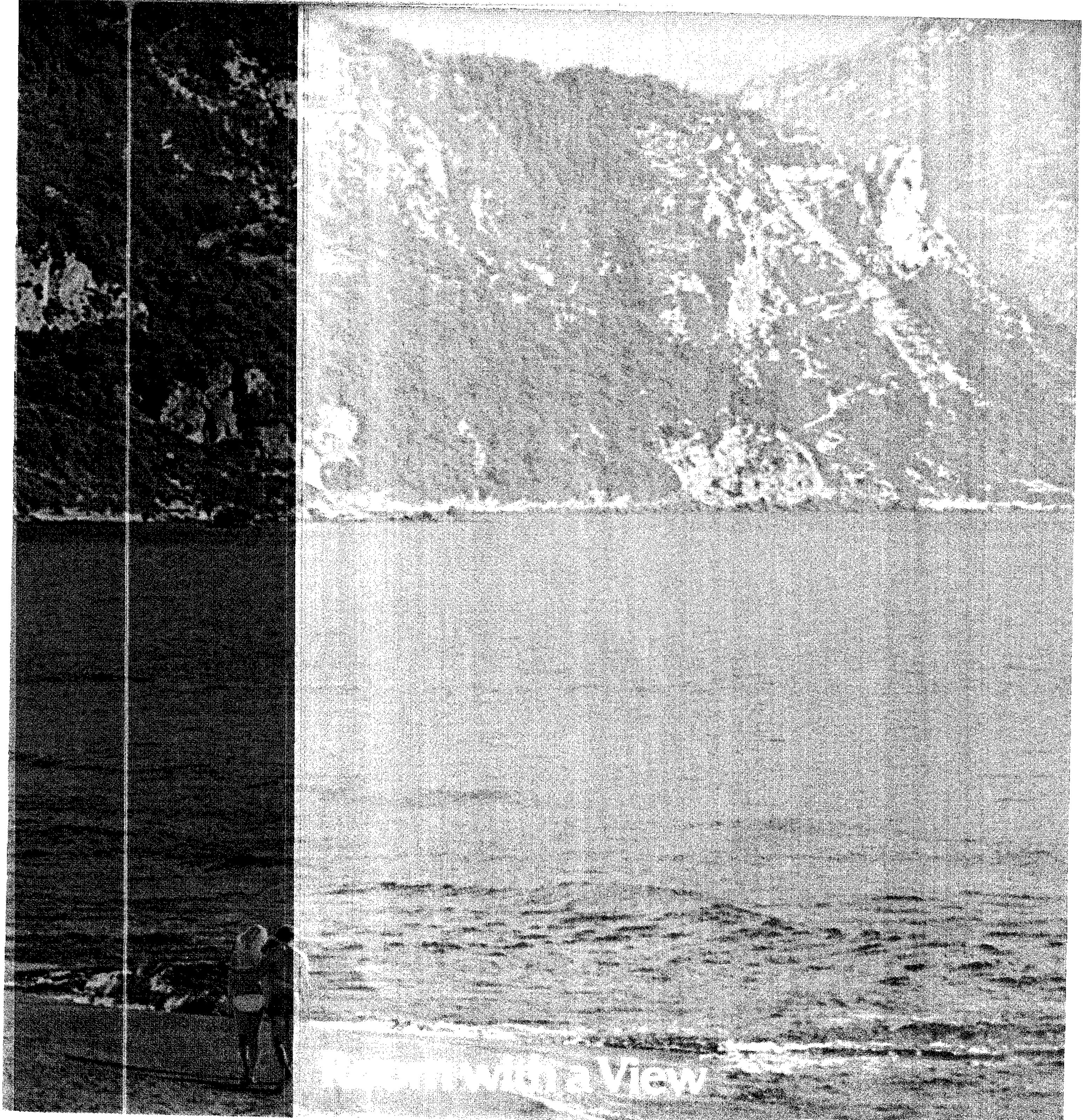




me. "Word of mouth Tom!" he said. "I've only to stop for half an hour up at the flower pitch, and where I am there are scores of Americans a day coming by there. And they'll be asking 'Where's this?' and 'Where's that?' and 'Where's Harrods?' And I'll ask them where they come from, and I'm sure to find someone who'll take a message back to you sooner or later." Teddy went on, "I try to make it my business to get on with foreigners. Not everybody here is quite as friendly or talkative as you used to find in London. They're so bloody busy with their own affairs now. I remember the other day having an American come up to the pitch, and we got chatting, and he said he'd seen something he hadn't seen before in London. He'd asked a paper seller up at Green Park where some place was that he wanted to get to, and the fellow was very miserable to him. I felt I owed this American an explanation. I told him that a lot of people will come by the pitch and ask, a thousand times a day, 'Where's Harrods?' And someone like old Patsy, when he's told people twenty times already that day and he's just beginning to serve a customer and someone taps him on the shoulder and asks again, 'Where's Harrods?'—he'll just say, 'On the left.' And, funny enough, I'll tell you a little thing about Americans. If they're in a hurry, they never say thanks, and an English person don't know that they don't say thank you all the time. There's a lot of English people who misinterpret that as rudeness. You'll get more pleases and thank yous in one sentence from an Englishman. It's not that Americans are unthankful—it's just their way."

A little later, walking back to the van, Teddy said, "Now, if Pete's caff comes down because of all these developments planned for Covent Garden, and Pete wants to carry on in business with the market people he has as customers now, he'll have to get a place in the new market, and it won't have the character like the one he's got here. It'll be all Formica and a set area where he has to pay for every square inch, and he'll probably have to charge about three times what he's charging now. And he'll have to cut down on the old personal touch, get more prepacked stuff, which will be hard, because Pete likes to serve good plain food. I call him Pete, but his name might not be Pete, for all I know. I call him Pete because Peter's the name on the outside of the caff."

In his realistic fashion, Teddy went on to remark that if the Flower Market building itself should be demolished,



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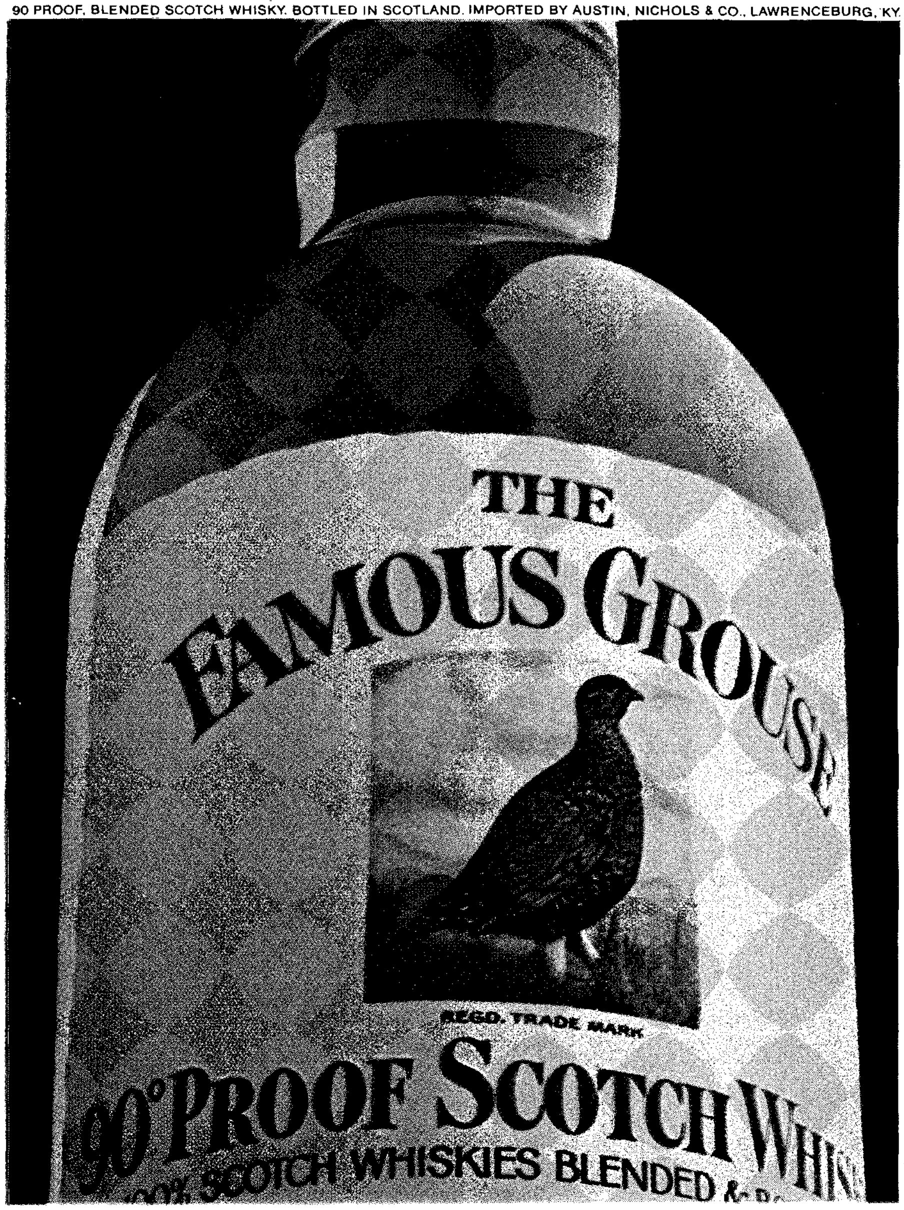

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he'd try to "do a bit of business" and "make a few quid" out of it. He would buy decorative odds and ends, which he might then sell in the antique business—for example, a big nineteenth-century sign on a wall of the market, now hidden by asbestos sheeting, which gave the market's opening and closing times and so on.

When we got back to the Flower Market building, Teddy found that his van had disappeared. He was entirely unperturbed. Looking around the area, he found his van about thirty feet from where he had double-parked it. It was now parked at the curb. "Somebody jumped in and moved it for me," Teddy explained. "It wasn't supposed to be where I'd parked it, of course, and somebody probably saw a warden coming and moved it for me. People help each other out here. Everybody does everybody else's van. I never lock mine up here. I always leave the things in—it's an unwritten rule. You never get anything stolen. You might find somebody who's *inclined* to steal, but he won't *actually* steal." In the back of the van, besides the boxes of flowers that Teddy had put in, I noticed a jumble of miscellaneous articles, including a fake-antique telephone, a tuner and an amplifier for a hi-fi set, a lampshade, and a dozen or so men's shirts of cheap make. These, Teddy told me, were things that had recently come into his hands in the course of his general trading activities, and he would dispose of them in one way or another. "Anybody who knows me here will take a look through the van while I'm buying flowers or having breakfast and see if there's anything that interests him," he said. "One morning, I came with about forty fishing rods that I'd bought cheap at some auction. When I got out of the Flower Market, I had about thirty fellers around the van looking at 'em. I sold about eleven rods on the spot."

Teddy and I climbed into the van, and Teddy started the motor. The weather didn't look very good. A few drops of rain fell on the windshield. Teddy peered through it. "Bit hard to see out with this dirty windscreen Tom," he said as he started off through traffic, but I noticed that he made no motion to turn the windshield wiper on to clear his view. Teddy explained the situation. "It's very difficult getting about, with London being so chockablock with blasted traffic and nearly every place in Central London being yellow-banded." A single yellow band painted parallel to the curb indicates no parking; a double band, no parking or standing. "I let my windscreen stay dirty, usually, because a parked van with a dirty windscreen means to the traffic warden or the copper coming by that it's probably a workingman's van and that the chap who's been driving it won't be parked there so long, and so I have a slightly better chance of not getting a ticket. I use my van for delivering and for picking up, and I could easily get fifteen tickets a day. It could cost me thirty pounds a day if everything was done legal and aboveboard. It's you or them Tom! I try to avoid the traffic wardens. When I can't, I give 'em a kiss and a cuddle—the women wardens anyway Tom! And there's another advantage to a dirty windscreen. People don't notice who's doing the driving. It might not suit me to have everybody recognize me when I'm dashin' about. People are always trying to flag you down and wanting you to stop and have a chat. Which I don't mind, normally. But there are certain people I might be doing business with who pay more attention to the time factor than I do, and you don't like to let them down."

Teddy swung into a side street that took us past the rear of the big Strand Palace Hotel. He pointed to a group of four or five men in threadbare clothes who were leaning against a wall there. "That's where tramps go, to stand by the grille and warm up from the central-heating outlet," Teddy said. "And two doors away there's another grille, where they can smell the food from the kitchen. Which must be diabolical."

The van rattled along the Strand and around the southern edge of Trafalgar Square, scooted under the Admiralty Arch, and went along The Mall. "That's Marlborough House, on the right, there," Teddy said. "There's the old Carlton House Terrace back there. Where Crockford's, the gaming house, is. I bought a bit of stuff out of there Tom with a friend of mine. They started modernizing two years ago. Got one or two old tapestries, a lot of the old timber that was part of the stairs, one or two chandeliers, a lot of silver plate, and some stone and marble fireplaces. I'd pop in every month or so to see how they were progressing, and when I'd see something with a bit of age to it I'd buy it for resale."

Rounding Hyde Park Corner, Teddy said, "Coppers and traffic wardens—you got to know how to deal with 'em. You've got to do their brain in Tom. You got to get under their ego. A lot of people get affected by uniforms. They lose their own identity and become part of the establishment. Well, what I do is, I get under that uniform and say, 'Look, you're just a chap like me and I'll just be a minute and blah, blah,' and it makes 'em forget this mask they got over 'em. You give people a mask to put over their face, and they adapt all sorts of personalities that they'd like to be if they had the guts in the first place. You got to reason with 'em Tom. Now, I had a pull-over just the other day, when I was on a bit of business with the van. The police had a little purge on. They pulled me over in St. James's Park. The copper said, 'This is a commercial vehicle. It is not allowed in St. James's Park.' I could see that he had in mind giving me a ticket. The first thing is not to let 'em get their book out. I said, 'What determines what a trade vehicle is? Just because this is a van doesn't mean it's used for trade. I use it for private purposes, and it's privately taxed. I just happen to *prefer* driving a van! Why should I be penalized for that? I've got a gun over my mantel at home. Does that make me a soldier? A friend of mine has a torpedo boat that he's converted into a flat. How would you classify that?' The copper said, 'Well, I'll let you go this time.' They're not sure of their facts Tom! I remember getting pulled over another time in the park. I had thirty boxes of flowers with me. The copper wanted to give me a ticket. I told him this was not a commercial vehicle. The copper looked around in the van. He said, 'Then what are all those boxes of flowers doing in the back?' I said, 'Oh, I'm getting married today. These are for the reception!' The copper said, 'Well, congratulations,' and he let me go. Never even got his book out Tom."

We were now in the elegant Belgravia area, and it wouldn't be long before we reached Knightsbridge and Teddy's flower stall. Teddy spoke of his feelings about the variety of work he did daily. "You know that whatever it is you want to do, you're your own governor," he said. "I could drop these flowers off at the pitch or I could drop them off in two hours' time. And if old Patsy doesn't see me for the whole day he's got enough flowers to last him until tomorrow morning. I can change my plans in a second. So, obviously, if something captures me as I'm drivin' along and I see I might make a couple of pounds, I'm there."

IN a few minutes, we arrived outside the Knightsbridge Underground station. To avoid the heavy traffic sweeping by, Teddy parked his van by partly mounting the sidewalk around

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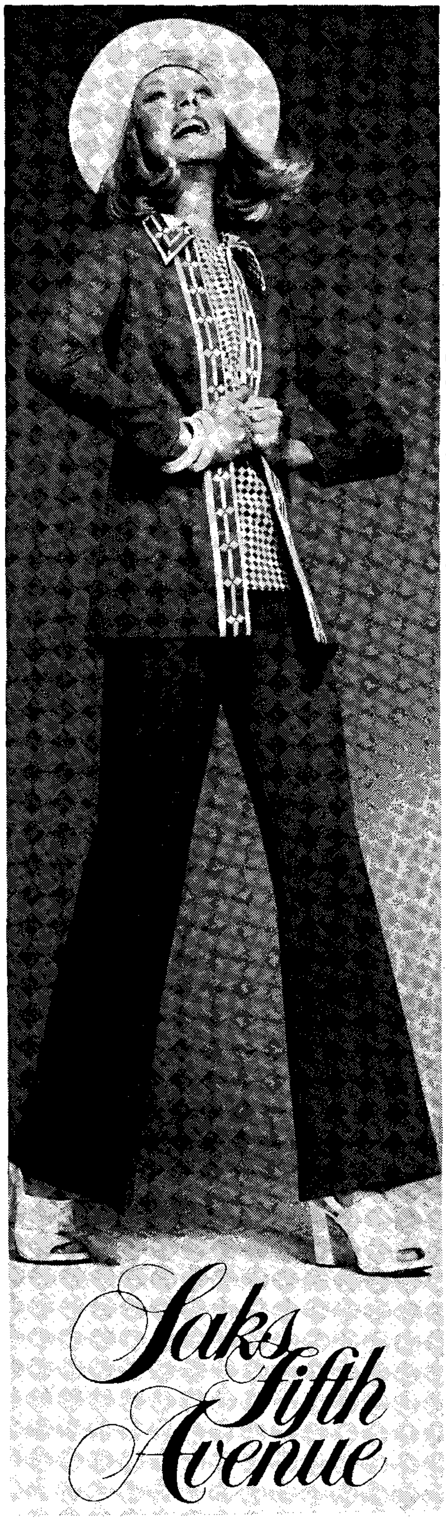

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the corner on Sloane Street, a few feet away from his stall. Pat was already there. "Mornin', sah!" Teddy called out to him. Pat was a tall, red-faced man with rheumy eyes; he was wearing an old overcoat and had a scarf crisscrossed under his coat at the neck.

Teddy jumped out of the van and carried a load of flower boxes over to the stall—a large wooden box with three shelves attached to its top. Opening a box of freesias and taking a small hatchet and a couple of nails from the recesses of the stall, he nailed the box to the front of the stall. Then he took over the business of arranging the day's flowers on the shelves—tulips on top, then freesias, daffodils, irises, violets, and the rest. "It looks very cheerful, Teddy," I said as he worked, quickly and intently.

"Well, you gotta jazz it up a bit," Teddy said.

Teddy went back to the van to get more flowers, and as he continued to replenish the stock, I had a few words with Pat. In a wheezy voice, he told me that he was seventy-seven years old and had been selling flowers since he was eight. "I started selling them up in Holborn," he said. "My father was in the business. He sold at Smithfield Market. His father sold flowers most of his life, too, in Manchester. When I was still a boy, they brought out a system in the City of London where they were going to do away with costermongers. I couldn't stay at the stand where I was selling. So I moved on my own from one place to another—street to street, you see. I worked all around Oxford Street. I'd get arrested now and again. That was just like paying your rent. We had a gentleman of a magistrate at the Marlborough Street Court. He reckoned that a barrow of flowers was the biggest tonic that a Londoner could have. And he was very, very lenient. But you still went in, just the same."

Teddy paused in his labors, stepped back from the stall a couple of paces, and took a good critical look at the display. Then, for the sake of momentum before handing matters over to Pat again, he glanced about him at the passersby on the sidewalk, focussed his alert glance on a pretty girl, called out in a firm voice, "Allow, beautiful! Buy some fresh flowers," and thrust a bunch of primroses at her. The girl smiled, and stopped and bought some violets. Within a couple of minutes, Teddy had also offered flowers to a pair of girls on their way to work, engaged them in lively conversation ("chatting up a couple of birds" is the way Teddy would put this), got them both giggling, and sold them bunches of freesias and violets. Then he had a few odds and ends to take care of, such as straightening out with Pat the prices to be charged that day for the flowers. In the course of doing these things, Teddy intermittently practiced his street Cockney's prerogative—which he exercised with a certain air of special privilege, as though by royal charter—of greeting pretty girls passing by:

"Morning, love!"

"Allow, princess!"

"Lovely lovely lovely!"

Then, when Teddy had finished his business with Pat, he strode over to the curb, said, "Ta-ta, Patsy," and closed the rear van doors. As he did so, another pretty girl came by.

"I'll give you ten pounds for a smile!" Teddy called out.

A slight smile from the girl.

"Eight!" Teddy cried as she passed.

A big smile.

"That's better!" Teddy said. He jumped into the van, and so did I, and we were off.

Our next stop was less than a block away along the Brompton Road. Teddy said he'd just have a word with a friend of his. He told me that the friend's name was Maury, that he also ran a flower stall on the Brompton Road, and that his family had had the same pitch for more than a hundred years. He said that Maury managed the stall with his mother, "a very, very active woman." Teddy explained that Maury had "never seen his father since he was three years of age, so his mum brought 'em all up." Maury turned out to be a talkative and alert bearded man of about Teddy's age, who had worked as an electrician in television and movie studios and was working at the family flower stall for the time being to make sure that it continued as a family business. Teddy and he explained to me that flower stalls throughout London continued in business only at the will of the Borough Councils, which licensed them, and that the Councils weren't eager to extend the existence of the stalls. In fact, they were refusing to renew licenses of flower stalls whose operators died or became incapacitated, except when the stalls continued to be run by family members. Teddy said that many of the older flower sellers in London didn't have licenses for stalls anyway, since they didn't work at fixed positions. "That's what they call a fly pitch," he said. "Those people pick up their barrow or a basket and fly about from one corner to another, wherever they can sell a few flowers. There's quite a few fly pitches. If you pull outside a shop

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and you're friendly with a man, he lets you stay there for half an hour, and you move along to another place where it might be busy."

Maury said, "I could make more money doing something else, but then the family pitch would go, and there would be no way of getting it back, so I'm carrying it on. I'm the fourth generation here on the Brompton Road. My family came over here during the Irish potato famine. Selling flowers then was one step above begging. It's nothing like that now. I enjoy it. It's a great deal of independence, and your brain gets exercised at the market."

Teddy took Maury aside and quickly did whatever business he had stopped off to transact, and then we were on our way again in the van.

"MORNING, sir," Teddy called to a tall doorman at Harrods, who was dressed in an impressive green greatcoat and a uniform cap. The doorman gave Teddy a dignified wave.

"He's been at Harrods only thirty-five years, actually," Teddy said. "But old Ted, that used to be there before him—the governor, what they called the No. 7 doorman—he was forty years at Harrods."

"What's a No. 7 doorman?" I asked.

"There are nine public doors to Harrods," Teddy said. "All these doors are numbered, see. This is No. 7, which has always been the best door for tips. So the doorkeeper who's been on the job longest winds up with No. 7."

Teddy now revealed the next activity that he had decided upon for the day. He said that he was going to pop in to a pre-auction showing of furniture and paintings at Bonham's auction house, on Montpelier Street, to see if there was anything there that he and his partner in the antique business, John Bradbury, might want to buy for resale. We swung right on Montpelier Street, and Teddy parked.

Teddy made his way into Bonham's—a building of several stories, whose general air was a curious blend of clutter and order. The porters wore green or tan baize aprons. Teddy first went into a large room full of furniture and looked around for items that his partner might care to bid on at the auction. He paused at a round walnut-veneered antique table, the surface of which had a bubble in it. He said that he thought it could be repaired fairly easily, but that the table probably would be expensive—at least two hundred and fifty pounds. He explained that if his partner wasn't interested in it, this was the sort of thing that he himself would be willing to take a chance on; he'd be willing to bid three hundred pounds, and if he could get it at that figure he would then "go around and find someone to put the money up for it, and I'd get a drink out of it." In other words, he would find someone in the trade to complete the transaction during the brief billing period following the auction, and for his trouble Teddy would get whatever commission he and the buyer agreed on.

Teddy looked around some more, and paused in front of a grandfather-style clock. I asked him how he would characterize that. "It's not too old Tom," he said. "It's not the sort of thing that everybody would be interested in. It's got two columns up the side, shaped like trees. You've got bears climbing up the trees, and at the top there's a male and female bear that appear Tom to be looking over one another's shoulder. It's a weird, interesting piece, which is just as good for me to buy as an old piece that most dealers would bid more money on, you see." Teddy passed on to look at two slightly battered Nubian figures. "This is the kind of thing that would go for a hairdressing salon. Or a gay antiques shop. I could see these going for about four hundred and sixty pounds as found—that is, broken the way they are. If I could get them for three hundred quid, I'd have a go at them, and I'd unload them the same day, at a profit, to the trade. That's part of the way I work. I could have just a penny in my pocket and find a house for sale for several thousands of pounds, and if I think it's worth double I'll put my name down for it and take a chance. You name it—it don't matter what it is. I saw a couple of cottages in Richmond for sale. I knew a fellow who was looking for an art studio, and I visualized the two of 'em knocked into one, which would be beautiful as a studio, whereas as two little cottages they was nothing. Well, I put this man in touch with the auctioneer, and I made two hundred quid out of it without spending a penny."

Teddy went to another floor, which was devoted to paintings—mostly seascapes and landscapes, with a few dim portraits in broken gilt frames—and walked around rather quickly. He explained his system: "I just go around for about five minutes and mentally absorb it all, what I feel there might be of interest to me or someone I know. The rest is unimportant Tom." He paused before a watercolor of oyster dredges in a choppy bay. "Now, if I

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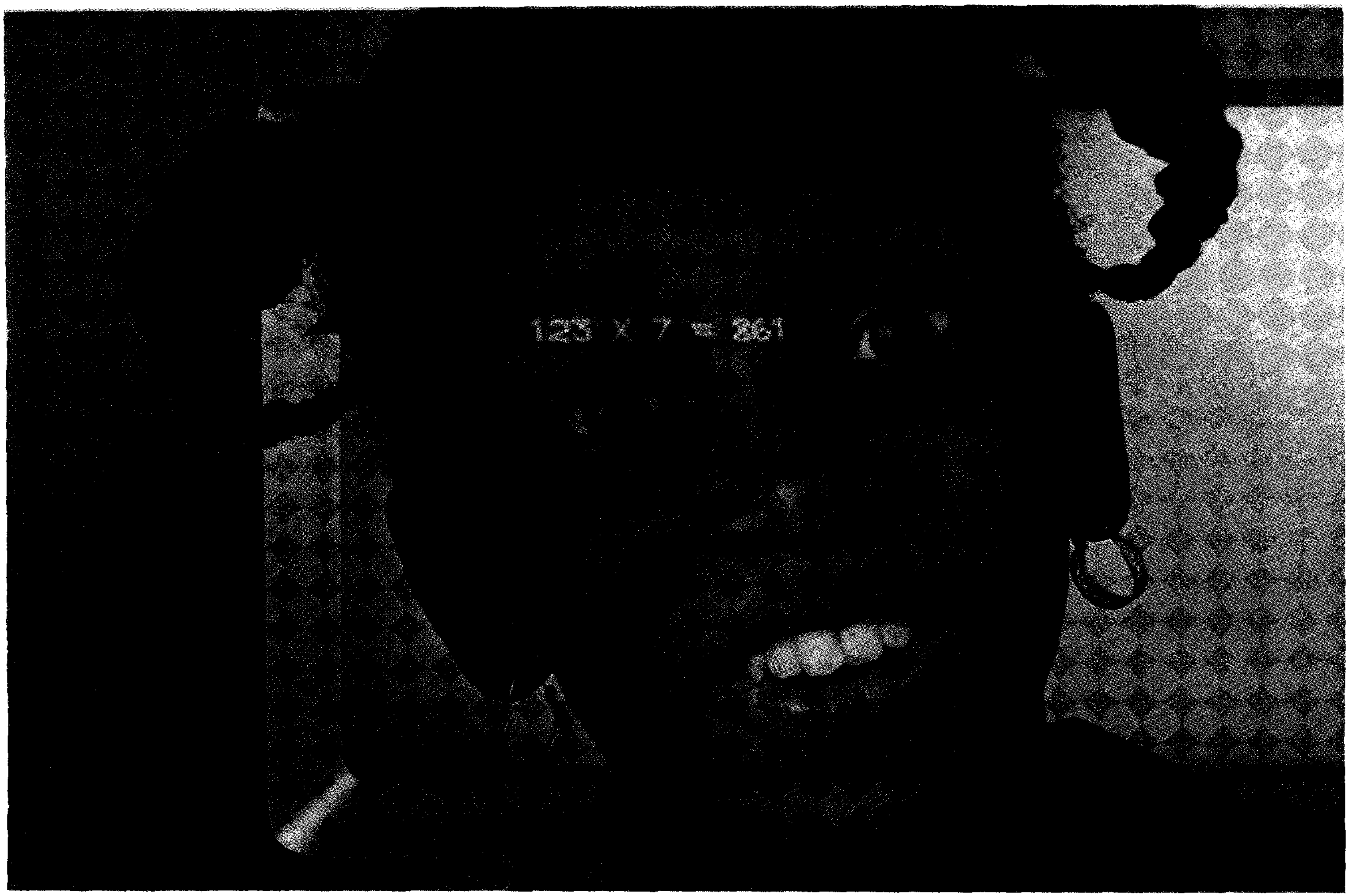

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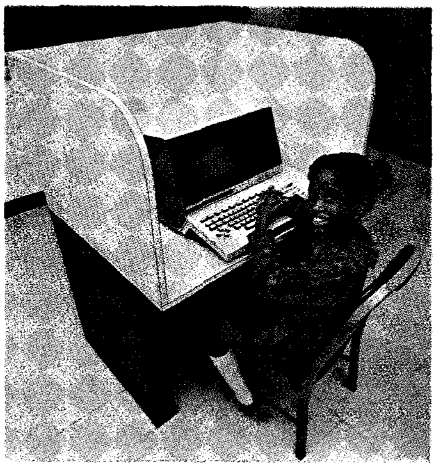

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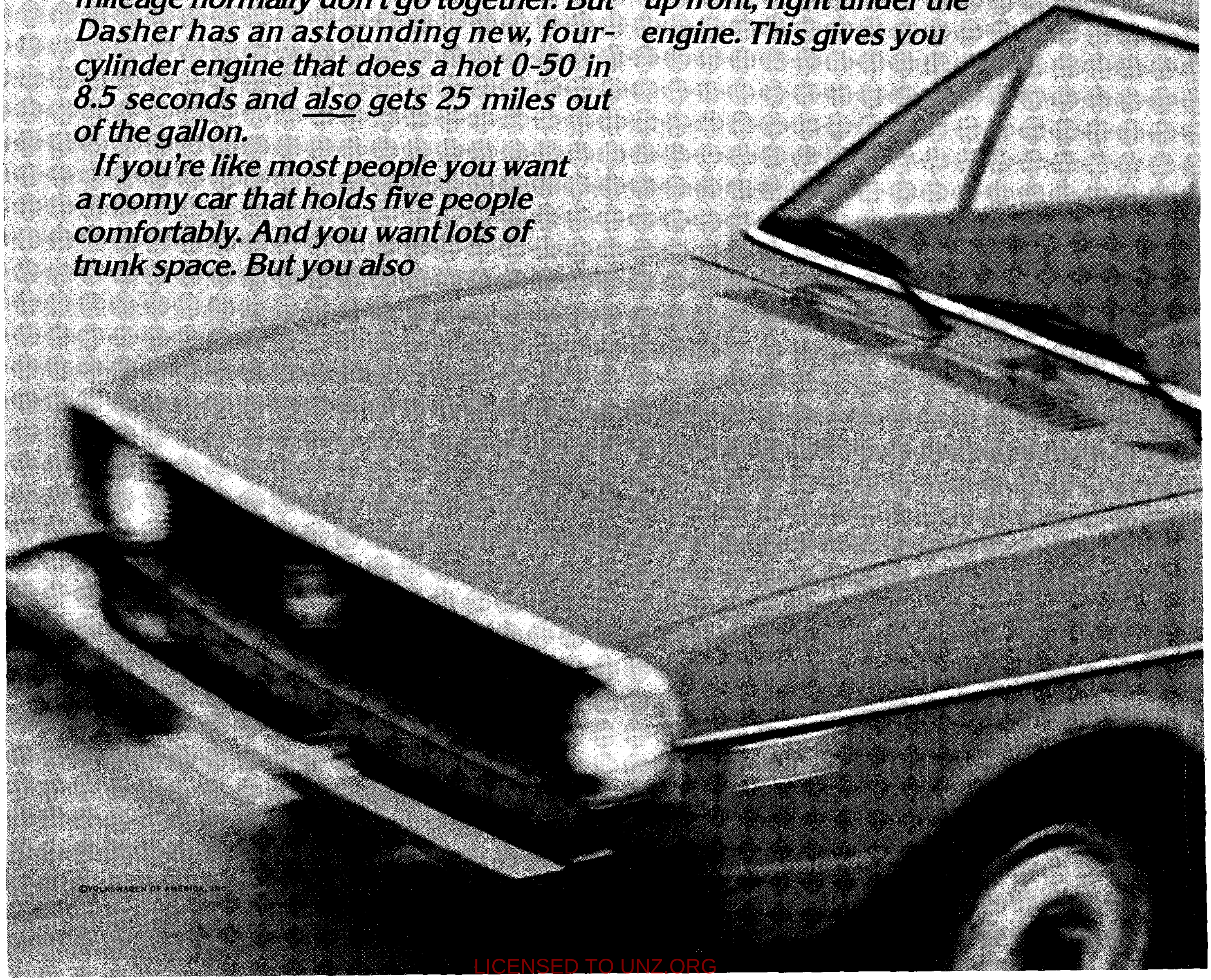

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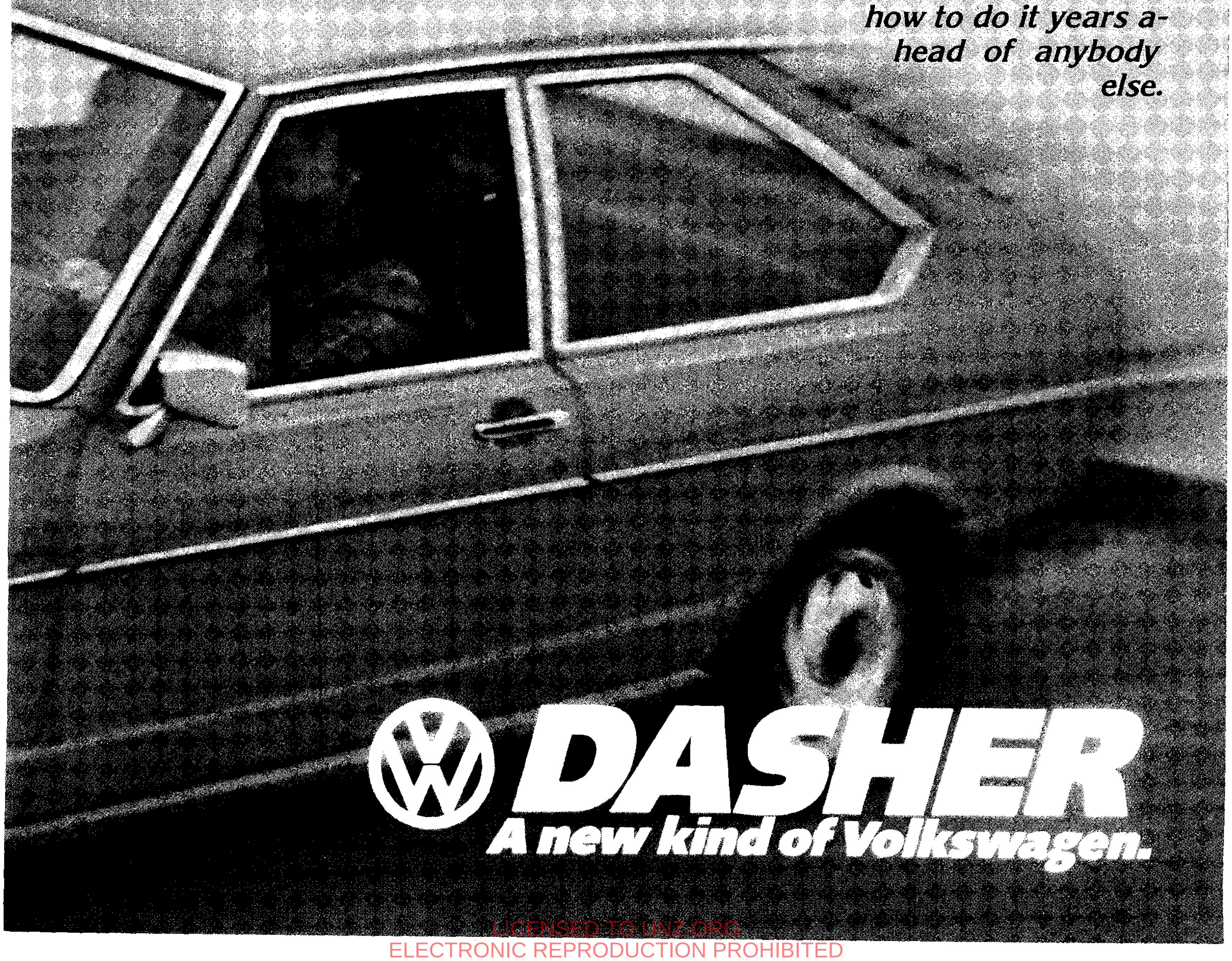

was in the room and that picture looked as though it was likely to go for ten pound, I'd have to buy it, no matter what," he said. "Purely on its decorative value. That's a nice, lovely watercolor. It might fetch eighty or ninety pounds. You don't have to know nothing about art—if you see it going for a tenner, you know you got to buy it." Teddy moved on, and paused briefly before an oil in a carved frame depicting in nineteenth-century style what appeared to be the martyrdom of St. Sebastian. "Well, this one, now," he said. "There's someone with an arrow through 'er throat. Or is it a man? Bit hard to tell at first glance. Anyway, there's always a market for that. There are people Tom who go mad over this torture-type stuff."

Continuing his tour of inspection, Teddy stopped before a large oil painting of cattle on a Scottish hillside under lowering clouds—the sort of painting after Landseer that one can so often see in English rural or suburban houses. "Highland cattle—they're the good, steady backbone of the business Tom," Teddy said. "They never fetch a lot of money, unless they're by a special particular artist. But they're always acceptable." With a judicious air, Teddy moved his hand this way and that before the painting. "Note that it's nicely balanced. You got five types and color of cattle there. And the ground and the rock there in the foreground, and the clouds over the hill, you got some light coming through there, and you got some thunder, it seems. It's going to rain in a minute Tom! This part is particularly clever!" Teddy felt the upper part of the canvas. "It's gone a bit slack, and there's two or three holes in it—that's all got to be sized in back so the paint won't come off," he said. "All in all, a sixty-pound restoration job, so it's not worth it unless you know a man who really wants it."

With that, Teddy left the auction rooms. He said that he'd talk over with his partner what he'd just seen but that he intended to be a bit cautious for the time being about buying. He explained that the government was just in the process of imposing a value-added tax (V.A.T.) on sales of almost every kind in the country, and that the effect of the new tax on the antique business was very uncertain. The value-added tax is a device meant to bring the British system of sales taxation into conformity with that of the other Common Market countries; it involves the imposition of a tax at every stage of the wholesale-retail process, and entails a huge

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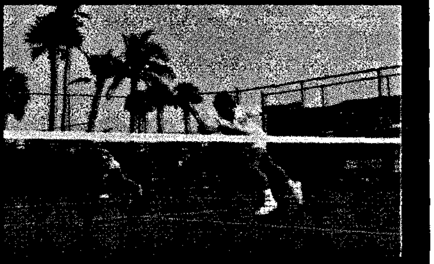

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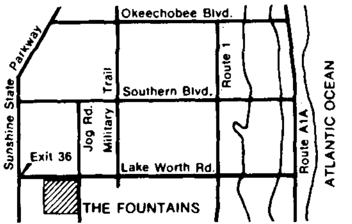

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amount of paperwork—all bloody complicated, Teddy said

Out on Montpelier Street, Teddy jumped into his van and was off again. This time, his destination was the antique shop that he and his partner maintained—in the Furniture Cave, a building at the lower end of the King's Road that houses antique shops or stalls and other enterprises. We made our way there by a somewhat circuitous route; Teddy said he might as well give me a glimpse of a part of Chelsea that I hadn't seen before. He drove me by Cheyne Walk, among other landmarks, and through a number of delightful side streets nearby. "Since I was brought up and worked in this general area, I know every stick and stone in the place," Teddy said. "This square here, now—I've been in most of these houses one time or another, trading, doing some repairing, plumbing, removal work." He drove on. "Fantastic little studios around here," he said a short time later. "My friend Philip Pound, the art restorer, lives around here, in a studio that was built for the carving of the marble figures around the base of the Albert Memorial. Here's Mulberry Walk—there are all these studios and Georgian houses. Around the corner there is Justice Walk, where old Hanging Judge Jeffreys used to hold court and condemn the prisoners. There was an old gate there Tom. It was the gate leading down to the dungeon below Judge Jeffreys' court. I bought that gate Tom. I gave a bloke two pound for it. I got the gate from Mick the Totter. I knew the Totter, and one day I seen him pushing his barrow along 'ere. I spotted him, and his barrow had something very unusual on it. It interested me, that gate. Mick the Totter didn't know just where it come from. He wanted five or six pound for it, so I gave him two pound, and I asked him where he got it. He said from Justice Walk. I said, 'Oh, not the old wineshop, Mick?' I thought, Oh, that's where old Judge Jeffreys used to top 'em. The old prison has been used for years as wine cellars, you see. So when I got that gate I was happy. Because I like things that got a history to 'em."

"What's a totter?" I asked.

"A totter is a feller that goes around totting," Teddy said. "Looking to pick up anything cheap to buy and sell. Mick the Totter works out of three or four miles of this spot. The vicar's wife at the church just down near here lets him keep his barrow in the churchyard at night." A few streets farther on, Teddy pointed ahead. "See, there are

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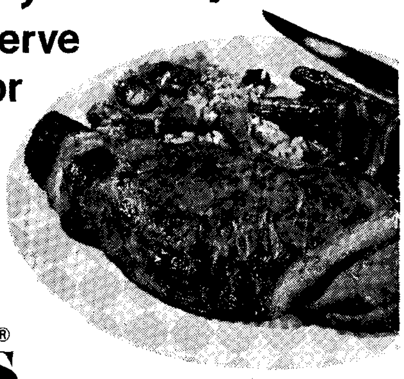

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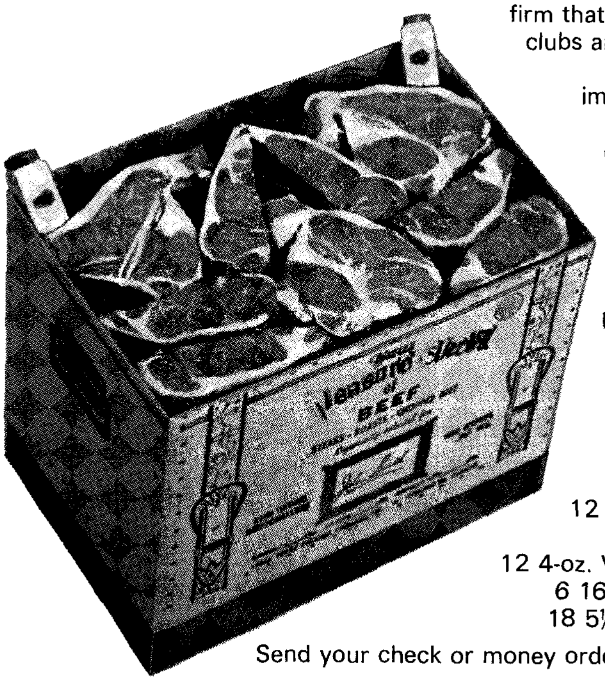

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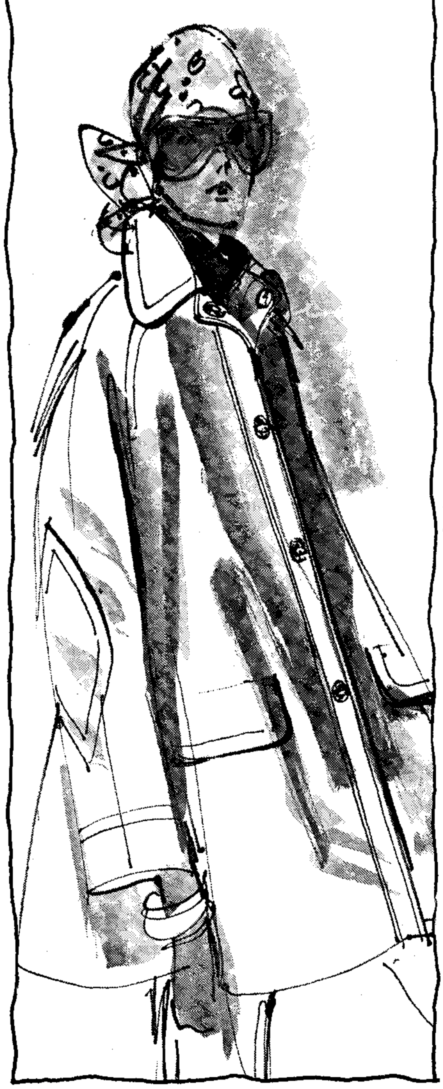

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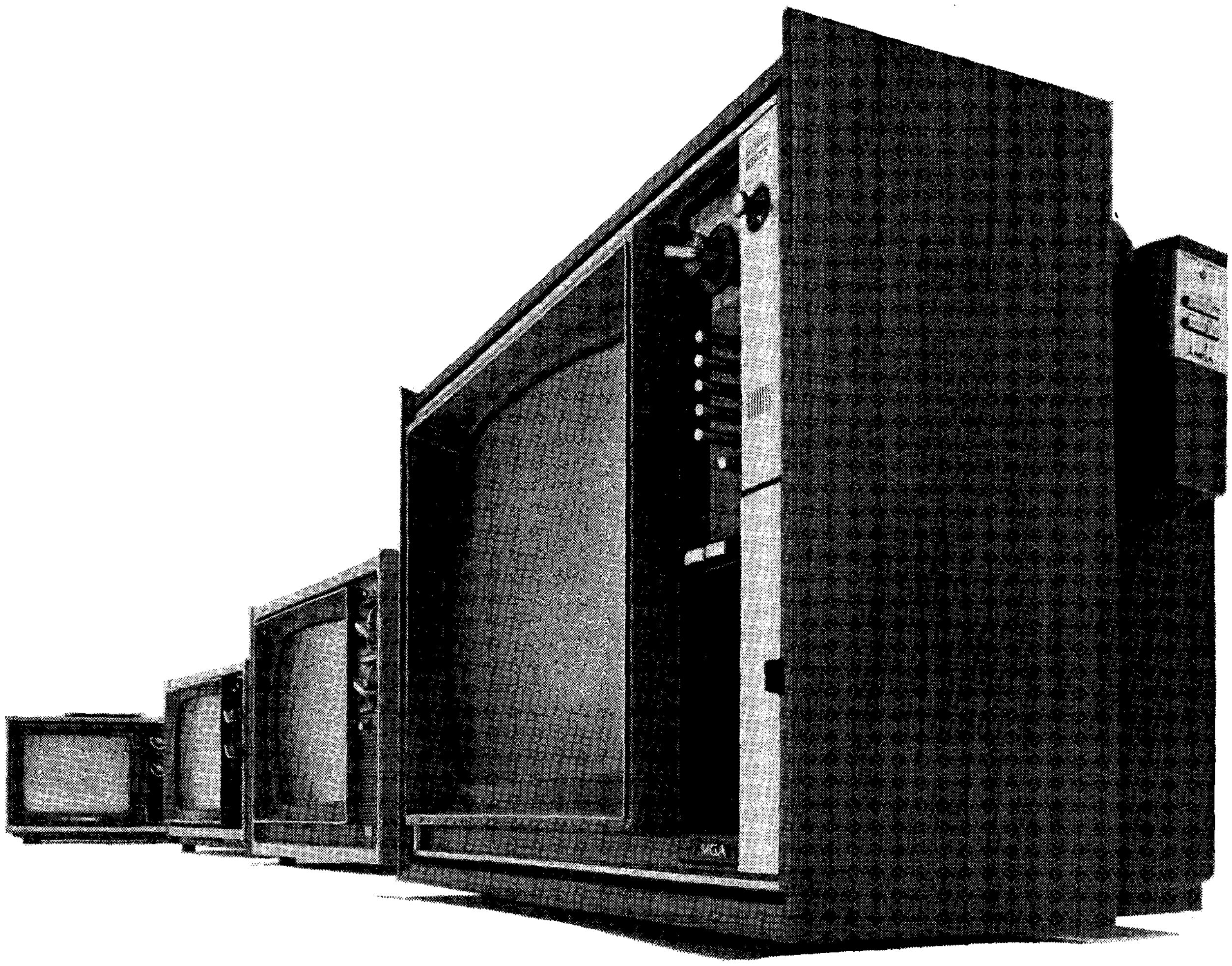
two totters," he said. I saw, moving toward us in the right-hand traffic lane, a horse-drawn cart with pneumatic tires, driven by two men, one of whom had a beard. As we passed, Teddy took a good look at the objects in the cart—a solitary chair and what seemed to me to be miscellaneous debris. "Whenever I come across a totter on the road, I have a look at what's in the van, and if I see anything interesting, I follow 'em up and slow 'em down," Teddy remarked. "Now, these fellers don't usually work this area. They come from Notting Hill Gate. If a home is to be demolished that might have something in it that interests 'em, there's likely to be something grander in the Chelsea area than there is in Notting Hill Gate, and that's probably why they're down this way."

IN a little while, we rattled into the World's End, a working-class neighborhood that was once one of the toughest slum areas in London. Teddy was born there. The World's End area takes its name from a pub that stands near the very end of the King's Road—the unfashionable end, about a mile and a half away from Sloane Square and the buzzing boutique society that swarms along the King's Road for twelve or fourteen blocks west of the square. Three years ago, Teddy decided to take a small whirl at the boutique business. Aware that rents were rising rapidly at the fashionable end of the King's Road, he opened what he called a "working-class boutique" on a decaying block at the other end, near The World's End tavern. It was a tiny place, and Teddy got it at a fairly low rent and without a lease, because the block on which it stood was being condemned in order to make way for a highway and for a high-rise housing project undertaken by the Borough Council, which was supposed to upgrade the area. The name of the boutique was the Quick Nicker, which Teddy informed me was a play on words. He explained it this way: "A nick is a pound, like a quid. Then again, to nick something is to steal it. When someone's caught in the act he's nicked, and if he finds himself in jail he's in the nick. And then there's another meaning yet—like in the saying 'Quickest knickers in town.' Meaning a fast girl Tom."

Teddy got tired of shopkeeping after a year and a half or so and sold the Quick Nicker to two American girls. He went on to several other enterprises, one of which he was a partner in—Busy Bee Removals. That business consisted of moving people's furniture in and out of houses, particularly on short notice, and also buying unwanted furniture for resale. He found a headquarters for Busy Bee Removals in a disused, deserted brewery building in the World's End, at the corner of the King's Road and Tetcott Road. Then, two years later, he went into partnership in the same building with John Bradbury, an acquaintance of his, who had been in interior decorating for a dozen years and had lately set up shop in the antique business in a small way. The antique business was booming, and by that time the disused brewery had been taken over by an entrepreneur, who called it the Furniture Cave and rented out portions of it to sellers of used furniture and other things. The Busy Bee premises were now called The Living Room. Of the furniture on sale at the Furniture Cave, a few pieces were of reasonably good quality but most were on the borderline, or firmly in the category, of junk. Not necessarily cheap junk, however. In the past couple of years, an extraordinary demand for junky furniture seems to have arisen in London, probably because of inflation. When I was visiting Teddy, the energy shortage, which triggered the present British economic crisis, had yet to hit, but inflation, a more fundamental cause of the crisis, already was all too evident. New furniture was among the things that had become shockingly expensive, and, even so, it was often of poor quality and hard to come by. A newly married couple who wanted to buy a "suite" of new furniture at a department store had to place an order for it—and pay for it—as much as six months ahead of the expected delivery. As a result, many people had turned to furnishing their apartments or houses with secondhand stuff that, though it wasn't really cheap, could at least be carried off that day or delivered within a week or so. A lot of the junky furniture available in London seemed to have wound up for sale in the World's End—at the Furniture Cave or at an enterprise a few streets away called Junk City, which fills a square block formerly occupied by a Watneys brewery warehouse. (Teddy and his partner also display furniture in Junk City; the actual selling of it to customers is done by the people who run Junk City.)

Near Junk City, on the way to the Furniture Cave, Teddy and I passed the block that was formerly the site of the Quick Nicker. Teddy slowed down and then stopped briefly to let me see it. The block, a short one, consisted of a row of four-story buildings containing a dozen or more empty store-



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fronts. Looming over the block, and just behind and to one side of it, was the cause of its imminent demise: a big, dark, dismal brick high-rise Borough Council housing project, with scaffolding stuck to its sides, that looked even more forlorn than the empty storefronts. Teddy explained to me that construction of the high-rise building, a planned extension of which had resulted in the condemnation of all but one corner of the block of stores, had been brought to a stop for more than six months by the builders, who were demanding a renegotiation of their contract at higher rates. "To go ahead with the plan to put that block of flats up, the contractors demolished about eight streets of little working-class houses," Teddy said. "The Council could have done those houses over—renovated 'em completely—for a fraction of what it cost just in the delays in putting that big thing up, in my opinion. The original tenants have been pushed out of their homes into places where most of 'em didn't want to go. The bloody Council can't even get the block of flats completed, and when it does the rents will be far too high for the kind of families who were there in the first place. And on top of all that, all these shops that used to serve people in the community have been closed down, and now even the shops and boutiques that took their place are being kicked out."

Teddy pointed to one storefront after another. "See that sign, 'Second Hand Dealer'? The secondhand dealer used to get his living off the dustmen—rags, paper, scrap metal, and any objects de art that happened to come along. Then look at that 'Fish & Chips' sign next to it. That fish-and-chips shop was one of the oldest in London—been there for donkey's years. That's closed up. Now, that empty place there, that used to be a butcher's—a very good butcher's shop, as a matter of fact. And next to that was a greengrocer's, and that's gone." Next door to the former greengrocer was a storefront blazoned with the legend "Sophisto-Cat," and under the sign, across one plate-glass window, the words "Closing Sale" were splashed in whitewash. A couple of doors away from the Sophisto-Cat was the very spot formerly occupied by the Quick Nicker, which, before Teddy had rented it, had been occupied by a mirror-maker. It was now a boutique called Villians (apparently the misspelling had occurred when the owners were painting the sign, and they had left it that way), and *that* looked as if it was about to fold. On either side of Villians were two other stores, now empty, the only remnants of which were signs reading "The Mad Artist" and "Clique."

This sort of desolate limbo, I have since learned, was far from unusual in the English capital. The London landscape has been in a state of great upheaval because of vast redevelopment schemes, actual or prospective. Whole sections of the city have been marked for demolition and rebuilding within the next decade. Between the perhaps benignly intended but often heavy-handed efforts of local Council housing planners and the maneuvers of powerfully financed private real-estate speculators, whose huge windfall profits have been the subject of widespread resentment among Londoners, scores of thousands of homes have been emptied, and the life of community after community has been threatened. With the developers taking over, in whole or in part, huge tracts of London, including Covent Garden and the World's End, a whole army of working-class people, of whom Teddy is one, has been forced into reluctant retreat. It is characteristic of Teddy that his way of coping with this apparently irresistible force is to live off the process of its advance. As more and more houses get knocked down, more and more old furniture has to come out of them, and so more and more prospective business turns up for Teddy's corner of the Furniture Cave—at least, as long as the Furniture Cave itself is able to escape the wrecker's sledgehammer. As the panzer divisions of the speculators roll on, Teddy is here and there around the vanguard, pursuing the Cockney trader's equivalent of a scorched-earth policy.

LESS than five minutes after moving on again, we reached the Furniture Cave—a three-story building, painted buff on two sides, that faced the King's Road and Tetcott Road. The Tetcott Road side contained a cut-rate wineshop and an antique shop. The corner lot across the street from these was an old Second World War bomb site, now fenced off on the Tetcott Road side by corrugated iron sheeting and barbed wire; it was used as a parking lot for Kensington and Chelsea Council dust carts—that is, garbage trucks. The rest of the block stretching south along Tetcott Road consisted of a short row of small Victorian brick houses that had been intended for workmen. The bricks were a peculiar sort of piebald mouse color. In the days before London's stringent smoke-control laws went into effect, this row of houses stood for most of the

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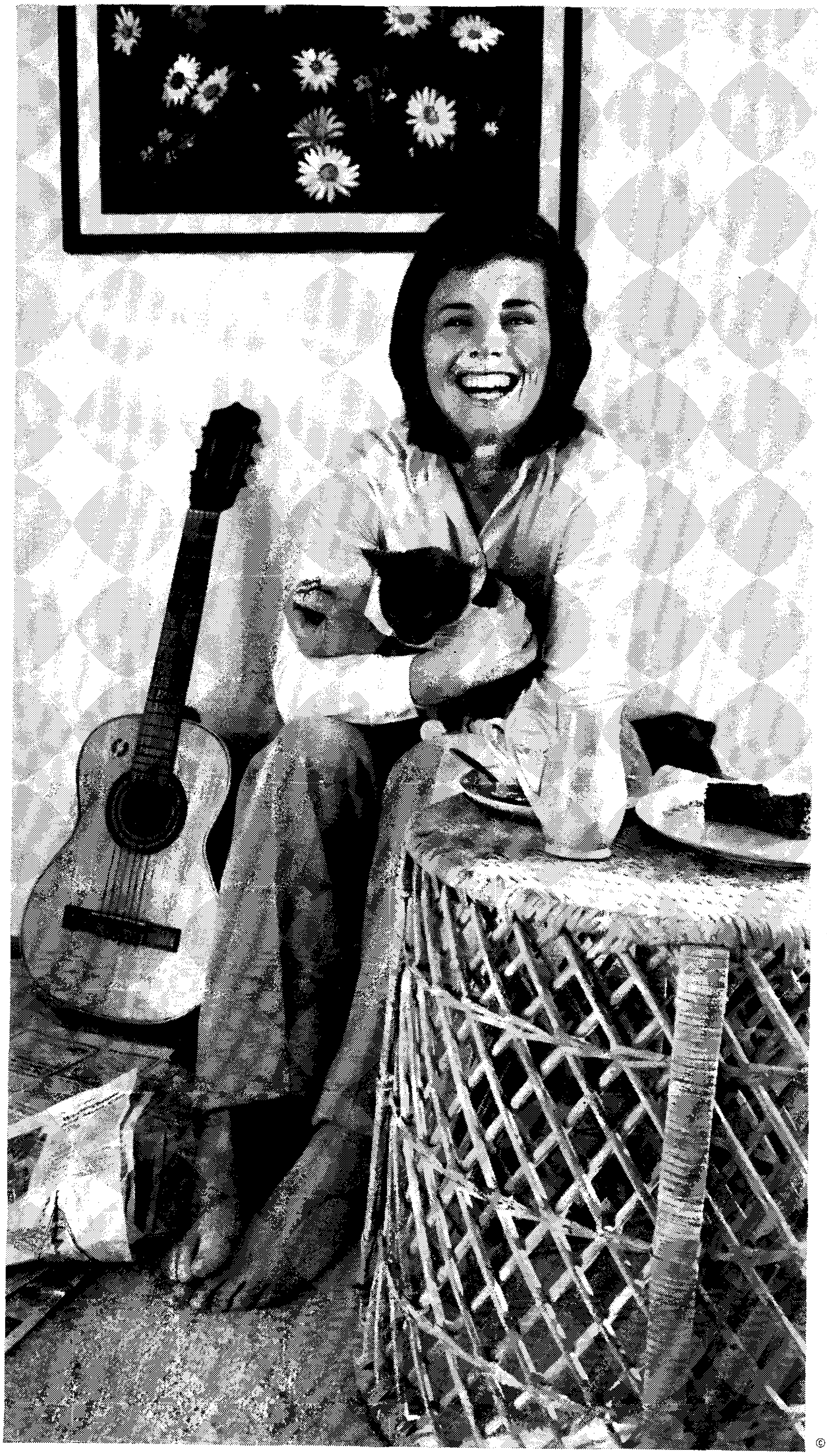

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year in a dismal pall of acrid chimney smoke; now the air was relatively clear, and the brickwork surrounding bow windows in some of the houses had been painted white, giving them a more cheerful look. At the far end of the street, past several other old bomb sites, stood a fortress-like brick power station that blocked off a view of the Thames.

Teddy's headquarters was at the inner end of the former brewery yard, standing next to the wineshop. The yard was entered through big gates topped by formidable iron spikes. The only route to The Living Room was through a narrow opening in a forest of junky furniture belonging to other dealers who had space in the Furniture Cave. At the inner end of the yard, two ten-foot-high doors, through which draymen probably drove their wagonloads of beer out of the brewery, and which were now painted red, bore the legend "The Living Room," which was supplemented by another painted message: "More Furniture—Walk In." There certainly was more furniture inside—so much more that one almost had to walk sidewise to make one's way through it: chairs stacked on chairs, tables on tables, sideboards, cupboards, and, piled on top of everything, gewgaws of all kinds. The walls of The Living Room were of brick painted a pale green. On them there hung, among other objects, a number of gold-painted antlers, which Teddy had bought from a boutique on the King's Road that had gone out of business; they had been used there as coat hangers. Interspersed among these were a cuckoo clock, various curved swords and scabbards, and an oil painting of a sailing ship in a storm. Somewhere in the clutter were an old harmonium, a standing lamp of vaguely Venetian design ("I can see a lamp like that in a house on the other side of the park," Teddy said thoughtfully), and a large stuffed snake, coiled as though to strike. "It's a boa constrictor, six foot high, not counting the coiled tail, and it's converted for a lamp—see the wire hanging out of its jaws," Teddy said.

"I don't know much about snakes," I said. "How can you tell that it's a boa constrictor?"

"How do I know it's a boa constrictor," Teddy said patiently. "I was selling flowers at the pitch one day Tom and a man came up and asked for 'Four pounds' worth of roses, please.' He was pointing to tulips. I took 'em and wrapped 'em up carefully—spent about five minutes making 'em look pretty—and when I'd finished I told him, 'By the way, they're not roses—they're known as tulips.' 'Oh,' he said. 'In that case, I don't want 'em.' And he walked off. Well, since then, when a man comes to the pitch and points to tulips and says he wants four pounds' worth of those roses, I know better than to contradict his opinions about flowers. And when a man came in here the other day and pointed to this snake and said 'How much is that boa constrictor?' I said 'Forty-five pounds.' So, as far as I'm concerned Tom, it's a boa constrictor."

Connected to the main salesroom was another and slightly smaller one, also crammed with furniture, and out of this, in a few minutes, came Teddy's partner, John Bradbury. He was a slightly built man with frizzy hair and a shy manner. Teddy reported what he'd seen at Bonham's pre-auction exhibit that morning. Then he went outside to get something or other from his van, which was parked on Tetcott Road. Walking away from his van, he hailed another van, which was passing slowly along the street, its driver presumably looking for a parking spot. There were three men in the front seat, and they were all totters. The driver was a ruddy-faced man with white hair, a gap-toothed smile, and a strong Glasgow accent. He was Jock the Totter, evidently an old acquaintance of Teddy's. Jock and his companions were arriving with a small load of old furniture they had picked up somewhere. Teddy poked his head into their van and peered around. The furniture included a couple of bentwood coat stands. Teddy and Jock chatted away, and Teddy made the usual casual introduction—"Friend of mine, Tom from the States." I asked Jock where they'd found the furniture. Teddy, without changing his easygoing expression, gave me a quick glance, and I realized I'd made an error. A totter does not care to reveal his sources. Within a couple of minutes, money changed hands, and one of the bentwood stands was added to the exhibits in The Living Room.

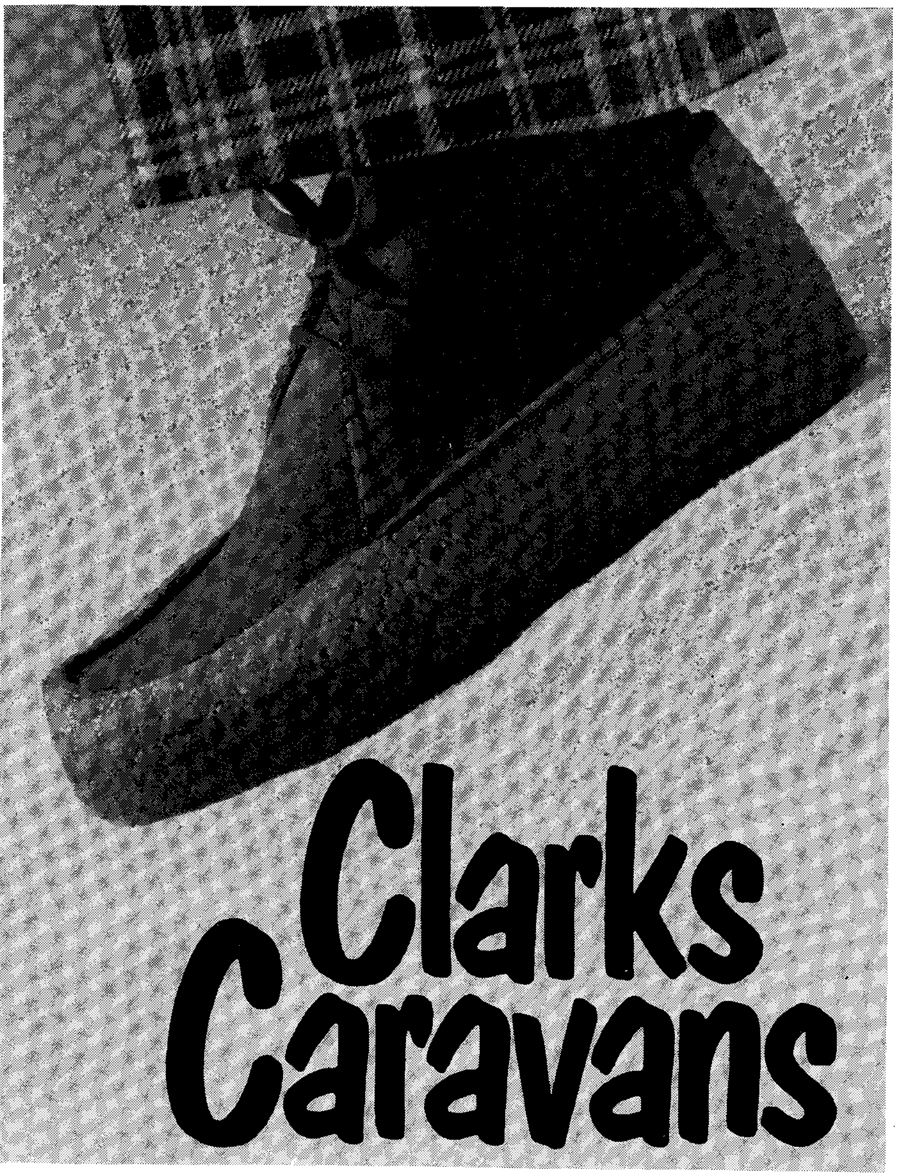
A little later, a lively-looking man in his thirties came bounding into The Living Room, crying, "Monk, I've got a terrific deal for you!" This was Joe Harding, the owner of the vacated Sophisto-Cat, a few blocks away. Teddy went out with him to Tetcott Road. Joe Harding had half a dozen coffee-table stands without tops—just sets of round metal rims and legs—that had been left over from the Sophisto-Cat premises on the King's Road. (The shop was reopening somewhere near Fulham.) After sober-voiced declarations that they were completely useless to him, and some rapid haggling, Teddy bought the lot for ten pounds. When he told John Bradbury about his acquisitions, Bradbury protested that he didn't want them—they'd take up too much space in The Living Room, and he didn't see how they could sell them. The coffee-table legs were still standing on the sidewalk on Tetcott Road. Teddy ran out to the street, hailed a passing van belonging to another dealer in the Furniture Cave, and, quick as a wink, sold him the topless stands for twenty pounds.

By now, I was aware that much of the traffic on Tetcott Road consisted of small vans like Teddy's, driven by totters on their way to the Furniture Cave with old furniture they had picked up for resale to dealers. Shortly after Teddy had disposed of the topless coffee-table stands, one such van, a rather rusty blue panel truck, was being unloaded, and its driver, a stocky man, was talking to someone who evidently was one of the dealers with a stall in the Furniture Cave. When Teddy spotted the driver, he affected great surprise. "Allow! Someone told me you was dead!" he called out. "And I put myself down for thirty pound on the sheet for a nice wreath!" He laughed.

Moving along, Teddy told me, "That's Manchester George—that's what we all call him. He tots around, and sometimes he brings stuff in here all the way from Manchester, which is where he's from originally. George sleeps in his van at night. Don't know how he does it with all the gear he has in there."

Half an hour later, in The Living Room, Teddy was in a huddle with his partner over the intricacies, and the likely impact on the antique business, of the new value-added tax. Teddy told me that, because of all the official requirements, he would have to make a formal registration of his business at a government office—something that he and his partner hadn't had to bother with thus far. When I took my leave of Teddy in The Living Room that afternoon, he was trying to cope with a registration form, and I could see that the whole thing was making him uncomfortable.

That evening, Teddy and I had a beer together at the Cadogan Arms, a pub along the King's Road, and it was evident, in spite of his customary, almost invincible cheerfulness, that he was still feeling a bit bruised by the



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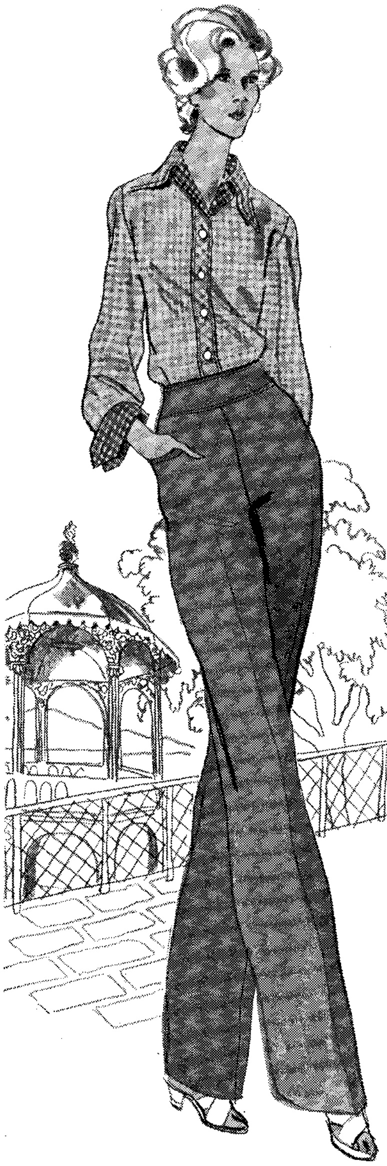

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SLIGHLTY HIGHER IN THE WEST

world of paperdom. “I’m not afraid of work Tom,” he said. “I’m not afraid of responsibility, and I put my shoulder to the wheel, but it’s getting to the point where, because of my education—and it’s nothing to do with lack of brainpower or imagination, it’s just due to a web of circumstances, my environment and my background, and what I’ve got for society, which is not a lot as regards pencil and paper—I can just about manage to get a fair living. But I have an edge to the average fellow of my type, because I am a bit more versatile and articulate, and, as I was brought up mostly in Knightsbridge and I’ve been able to bounce around, I can talk just as easily to a villain as to one of the nobs or the commissioner of police. To my way of thinking Tom, in the next five years my type won’t hardly exist anymore. They’ll be either pinned down tighter by things like V.A.T., other tax forms, documents, computers—either they’ll become one of a crowd, a kind of battery hen line of people, or they’ll go the other way, become anti-social, which doesn’t do society any good and it’s not a healthy way of thinking. And old Mick the Totter will find when he goes around and sells stuff to a scrap merchant he’s got to put the V.A.T. on it. It’s not terrible, it’s not the beginning of the police state Tom, it’s just that everybody seems to be losing bit by bit his identity and personality. My dad was one of a kind. And my own generation is coming to an end soon, I feel. But I’m still young enough that I can still adapt, because I can take a partner and all that, who’ll handle most of the paperwork, and I’m mentally alert. Cheers Tom.”

TEDDY was born in 1930, in hard times, on Meek Street, in the World’s End. The house where he was born was long ago reduced to rubble; like most of the houses on the street, it was bombed out in the Second World War. Teddy’s father had two newspaper pitches going. He sold at Knightsbridge in the mornings and near the World’s End pub in the afternoons. He, too, was born in the World’s End, and he had been selling newspapers since he was eight years old. Teddy’s grandfather, who died when Teddy’s father was a young boy, had been a chimney sweep. Teddy’s mother was blind, and she died when Teddy was four. There were four boys in the family (Teddy was the next to youngest), and after their mother’s death the Council people moved the boys into a succession of Council orphanages—because, Teddy says, “my dad was a newspaper seller and couldn’t look after us.” Teddy was brought up in orphanages until he was eleven. (The last of the orphanages where he stayed, in Norwood, was demolished about four years ago, and when he heard about its demise he reacted in characteristic fashion. “I went around and bought half of the stuff in the place,” he told me. “I got it for practically nothing. I bought all those pine laundry tables—huge great fifteen-footers, and *that* thick!—for a pound each, and I sold ’em for fifteen to Joe Harding, who had then just started up the Sophisto-Cat. He used ’em to make refectory tables, which he sold for fifty quid each.”)

When Teddy left the Norwood orphanage, he went back to the World’s End, and worked selling newspapers with his father (who in the meantime had remarried) early in the morning and at night after school. “In the World’s End, those were vintage years for villains and scalawags,” he says. “I knew a lot of kids around this area, and some of ’em are in prison for life and a lot have gone berserk and one or two came to the top. But at the orphanage I’d had something in my favor, because I had brothers and I had a father—we had an edge to the others.” Nonetheless, after Teddy got out of the orphanage he got into trouble with juvenile authorities on minor charges—like sending in a false fire alarm, for which he was sent to reform school for a short time. “I remember when they called out my name three times in court, ‘James Edward Adams,’ ” Teddy says. “I’d hardly ever heard it all in one piece before. Even though I was in trouble, it made quite an impression. It made me feel different. All that meant *me*. The third time I was in court, I got a discharge, but when my friends saw me coming out of court and they saw I wasn’t crying, they thought I was tough. The trouble is, if you’re in high esteem with your blasted mates for being tough, subconsciously you take up any soddin’ dare as a young boy. For years, I had a built-in guilt thing about being considered tough. So I got used to it in life, so no matter what people would say about me I wouldn’t bother to correct ’em. Because people who know me know the way I am.”

Teddy sold newspapers until he was fifteen. Then he got a barrow and, in the warm months, sold fruit and vegetables on the street—outside Harrods, on the King’s Road, and in Shepherd Market. In the winter, he worked as a coal heaver, for the most part down at the Chelsea Basin. Later on, other opportunities came along from time to

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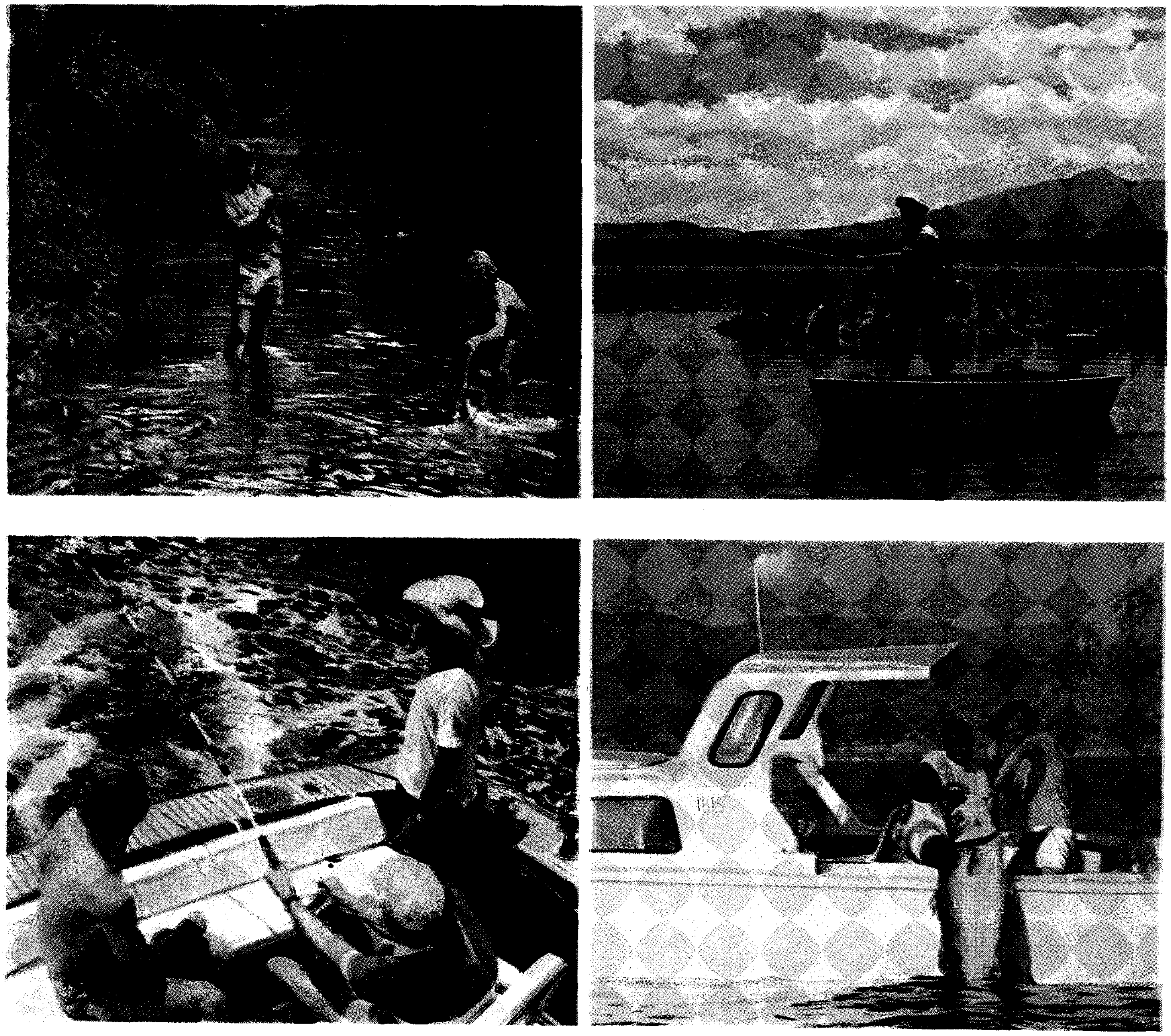

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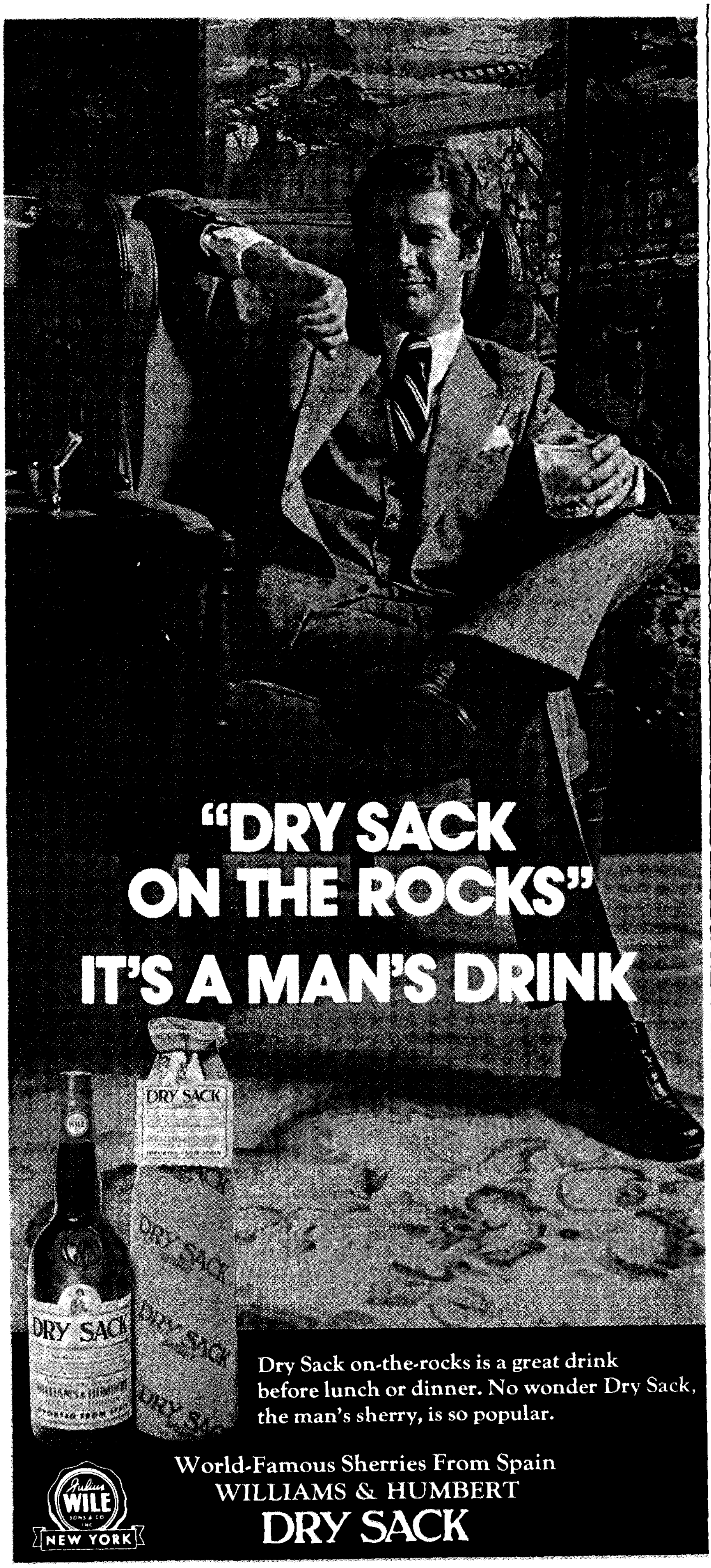
time: “I managed to get a living in the snooker halls, taking handicaps and playing for money. I used to run a Find the Lady at Stamford Bridge. The old shell-and-pea game Tom. Also, I did a Crown and Anchor, which is a three-dice game. I did bookmaking and clerking at the tracks, and working as an outside man—he runs along the line of bookies and keeps an eye on the odds and lays off some of the money.” Teddy also put in a short time working as a tick-tack man—someone who, Teddy says, “communicates the odds to other bookies by standing on a box two or three feet higher than the average public’s head and making hand signals with white gloves on.” (“That kind of bookmaking is deteriorating like nothing now, because of television,” Teddy has remarked. “The soul of it is finished except for owners and trainers. The old man watches it all on the telly and gets a cup of tea and a sandwich and picks up the phone and gets on to the betting shop to place his bet.”)

At the age of twenty-one, Teddy took over the family flower stall outside the Knightsbridge Underground station—his father had acquired it when Teddy was sixteen—and sold flowers on a full-time basis, except for the winter months, until 1963. Thereafter, he divided his time between the stall and a barrow from which he sold “bric-a-brac and the objects de art on the Portobello Road.” There were other lively side excursions. On the Portobello Road, he became acquainted with Justin de Villeneuve, who launched Twiggy as a model, and when Justin and Twiggy made their first visit to the United States they took Teddy along. And early in 1971, during a postal workers’ strike in Britain, Teddy was one of the prime organizers of a private postal service in London. Teddy got into this, he says, because his associates in the venture “needed someone who knew a bit about ducking and diving.” Teddy organized a network of flower stalls and newsstands whose owners he knew to serve as pickup points for private mail, and recruited as mail deliverers a small army of window-washers of his acquaintance. Teddy and his associates even had their own stamps printed, each with a face value of two shillings, and they did a bit of business on the side by selling sheets of these stamps to collectors—an experience that Teddy has described as “rather grand, having a machine to *print your own money*.”

With all these escapades, Teddy has managed to lead a solid family life. He



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has been married for fifteen years, and has four children. His wife, an attractive dark-haired woman named Hazel, was working for her father, who had a garage and car-parking business near Heathrow Airport, when Teddy met her. Hazel's father died twelve years ago, and Teddy, if he wished, could certainly have played a part in running the business, which by then was prospering greatly. Teddy chose not to; as a street trader, he considered himself capable of tackling any kind of job or problem that came his way, but he had no intention of getting involved in paperwork. In this he had the support of his wife—the two of them seem to have a remarkably warm and affectionate relationship. Teddy preferred to continue what he called his "daily battle against being tied down"—to enjoy his life as a street trader and the satisfaction of "being your own governor."

A COUPLE of days after my visit to The Living Room, the flower stall outside the Knightsbridge Underground station was temporarily closed down, because, Teddy told me when I met him there that morning, "old Patsy isn't feeling so clever—it's his stummick." Instead of going to Covent Garden as usual, Teddy drove out in his van to Clerkenwell, in the East End, to register his company name with the proper government bureau. He told me that he and his partner had chosen a new name for The Living Room; thenceforward, he said, it would be known as Old Chelsea Antiques. He said that that sounded a little grander than The Living Room.

On arriving at the government registration office, Teddy ran his van up onto the sidewalk at a tilt and jumped out, saying that he'd be back in just a minute. I said I'd wait in the van. I sat there with the side window closed, for it was a chilly, damp London day. Soon I heard a metallic tapping at the window next to me. When I turned, I saw that the tapping was being done with the end of a ballpoint pen. I slid the window open. A snaggletoothed face belonging to a man in a traffic warden's cap confronted me. In a quiet and ominous voice, the warden said, "This is an instant ticket." I saw at once what Teddy had meant with all his talk about yellow bands. I said I was sure that the driver would be out of the registry office in a second, and I pleaded with the traffic warden to stay his hand a moment or two while I called the driver back to his van. As the traffic warden stood, ball-

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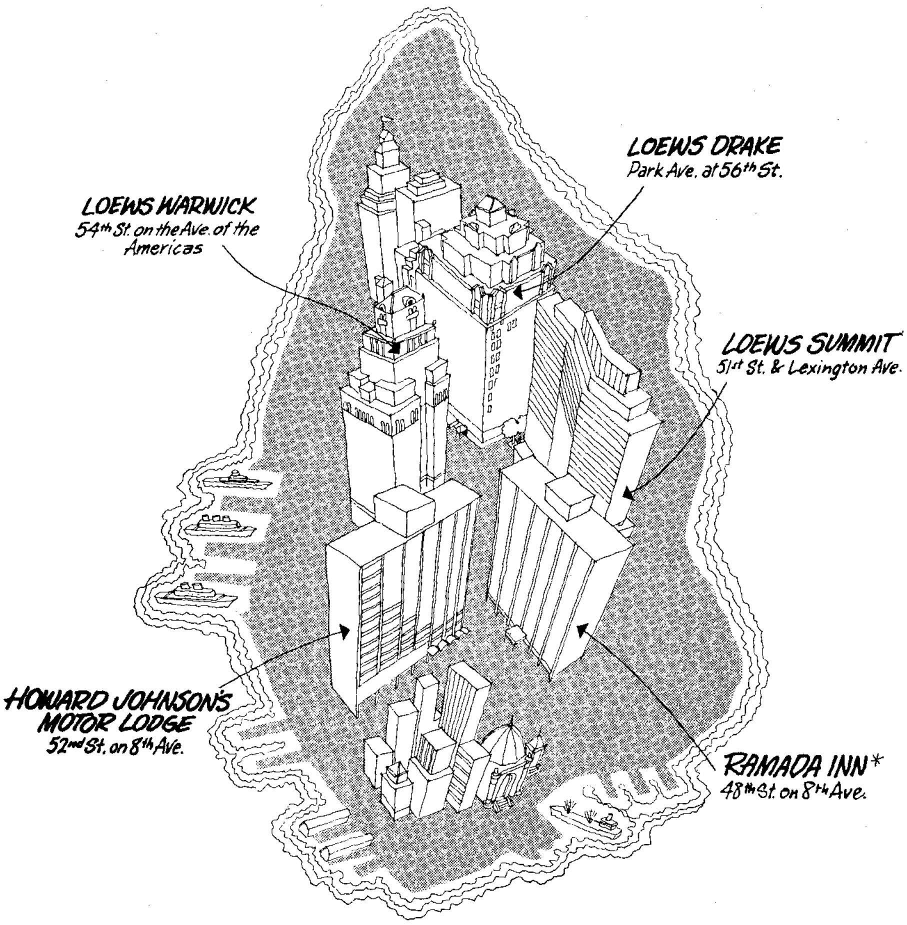

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point pen poised, I sprinted into the registry office, a building of several stories, to try to track Teddy down. After about five minutes of rushing into various offices, I still hadn't found him, so I ran outside again. Teddy was already there, and the traffic warden was just walking off. "It's all right Tom," Teddy said calmly as I approached, panting. "I've just got 'im all straightened out."

I had to admire a corrective process like that. "What did you tell him?" I asked.

"Told him I was just delivering some heavy equipment Tom," Teddy replied. "I said, 'It's a printing press actually.' And he put his book away."

Teddy jumped into the van and slid the door to, and we rattled off. "Well Tom, I've got that paper in my pocket, and now we're in business as Old Chelsea Antiques," Teddy said, and he began whistling away.

A FEW mornings later, I witnessed a purchase by Old Chelsea Antiques at Bonham's auction rooms. The acquisitions were four old signs: a pub sign, a barber's sign advertising the application and removal of leeches, a gunmaker's sign, and an Edwardian-era sign advertising tours of Constantinople, the Bosporus, and the Balkans. The bidding was done, with Teddy standing a little way off, by John Bradbury on their joint behalf, and the signs went at prices averaging just under sixty pounds apiece—about ten pounds more than Teddy had predicted but well under what he had felt his partner would be comfortable with. "Old John is inclined to worry a bit," he had informed me, "and I can always tell when he's getting close to his limit, 'cos when he starts bidding over seventy quid he gets a little twitch under one eye. Which is a bit funny, since he don't know that and I do, see." John's highest bid that morning was one of seventy-two pounds, for the gunmaker's sign, and the price seemed to be below the specified nervous threshold, for he offered it without a quiver.

Teddy left Bonham's pleased at getting the old signs, which he said he'd pick up in a few days if he didn't sell them in the meantime at a profit he couldn't resist. He said that he felt purchases of this sort to be in line with the elegant title of Old Chelsea Antiques. "I'll tell you what I've been thinking Tom," he said as we drove away in his van. "I can go anywhere in London and get a nineteenth-century table—they had factories turning 'em out, right? I can pick up copies of Old Masters, or pictures in the school of some special particular artist—that's easy enough. But you got a man who made a sign for a shop like that barber, he just did the one Tom. 'Leeches Removed,' it says on it. That would be when people had blood trouble, and the barber put the leeches on. And I believe it was rather a painful procedure getting the soddin' things off unless you knew your business." I could sense that the resale value of the sign was escalating rapidly. Teddy continued, "A sign like this Tom—I think it's rarer to collect than bloody pictures! And you don't have to know all about art. Of course, there's a pal of mine who's reproduced some pub signs—he sells his to a man down on the Fulham Road, who finds it so hard to get antiques he's gone into the reproduction side. Well, for me, I don't like phony things—they're artificial. That's why I liked that old gate."

We swung around on to the Brompton Road by the Knightsbridge Underground, and as we passed the flower stall I could see Pat on the job, selling flowers to an old lady. On Sloane Street, Teddy parked his van at a tilt on the sidewalk, tucked an ancient parking ticket under the windshield wiper as an indicator of good police work just administered, and went into a fairly luxurious block of flats. He said to a uniformed commissionaire at the porter's desk in the hallway, "Is Mrs. Scott-Elliott up there, governor? Just give her a tinkle and say it's Ted." The commissionaire got on the house phone, and said that Mrs. Scott-Elliott didn't seem to be in, there was no answer. Teddy thanked the commissionaire and left. "Thought I'd just drop in Tom, I think she just might have some bits of furniture for me," Teddy said, retrieving his old traffic ticket from the windshield. Just as he was about to get into the van, a good-looking girl walked by.

"Allow, darling!" Teddy said brightly.

There was no returning smile, and the girl walked on.

"Must be foreign Tom!" Teddy said, looking after her.

Teddy jumped into the van, and we were off again. I didn't ask where we were going, because I knew that Teddy liked to reserve his position on his next move. It turned out that his immediate destination was Wilton Place, in Belgravia, where we delivered a Spanish chest to an Old Chelsea Antiques customer. After the delivery, as we drove past rows of elegant houses, Teddy said, "There's a lot of money about here, ain't there?" He pointed to the left toward one house. "I cleaned a lot of stuff out of this embassy here. You wouldn't know it was an embassy by looking at it, would you? If I remember, it's the Iceland Embassy. I got a lot of metal cases with documents in them. I sold a lot of 'em off, because they had some seals on 'em. The actual cases—I got three or four pound each. They were lined. Then I did three removal jobs for the people in the embassy—one up to Reigate. It's funny—one thing leads to another. I told them I'd done some landscaping work, and they gave me a landscape-gardening job they wanted done—"

Teddy slid the van door open on the driver's side. "Allow, darling!" On the sidewalk, a good-looking girl was walking along, carrying a furled umbrella, which she was using as a cane. Teddy said to me, "She's got a brolly—that means she's 'ighbrow." Slowing the van down to accommodate its speed to the girl's walking pace, he repeated this to the girl. There was a slight smile; the girl kept on walking.

"No? Not *too* serious!" Teddy called out to her, and he laughed. Now there was a big smile. Teddy slid the door to, speeded up, and drove on. "They're sometimes a bit stiff and starchy with a brolly Tom," he said reflectively. "But this one—it was the way she was walking it that I liked. A bit of the Burlington Bertie there. She's learned how to do it!"

A little farther on, Teddy slowed momentarily and called out, "Allow! 'Ow you doing!" to a man standing on the sidewalk. The man smiled back at Teddy. "He's the head porter at the Pakistan Embassy," Teddy told me. "I've done a bit of business there. As a matter of fact, I've been in most of the embassies in London, either on my own or with Jock the Totter, who you met. Jock works on all sorts of levels. He might get a broken chair or a job worth several hundreds, or even thousands, of pounds, and bring as many as eight people in on it with him. It was with Jock the Totter that I went into Crockford's, the gaming house. Once I get into a place like an embassy, I'll look around and put in an offer for something finer I think I might be able to get. There are no class distinctions where money is involved, you see Tom. The almighty equalizer!"

Teddy said that there was a great variety of totters to be found in London. "You have totters with carts and barrows and transit vans and Rollses and Bentleys," he went on. "A friend of mine works in a Bentley. You can pick one up for about five or six hundred quid. My friend tots like I do,

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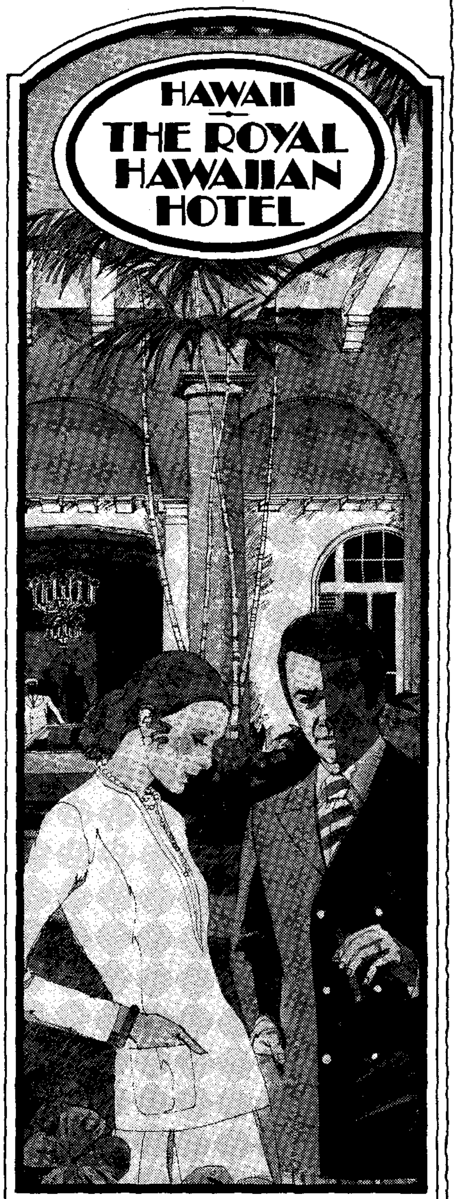

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By now, we had reached Sloane Square. As Teddy passed the Royal Court Theatre and turned right around the square, he shouted to a man on the right, "Ginger!" The man waved. To me, Teddy said, "He's got the flower pitch there. He's been there for about forty years. His brother was there with his mother thirty years before that. Ginger— No, don't know his other name Tom. He knows all about me, though; he's a right little chatter."

We rattled along the King's Road, past strings of boutiques that had lent a sprightly air to the street a few years back but now, for the most part, had a garish and scruffy look about them. "What's happened along the King's Road is a vogue that sets in that gets so popular that it strangles itself, and it actually kills the things that people come for in the first place," Teddy remarked. "So the public destroys the very thing that they've been seeking to begin with." Farther along, we passed an undertaker's. "Worked on the slab there once, for about three months Tom," he said.

As we sat at an intersection waiting for the traffic light to change, two girls, barely in their twenties, who were standing on the sidewalk signalled to Teddy. "*Pardon, attendez, Monsieur*," one of them said politely. In a very heavy French accent, she said that they were looking for a ride. They were a couple of au-pair girls.

"Where are you going darling!" Teddy said in a very loud voice, and in a lordly accent.

"We go out of London," one of the girls said.

"Ow, we're only going another kilometre, love!" Teddy said.

"One kilometre? We want to go to Wilton on Them-ès," the girl said.

"Walton-on-Thames. You 'ave to get a bus, *chérie*."

"We have no mo-nay," the girl said, with a shrug.

Teddy put his hand in a pocket and handed over some silver, then drove on. "They should consider themselves very lucky that I haven't got no time today!" he said with a laugh. "They've got to go to Wimbledon, see. They'll get a bus along here."

At the next intersection, Teddy tooted his horn at a girl pushing a flower barrow along Sidney Street. She waved a hand in recognition. "Bloke named Chunky Green had that barrow," Teddy said. "He had a flower shop along there on the left on Sidney Street. He took it off his old man. The girl is Chunky's daughter. Chunky had three pitches as well as the shop. The one outside Sloane Square station, the barrow that the girl is pushing along here—that's the fly pitch—and another one down past Woolworth's on the left. I went to visit Chunk in the hospital the day before he died. I didn't know what to take with me for him. Obviously, I couldn't take him any flowers Tom. He had a flower shop. So I took him a *Playboy* and a *Penthouse* I got off my brother's newspaper pitch in Knightsbridge. He was laying in bed. ''Ow's it going, Chunk?' I said to him. 'O.K., Monk,' he said. 'I'll be O.K. if I get up.' So I was trying to cheer him up. I was showing him the pictures, and saying ''Ow would you like some of that?' He said, 'I would feel all right, Monk, if I can just get up.' I said, 'I know. So would my father-in-law, but he's been dead eight years!' Chunk said, 'Don't make me laugh, Monk. It 'urts!' He died the next morning. No disrespect to my father-in-law Tom!"

A LITTLE farther along the King's Road, Teddy turned off to the left into a side street, parked, and entered the Chelsea Antique Market, a bazaar containing a number of stalls. With him he took, from the recesses of his van, a chess set of generally Art Deco design that he had picked up in trading somewhere or other and thought he might now try to dispose of. In the Antique Market, he showed it to a woman dealer. "I'm just showing you this set, love—thought you'd be interested," he said, talking quietly, as he usually does when he is trading. He said that he'd shown the chess pieces to a lady in the Cadogan Arms the night before, that she had been interested and had offered eight pounds, but that that wasn't enough. "I think they'll fetch a couple of dozen quid," he told the dealer. The dealer, looking the set over in a cursory way, was lukewarm. She said she might consider paying eight, too, but not more. "Perhaps you should let the woman in the pub have the chance. They're quite nice, but we'd have to keep them too long here before selling them, I'm

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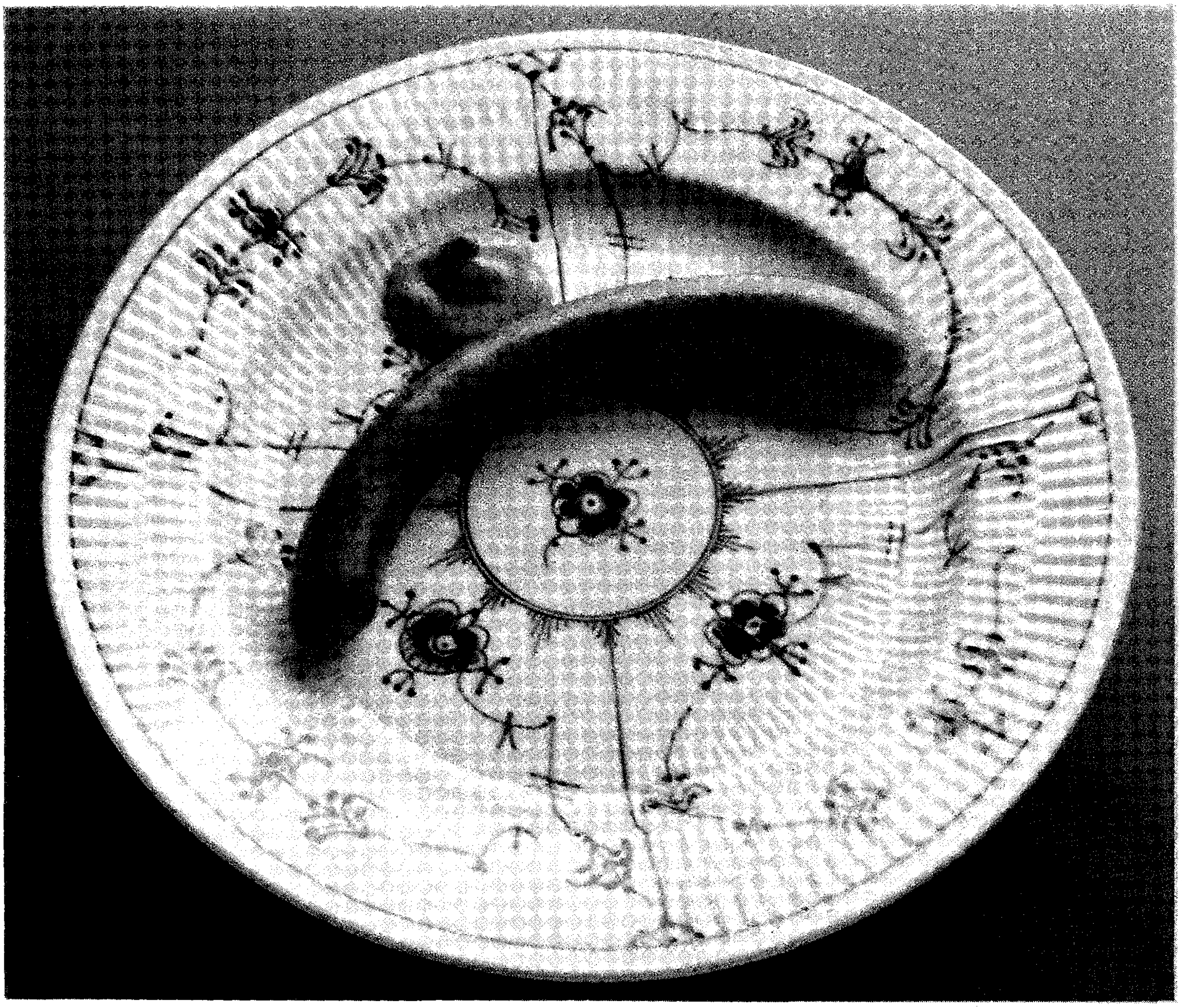

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afraid." Teddy took this with an air of awkward politeness. Outside, setting off again in his van, he was scornful of the reception just accorded him. "I know that set is worth *at least* twenty pounds," he said firmly. "How can anyone with an 'ighly developed acumen Tom refuse the chance to resell an *'ighly polished* chess set of thirty-two pieces in a box which is an Art Deco? How can she offer no more than eight pounds? 'Er own *brain's* got to tell 'er she's got to pay far more than that! You can't get a dirty old *chair* for eight quid Tom!"

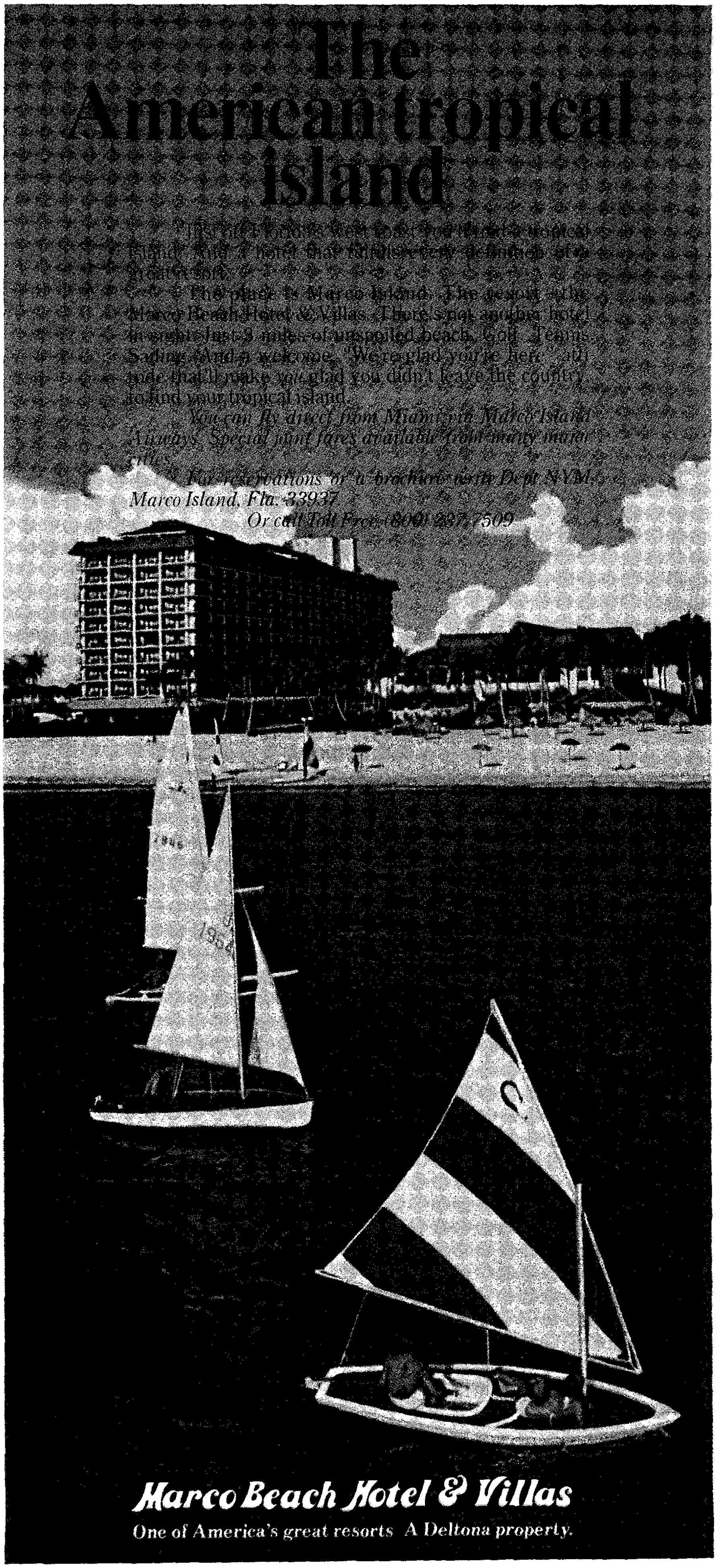
At the Furniture Cave, just inside the entrance to the former brewery yard, a couple of people were unloading a number of church pews brought in from some church demolition. They were being put in a big, disorganized pile. With a friend of Teddy's named Johnny Lyons, Teddy and I took a look at this jumble. Teddy said to me, "They'll probably wind up in some sort of restaurant, they will. Fifteen people can sit along one of these against a wall. The churches 'ave 'ad their day Tom. See, they broke some of the pews getting 'em out." Teddy rapped an endpiece of one of the pews. "Still, the timber can be reused. It's sixteen or seventeen inches wide and *really* seasoned. Demolitions Tom—that's one place where I find I can score nowadays, because of the price of new lumber. For a three-by-eight-inch floor joist of new lumber you have to pay fifty pence a foot. I bought a thousand foot of floorboards off a demolition job at a sixth of the price of new, green lumber, and I'll still double my money by selling them at only a third of the price of new stuff that isn't nearly as good."

Near the pile of pews was another relic of the church-demolition job—a small organ. A sign on it said that it had been made by the Boston Organ Company. Johnny Lyons looked it over and peered into the back. "They used to hide things in there in the old days," Johnny said. He gently unlatched and pried off the wooden back of the organ and poked around.

"Any Third Reich papers in there, Johnny?" Teddy asked.

Johnny brought out a small lead toy figure of a fireman. Then he brought out, in turn, two paper cutout dolls, a pair of underpants ("The vicar's knickers!" Teddy cried), and a cricket ball.

Along the narrow passageway through the bizarre piles of junk in the old brewery yard, came a browsing lady, from the direction of Old Chel-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sea Antiques. She walked a little sidewise to avoid projecting chair legs and other obstacles. Teddy stepped smartly aside into a niche near the church organ. "We invite you over to Junk City, Madam!" he said rapidly, in a loud voice. "Old Chelsea Antiques has stalls over there. We'll run you over in the company car!" A little hesitantly, the browsing lady continued her sidewise progress.

JUST before six o'clock that afternoon, when the Furniture Cave was about to close for the day, Teddy suggested that the two of us go down the King's Road to the Cadogan Arms for a drink; he said that his partner would close Old Chelsea Antiques. On the way, Teddy talked about trading. "It's a little like a bloody battery Tom. I can switch it on and off. Now, my partner, John, he can't. John is very honest, and he's honest in letting his emotions show, which ain't always a good thing for business. I'd get kicked from one end of the King's Road to the other if I let my emotions show in trading. Once the man gets the measure of your brain Tom, you're no longer the master of the situation. You're no longer independent as regards a trade. He dictates the terms, you see. And that never happens with me. You've got to do a man's brain in. And once you do his brain in you're on equal terms—then you can get on with him."

Teddy went on, "Well, we done a little business today. In Junk City, John tells me, we took in just under three hundred pounds for four articles. And did I tell you what he told me half an hour ago? A fellow came by, a dealer, and bought that Art Deco chess set off us for thirty quid. And we took in another forty-five quid in The Living Room. Excuse me, Old Chelsea Antiques Tom." Teddy added that John had also just sold an ornamental porcelain table that might or might not be Meissen—John made no claims for it, and Teddy suspected that it was an imitation—to another dealer in the Furniture Cave. "We took in a hundred pounds on that little bit of Meissen," Teddy said. "*Alleged* Meissen Tom! *Alleged!*"

When we arrived at the Cadogan Arms, Teddy, in an offhand way, closed a sale for a corner cupboard with a girl who was sitting at the bar in the lounge part of the pub. She was the daughter of an antique dealer who also happened to be in the bar. The dealer was a short, well-dressed woman with thick glasses, whom Teddy ad-

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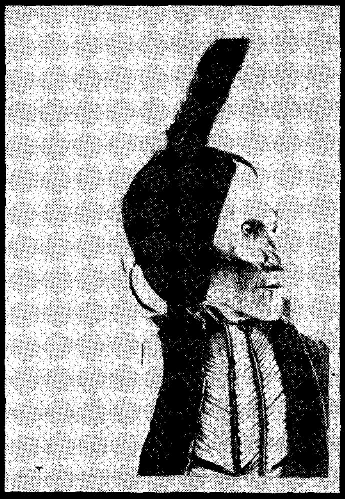

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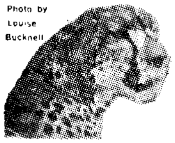

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dressed as Lady Jane. Lady Jane was standing with another antique dealer in one corner of the lounge, putting new pence into a one-armed bandit.

As we were sitting down at a table, Teddy exchanged greetings with a man sitting nearby. The man came over to our table a few minutes later, and Teddy introduced us. To my surprise, I found out that I was talking to Mick the Totter. He didn't look a bit like what I had imagined. I had somehow expected him to be old, bent, and tattered. Instead, he was an almost aristocratic-looking man of very upright posture, with a Roman nose, and neatly dressed in a sort of modified peacoat of generally Edwardian cut. Around his neck was a knotted turquoise handkerchief. I remembered that Teddy had told me Mick was a Romany gypsy.

Mick sat down with us, and we chatted over drinks. He had a thick Cockney accent. I asked him about totting. "They're knocking down all London, and totting isn't the same as it used to be, but there's a lot going on," Mick said to me. I asked him how he sensed the presence of business as he went about the streets. "Where there's a removal van," he said. "Where a house is up for sale, where they've taken the curtains down, and things like that. You give the old original call as you go by—'Any old rag-a-bone'—and nine times out of ten you knock on the door and ring the bell and you find that the removal blokes or the dustmen have been there before you. The dustmen are really legitimized totters, for the simple reason that they pick up the dustbins, and if the lady puts the bin out they ring the bell. So the dustmen have more opportunity, and if there's anything lying out the back they ask for it. Which is natural. They are legalized totters, because they use the Borough Council's vans and dust carts, and the ratepayers are paying for all that."

"Now, this man 'ere," Teddy said, motioning toward Mick and speaking to both of us, "this is what I have to put up with. One night in the winter, he caught me in here at half past seven. He'd put his barrow across the road in the vicarage on Old Church Street. He said, 'I've got a Georgian table down there.' He's fishing down my brain Tom. I said, 'Come on, let's go.' I left my beer. It was dark. I had a couple of matches in a box. I said, 'You sure it's a Georgian, Mick?' 'Yers! Yers!' I walked around to the back, where his barrow was. I couldn't see what he had properly. I got out the matches and lit one. 'Oh,' he said, 'don't light a match. That ain't fair!' 'E stood there in dignity, just as though he was quoting the Marquis of Queensberry rules. 'That's 'ittin' below the belt,' he said. I blew the match out. He said, 'Take my word, it's Georgian.' I gave him eight pounds. I moved my van round and loaded it in the dark. Well, the next day I put it down in the Cave and looked at it. It wasn't Georgian at all. Actually, maybe he did think it was, but it wasn't. The top started peeling after a few days. I finally took it and threw it on the rubbish tip. The only man in London I can't win with Tom. You've met the master Tom. There 'e is—"

"I'll have another pint of bitter with you," Mick said.

"—the biggest bloody pirate that ever crossed the King's Road," Teddy said.

Teddy went to get drinks, and while he was gone Mick and I talked some more. He told me that he was a "full-blooded" gypsy. "I've been totting since I was twelve," he said. "When I 'ad a horse and cart. Used to travel the country, with the caravans then. And got flooded out down there in Essex. The old man had a great idea. He got an old house in London. Bought it for next to nothing. No electricity. Putting sheets of bloody tar up on the roof all the time to keep the rain off. They had gaslight and all that thing. I see this little foal born in the country. I stopped up all night watching it. So I brought the mare to London and sold all the other horses what we had. I broke the colt in. It was fit for the road. There was plenty of room then for a horse and cart."

By now, Teddy was back with pints of bitter for Mick and me. He hadn't finished his own drink, which was Scotch and Coke. "Now Mick just concentrates on this area with his barrow. Any job, he'll do it," Teddy said.

Mick took a drink of bitter. "I'll do practically anything for the money, even work," he said. There was a laugh from Teddy. "But my life is set on the old streets. Because on the streets I never get the ballock ache, whether I get anything or whether I get nothing. I never get fed up. Because I'm used to get drowning wet. And it'll dry on me. If I've got a couple of pound on me I'll go and have a couple of pints. And it might turn out sunny side, and someone says to me, 'Why don't you sweep out the garden?' And I'll do that."

Teddy said to me, "He cleans out shops and old basements and that, see, and people pull up by the barrow and find him and buy. And people like me who buy from him get a bit more money than he does 'cos we have a place to display."

"Oh, I know where I can get more money for what I sell, but to get to it I have to push my barrow more than two mile away," Mick said to me. "A bloke like Ted comes up in his van and says, 'I'll give you five,' so he can earn two or three quid more."

"A bone in it for everybody," Teddy said. "I might sell it direct or to someone who'll clean it up, and then it goes into someone else's smart shop."

"That is the answer," Mick said. And then, in a deliberate tone, he said, looking straight at Teddy, "Most of you"—he pronounced this in a peculiarly soft, liquid way, so that it came out as "yewe"—"most of *yewe* are people that exploit the poor rag-and-bone man."

"I'll never forget that Georgian table," Teddy said. "I learned the lesson of my life that night. Always have a full box of matches when trading in the dark!"

Teddy got up to renew his Scotch and Coke at the bar.

"Oh, he's a good sprucer," Mick said to me while Teddy was gone.

Teddy came back with his Scotch. Mick said, as though Teddy weren't there, but raising his voice slightly, "'E lives near London Airport, because 'e likes noise. 'E's full of it! And always trying to convince other people in front of me that I took 'im on. Never talks about his taking *me* on!"

To Teddy, Mick said, "Do you have a little hut on your ground out by the airport where I could stop a bit?"

"I 'ave just the actual 'ut, actually, Mick," Teddy said easily. "If you don't mind sharing your bed with a thirteenth-century jade Buddha and a garden rake and all the other gear I got out there."

"I'm not superstitious," Mick the Totter said.

In a little while, Teddy and I were in Teddy's van, rattling on once more. "Old Mick's all right," Teddy told me as we went along. "I suppose in a way Tom, gypsies and Cockneys are both very proud people in their way. They may seem to be humble, but there are times when they stand on their dignity. Mick stands on his own; he's got his own convictions. And funny enough, other people need him more than he seems to need other people. And that's the way it is with Cockneys. Whatever happens, and however difficult things might be, you know that society's always needed you in a way. And you know that somehow you have your bloody place in the world."

—THOMAS WHITESIDE

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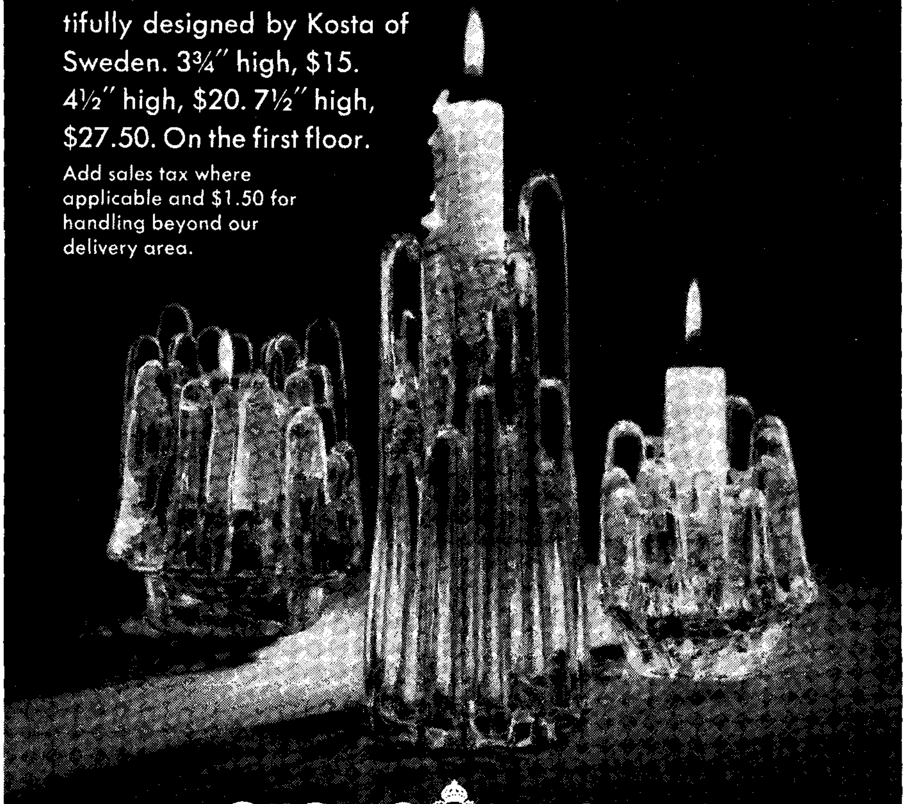

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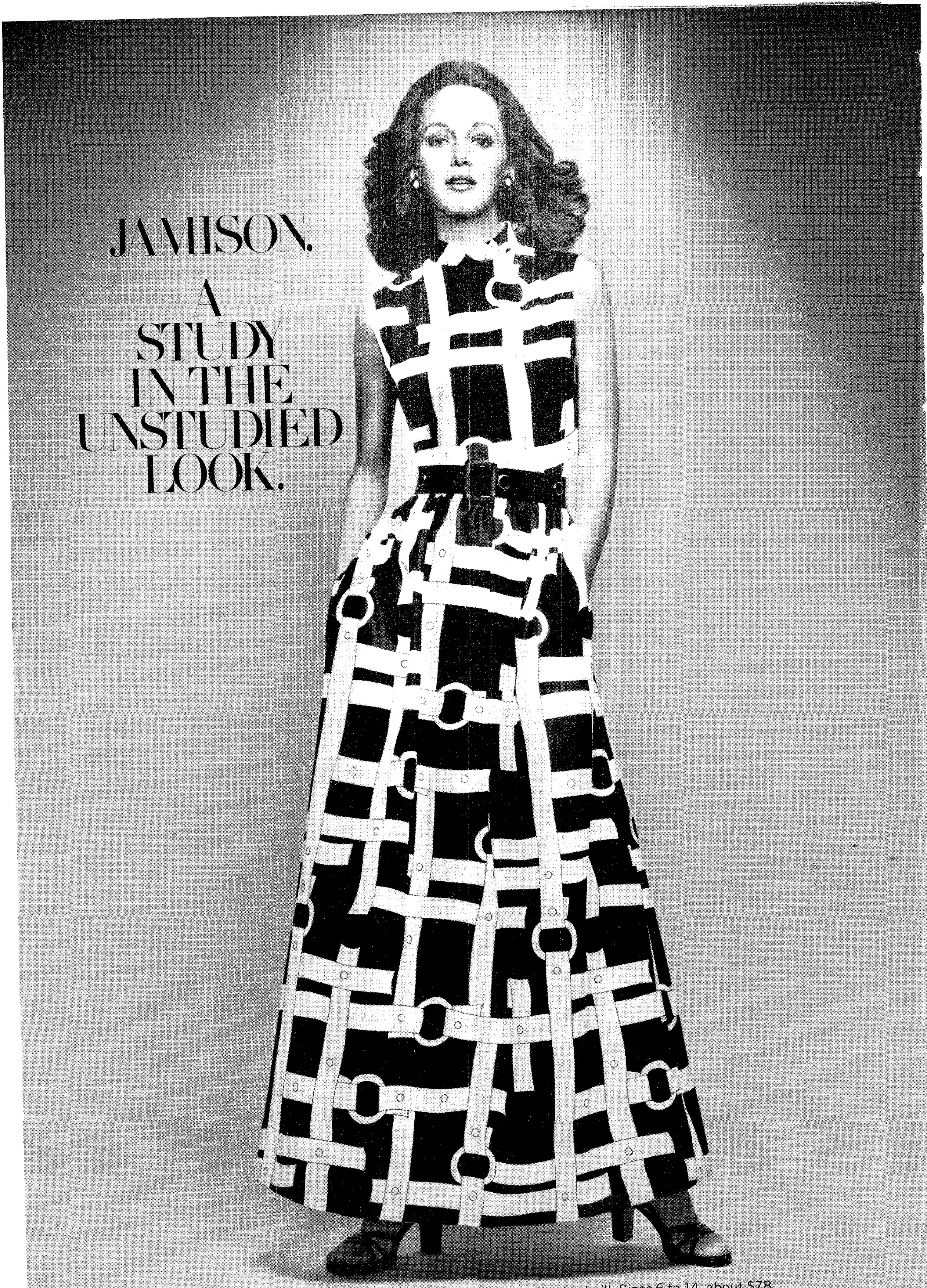
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THE THEATRE

ARMAGEDDON

Ron Milner's "What the Wine-Sellers Buy" is the latest presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center and is produced by Joseph Papp in association with Woodie King, Jr., co-director of the New Federal Theatre. It is an ambitious melodrama, in which, in an old-fashioned and sometimes stirring way, the forces of good stand forth and do fierce battle against the forces of evil. Also old-fashioned is the copiousness of the plotting of the play; it turns out that we are offered more cautionary episodes than we are in need of, and more than the playwright himself knows quite what to do with. A certain air of unravelled dishevelment hangs over the last scenes; this fault matters less than one might expect, because the play, especially in its long first act, has had the steadily accumulating narrative force of a novel, and we accept the odd scene that fails to advance the action as, in a novel, we accept the chapter that seems intended to let us look back over what has taken place and catch our breath before the next climax is set in train. The narrative force dwindles sharply in the third act, to the point where what one would have supposed was the obligatory confrontation scene between the hero and the villain is all but omitted. Perhaps the omission is a consequence of Mr. Milner's having discovered, like many a playwright before him, that his villain was a far more vivid figure than his hero, and would steal even the scene in which he was meant to be shown as outwitted and defeated.

The setting is a black slum in Detroit, and the hero is a fatherless schoolboy, longing to grow tall enough to become a basketball star. Sharing the ramshackle house in which he and his hardworking mother live is a pimp and drug-pusher of surpassing sartorial splendor and much guile, who, seeking a recruit, affects to assume a fatherly posture toward the boy. When the mother falls ill and lacks money enough to pay for some necessary medicine, the boy is tempted by the pimp's promises of instant wealth; the first test he must pass on the threshold of his new career is to force his trusting girl friend to become a whore. Given that his mother's life may be at stake, will the boy consent to do so? A classic nineteenth-century theatrical dilemma, and if the ending of the play—a comparatively happy one—does not strike me, this far along in the twentieth century, as a very plausible one, no matter; Mr. Milner hasn't written a tragedy, and an unhappy ending might have struck me as falser still.

Dick A. Williams (co-founder of the New Federal Theatre with Mr. King) is a marvellous villain, as content to do evil, and nearly as eloquent, as Iago. Glynn Turman gives a touching portrayal of the boy; one believes in his goodness and in the anguish he feels at his failure to resist temptation. Loretta Greene is his girl friend, pretty and warm and terror-stricken, and I was tempted to cheer when she escaped, with but moments to spare, a dreadful fate. Though I do not name them, the rest of the cast, which is a welcomely large one, is also deserving of praise. Santo Loquasto has designed a well-nigh perfect setting—one that gives an extraordinary impression of a vast, tawdry city lying mile upon mile behind the gimcrack slum dwelling in the foreground. The lighting is by Martin Aronstein, and the costumes are by Judy Dearing. The director, Michael Schultz, has ended most of the scenes with blackouts that serve the office of quick cuts in movies; we are often caught pleasantly off guard. The device is a means of telling us that we had better pay strict attention, and we do.

A musical is ordinarily the handiwork of so many diverse talents that, on the sad occasion when one fails, a reviewer is hard pressed to know upon whom to put the blame. No such difficulty exists in the case of "Rainbow Jones," a musical that came and went last week at the Music Box, with a speed that was the only winning thing about it; the culprit was unquestionably Jill Williams, who wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics. They were all intolerable, and I left at the end of the first of the musical's two acts, knowing that I would only think worse of Ms. Williams if I remained. Her story concerned a shopgirl who, always out of work, consoles herself by reading Aesop's fables in Central Park; no sooner does she open her book than she finds herself in lively conversation with a fox, a lioness, a sheep, and a dog. Now, the conversation of animals is to my mind nearly always nauseating, and in the present instance matters did not improve when the girl fell in love with a young advertising copywriter, who also started talking to the damned animals. Oh, God! —Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

O Bold New Prospero!

The first scene of "The Tempest"—the New York Shakespeare Festival's second presentation at the little Newhouse—takes place in almost total darkness. During the storm, the actors playing the King and the Duke and their respective brothers and retinues aboard the splitting ship are scattered in the aisles; from time to time the lightning affords a glimpse of someone perched on a mast shouting orders and giving bad news. Then silence and darkness. The lights go up on the Island—rocky and covered with sand, as the moon shines down. (Santo Loquasto designed the lovely setting.) Prospero and Miranda are barefoot and in rags, although Prospero wears his silvery magic cloak. He is crouching and tense; Miranda rushes around almost in hysterics, for both of them have seen the shipwreck. "Be collected: No more amazement. . . . There's no harm done," he tells her, and after a bit she quiets down. So begins this original, audacious, and imaginative production, under Edward Berkeley's direction. Sam Waterston's Prospero is the youngish father—not, for once, the grandfather or faculty adviser—of fifteen-year-old Miranda, and he seems half mad himself with excitement. He crouches as often as he stands, he incessantly clenches and unclenches his right fist, and when he tells her of the wrong done him by his brother Antonio and the King of Naples, his voice almost breaks with fury. He has waited twelve years for this night; his future and his child's depend upon it, and his nerves give him no peace. Yet when he must command, he does so with shrill authority. It is an astonishing performance that never loses its urgency, and it works. (At least, it worked for me, who until now considered the voice of John Gielgud in the "Ages of Man" the only acceptable Prospero.) The poetry isn't exactly skimped, but there is no rhetoric. Even the great speeches do not detain Mr. Waterston. He speaks them well but does not linger over them; there is too much to be done before the night is through.

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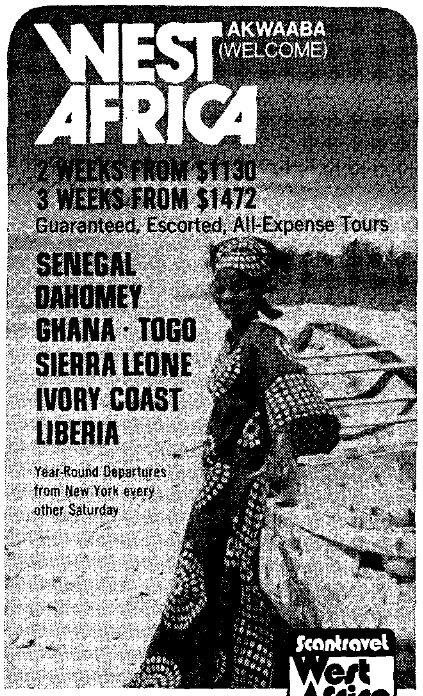
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pest" sound like a one-man show, or a one-key show, I have done it an injustice. Christopher Walken's indelible Antonio is also young—mocking, mysterious, sardonic, and too far gone in perfidy for redemption. His lip is (figuratively) curled even as he kneels to Prospero at the end, and one feels that he and Sebastian (K. C. Wilson) will go right on scheming to get rid of their ducal/royal brothers. The cross-talk of these two villains is funny. But funniest of all is Randy Kim (formerly the Chickencoop Chinaman and the captive Japanese of "Baba Goya"), whose Trinculo is nothing short of inspired. The late Wolcott Gibbs, whose boredom with Shakespearean clowns is well documented, never had the luck to see Mr. Kim's Trinculo—a limp, sobbing, terrified rag doll in chalky clown makeup, who, once he has recovered, becomes the spirit of mischief itself. The purest poetry of the evening is Caliban's "Be not afeard: the isle is full of noises" speech, as delivered by Jaime Sanchez in a faintly Hispanic accent. Christopher Allport's quivering Ariel seems too odd—almost freakish—at first, but he becomes clearer and more believable as the action proceeds. Carol Kane does well as Miranda, though I doubt whether this tousled-haired teenager is *Shakespeare's* romantic Miranda. (He would have named her something else.) The others vary from so-so to all right. The lighting, by Jennifer Tipton, adds a great deal to the mood, and even to the action: when Miranda and Ferdinand are alone together, the moon beams brightly on them, and then dims when Prospero joins them. The themes of captivity and freedom underlie everything; Prospero frees his brother and the Prince from their guilt, Ariel and Caliban from slavery, and Miranda from her ties to him. Ariel, at last free himself, frees Prospero from his vindictive rage. When, in the epilogue, Mr. Waterston asked the audience to free him from his role, this member of it was still too enthralled to be of any use.

"THE GREAT MACDADDY," a musical and the first offering this season of the Negro Ensemble Company, at the St. Marks, opens in a funeral parlor in Los Angeles during Prohibition days. A black bootlegger named MacDaddy has died, and his son, the title character, is prepared not only to take over the business but, in spite of warnings from the presiding deacon, to spread it across the country. There is a knock at the door, and an old man staggers in. He has a secret—the formula for palm wine, the traditional wine of Africa—but he dies before he can reveal it. He is put in a coffin, but when the others gather for a last look, his corpse has disappeared. Young MacDaddy, eventually left alone, pulls his father's magic stick out of the ground and sets out on a pilgrimage to discover the formula, and this symbolic pilgrimage across the country and back and forth in time is the show. "The Great MacDaddy" is part oratorio, part pageant, and part ritual, in which the young hero, with his stick and with a girl whom he rescues from a bordello, meets and sometimes defeats and sometimes flees from the forces that have degraded and abused and numbed his people; as he progresses, he gains strength, changing from a cocky, flashy young fellow to a man of responsibility and purpose. In the first scene, the deacon says, "Wine was everybody's mistake—a mistake to abuse this gift of God. . . . Now wine is past, what has God in store for us?" What God has in store is dope. In episode after episode, there is a demon in dead-white makeup called Scag (a demonic and fascinating performance by Al Freeman, Jr.), who appears in many guises—among them a gun-toting sheriff in Texas and a scarecrow protecting white property in Arkansas. There is also a character called Wine, who also appears in many guises, and who embodies all that is steadfast, wise, and enduring among the blacks. He is very well played by Graham Brown.

The script, by Paul Carter Harrison, is serviceable enough, I suppose, especially if you have a taste for ritual and symbols, which I don't. About the production, under the direction of Douglas Turner Ward, I have no reservations whatever. Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson has written a rich, varied, and melodic score, and the songs (lyrics presumably by Mr. Harrison) are truly sung, with admirable feeling and animation, by everyone in the company. Dianne McIntyre is responsible for the remarkable choreography, and the dancing is so skillful and spirited that it seems to rise spontaneously out of each situation. Much of the acting is good—some very good. That N.E.C. stalwart David Downing is the Great MacDaddy, and, like the hero he plays, he seems to grow in strength and quality and subtlety at every step of his career. Hattie Winston is delightful as his girl. I also admired Sati Jamal, Martha Short-Goldsen, BeBe Drake Hooks, Adolph Caesar, and Charles Weldon. The two-level set is by Gary James Wheeler, the costumes are by Mary

Mease Warren, and the lighting is by Ken Billington.

THE quality of performance that the Actors Company gave to "The Way of the World" at the small Lyceum Theatre in Edinburgh, where I first saw it last fall, seems to have dispersed and disappeared in the large auditorium at the Academy of Music, in Brooklyn. On opening night here, at any rate, many lines in the first act were unintelligible, and the second act (possibly because someone had sent word backstage during the intermission) was broadened and turned into farce, rife with hokum but audible enough, heaven knows. What Congreve would have made of it I cannot imagine. This most elegant and stylish of Restoration comedies is a marvellous, enigmatic composition of plots and counterplots, scandal and deceit, disguises and unmaskings, and it is almost impossible to unravel it, even under the best of circumstances. The target of the satire is hypocrisy—the sexual and fiscal hypocrisy, in this case, of society in London at the end of the seventeenth century. The company has transposed the time to the Edwardian era. (No reason to, no reason not to; there are, of course, some obvious parallels.) What is gained is a Wildean tincture, which Congreve doesn't need; a couple of "in" laughs when a phone rings and when someone mentions Mrs. Humphry Ward and Queen Victoria; and a Witwoud who looks like a caricature of James Whistler.

All in all, a depressing evening—depressing because this troupe of good actors has given us so much enjoyment over the past few weeks—but not an entirely wasted one. There are a few pleasures at hand. Chief among them is the remarkable consistency of Robin Ellis's relentlessly treacherous Fainall—the violence beneath the banter. The proposal scene (Edward Petherbridge is Mirabell, Caroline Blakiston is Millamant) is played as a kind of set piece—witty, delightful, and, for once, gentle. I also admired funny Sharon Duce as funny Foible, and, as always, John Woodvine, who plays the boisterous Sir Wilfull, hokey or not. The handsome costumes and settings were designed by Karen Mills. —EDITH OLIVER

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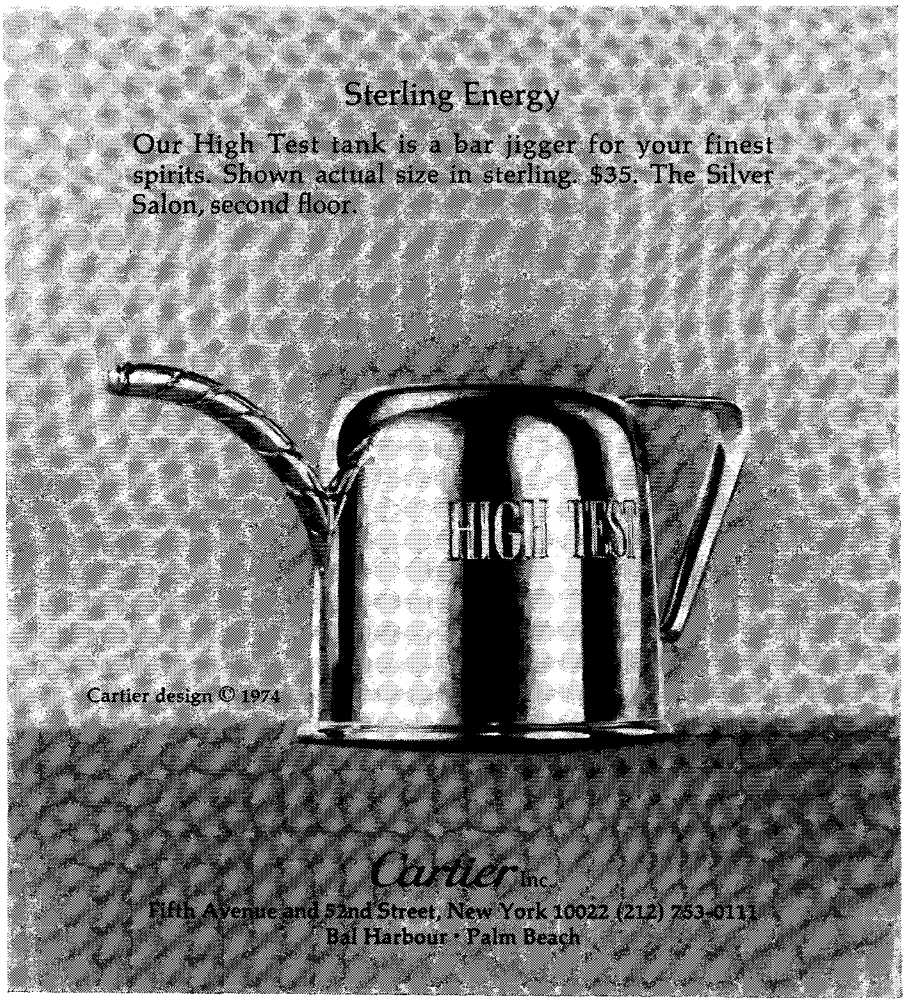

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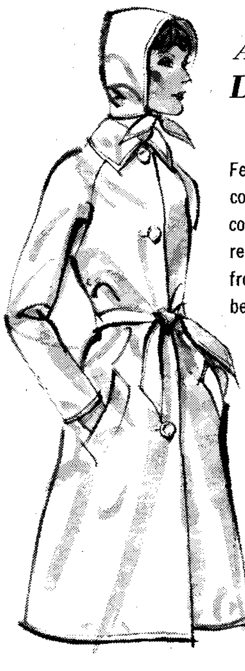

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THE RACE TRACK

Here We Go Again

JUST to remind you—the New York season will open with the cherished old Paumonok Handicap at Aqueduct next Monday. It will be the longest meeting ever, running two hundred and sixty-two days, and ending on December 28th. There will be no racing on Sundays. To attract the best horses, the New York Racing Association has worked out an elaborate program of stakes races for the Big A, Belmont Park, and Saratoga, with prize money running to $5,075,000. Serious horseplayers will be sorry to hear, however, that the take from the mutuels will again be seventeen per cent, unless the gentlemen in Albany vote another rollback to fourteen per cent, as they did temporarily last fall. It's going to be a long season, but of course when Aqueduct is winterized, as is expected, we'll have racing the year round. Anyway, New Jersey got the jump on us this year; Garden State Park opened its seventy-five-day meeting last week with a crowd of 14,884, which bet $1,721,060.

IT came as no surprise that Ancient Title, a sturdy, handy, dark-bay four-year-old, was an easy winner of Santa Anita's $100,000 Charles H. Strub Stakes, the first of the seventy or more races this season with purses running into six figures. Ancient Title had beaten Linda's Chief in the Malibu and the San Fernando Stakes, leading all the way by lengths in both, and it was the same story in the Strub—except that Linda's Chief, who had finished second in the first two, appeared to lose interest and wound up seventh of the nine runners. For the record, Dancing Papa was second and Prince Dantan third. Last year, Ancient Title was looked on as just another sprinter, but his trainer, Keith Stucki, an old Santa Anita hand, has taught him to carry his speed farther, and he ran the mile and a quarter of the Strub in 2:00⅘. Mrs. Ethel Kirkland, who owns him, may put him in the Santa Anita Handicap on March 10th.

Though Santa Anita has the horses, it hasn't had the weather it's been accustomed to. It was raining and cold most of last month, and, what with the gasoline shortage, attendance—particularly on Sundays—has been low. Right now, one of the horses most talked about on the backstretch is seven-year-old Triangular, whom Mickey Taylor, a logger from the State of Washington, bought from Hobeau Farm last autumn. Since the old fellow came to California, he has won three times, the last time in the $50,000 San Marcos Handicap, in which he beat Big Spruce by five lengths. Then there is a colt with the prophetic name of Triple Crown, who won the San Vicente Stakes a couple of Sundays ago, beating some of the better fancy three-year-olds on the grounds. It may be remembered that Triple Crown finished second to Protagonist in the Champagne Stakes of last year. His stable insists that he would have won if Baeza, who rode him, hadn't lost his whip in the stretch.

NO doubt about it, Gulfstream Park is having a big meeting. Almost from the start, the betting there has topped that of Hialeah last year, although Hialeah was enjoying the choice middle dates; at the halfway mark, last week, Gulfstream was in front by half a million dollars. Two highlights of the racing were the stunner by Real Supreme, a 73–1 shot, who took the Preview Stakes on opening day, and the defeat of Shecky Greene by Lonetree in the Renaissance Handicap, which was Shecky's first start after receiving the Eclipse Award for being the best sprinter of 1973. From all accounts, just about the most exciting recent contest at Gulfstream was the Donn Handicap, in which Forego got up in the last stride to beat True Knight by a short nose. Other thrillers were turned in by Totheend, who won the Floridian, and Talking Picture, rated the best of the fillies in the Experimental Free Handicap, who won her division of the Promise Stakes. Protagonist, Talking Picture's stablemate, who was the top weight in the Experimental, may run in the Florida Derby on his way to Churchill Downs.

—AUDAX MINOR

●

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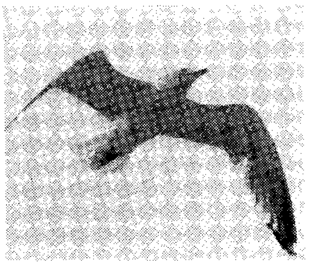

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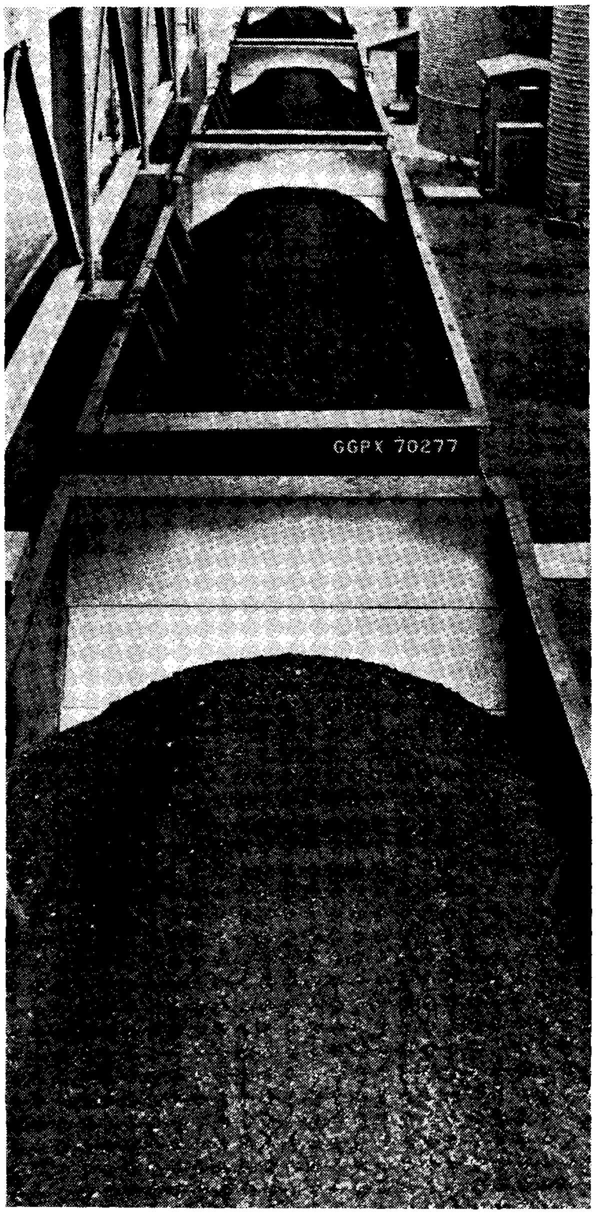

FACT: Much of the coal in our country's vast reserves has a high sulfur content, which may present environmental problems. To deal with these difficulties, The Southern Company system, along with other members of America's electric power industry, is researching ways to develop "clean coal." Through a process called solvent refining, pollutants can be removed from coal before it is used as a fuel. To prove the economic feasibility of such a process, our companies have taken a leadership role with construction of a pilot plant in Alabama. The studies there should show that coal can play an expanding role in electric generation, with adequate protection of the environment, for years to come. In the meantime, the system is also studying promising methods of cleaning up stack gases which result from the combustion of coal. Until such processes are proven, we plan to utilize high-quality, low-sulfur coal, as available, wherever its use is necessary to meet environmental standards. The best answers for coal are complex and elusive. But we're determined to help pin them down.

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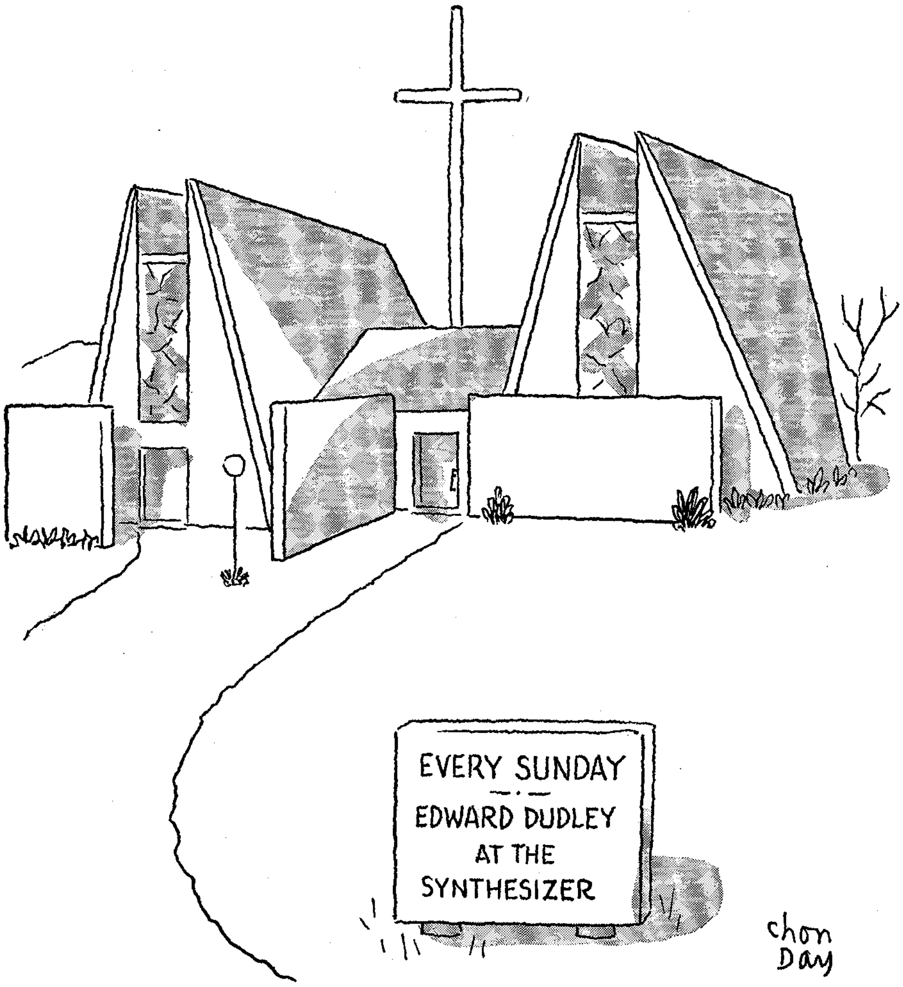
LETTER FROM OREGON

SALEM, FEBRUARY 11

ON May 31, 1973, a day on which the *Times* carried two brief inside-page stories about gasoline and oil shortages, Governor Tom McCall held a press conference at the State Capitol here in which he said, *inter alia,* "The energy crisis is real. . . . It is obvious, when viewing the national ripples from Oregon's energy perspective, that it is time for the states to join together to press for regional coöperation and a national energy policy. . . . The problems faced by Oregon are faced by all the states, and by the planet." Energy was not much of a universal concern eight months ago, and the next day the *Times* didn't even mention McCall's call to arms.

That the state of Oregon, with two million people, or roughly one per cent of the national population, should have got the jump on most of the rest of the country in perceiving an energy crisis does not especially surprise Oregonians. In the last seven years, they have become accustomed to all sorts of innovative and bizarre goings on. They have laws so progressive that, by comparison, many other states look doddering. In Oregon, to help conserve materials and also keep roadsides tidy, nonreturnable bottles and pull-tab cans are prohibited. Oregon is far ahead of the Supreme Court on abortions. The establishment of new industries is discouraged unless they agree to be clean ones. The state's three hundred and fifty-nine miles of Pacific Ocean coastline have been barred to real-estate developers; so that the citizenry can get to the beaches, access roads are being built at three-mile intervals. One per cent of all state highway funds have been set aside for bicycle paths. Contraceptives can be sold from vending machines. Candidates for public office cannot spend more than certain prescribed and puny amounts on their campaigns; in 1970 there were twelve aspirants for the governorship, and among them all, in both the primary and the general elections, they disbursed less than four hundred thousand dollars. The Oregon legislature, which unblinkingly confronts social and environmental issues from which many state (and national) legislators would recoil, has even discussed passing a bill legalizing some form of euthanasia. On January 14th, in keeping with its bellwether behavior, Oregon became the first state of the Union to adopt a program of voluntary gasoline rationing. Oregon has become so energy-conscious that I was not surprised when a state senator informed me, with the air of a man who has done his homework, that the entire state of Oregon could function for twenty-four hours on the energy required to supply the paper napkins that the McDonald's hamburger chain uses up in a single day.



Oregon's forward-looking achievements have occurred in spite of—one could perhaps also argue because of—its ingrained conservatism. It is a state with an exceptional rural bias, even though sixty-seven per cent of its people live on twelve per cent of its land—a verdant north-south corridor that brackets the Willamette River, west of the Cascade Mountains. Oregon has no big cities. Its biggest, Portland, perched where Washington and Oregon meet at the intersection of the Willamette and the larger Columbia River, has only four hundred thousand inhabitants. Oregonians, in whatever part of the state they reside, tend to be small-townish, middle-of-the-roadish, and Waspish. They are also fairly prudish about some things. "Last Tango in Paris" is not advertised in the big family newspapers, and when the society columns mention a cocktail party it is usually called a reception. But at the same time Oregonians have displayed an extraordinary capacity for tolerance. One of their most hidebound enclaves is Josephine County, where the natives still make moonshine and concoct sausages out of illegally slaughtered bears. Josephine's earthy reputation has attracted quite a few young people disenchanted with conventional places. They have brought their own shadowy habits with them, in deference to which the rock-ribbed county has now established a highly enlightened drug program.

IN a state where the local equivalent of the John Birch Society not long ago came within a hair of capturing the Republican Party apparatus, it is all the more startling that most of the progress has been instigated by a governor who is a Republican. (But then Oregon has long been politically paradoxical: it was the state that gave Wayne Morse to the country and then took him away.) Until just a few months ago, Tom McCall was practically unknown outside the Pacific Northwest. Now he is being talked of as a national candidate for 1976, though he will be sixty-three by then and has recently undergone an operation for cancer. The "Today" show sends camera crews out to follow him around. An organization in Alabama that covets him as the principal speaker

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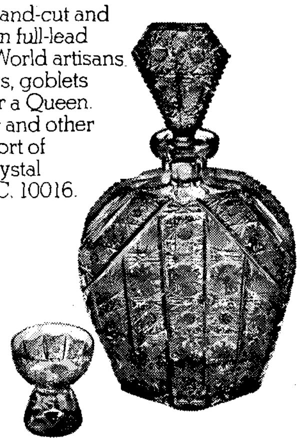

for a banquet has three times changed its date to accommodate his tight schedule. "Imagine that—their wanting a guy who still believes in school busing!" McCall said to me several days ago. He was then also pondering which of two other invitations he should accept—an appearance with Laurance Rockefeller at a large gathering of environmentalists in Boston or a conflicting appearance with Nelson Rockefeller at a large political gathering in Portland. He was leaning toward Nelson. The Governor is himself a politically balanced blend of Massachusetts and Oregon. He was born in Massachusetts but conceived, as he is careful to remind the home folks, in Oregon. One of his grandfathers was Samuel W. McCall, ten times a congressman and three times governor of Massachusetts. His other grandfather, Thomas W. Lawson, was an enormously wealthy businessman and a moderately muckraking writer (he once paid thirty thousand dollars to have a carnation named after him), who owned a thousand-acre estate on the South Shore of Massachusetts—a stretch of littoral that the Governor's eighty-five-year-old mother, who moved to Oregon as a twenty-two-year-old bride, considers, with West Coast vagueness, to be part of Cape Cod. Before he went into politics, McCall was a journalist and television commentator in Portland, where he called himself after both grandfathers: Lawson McCall. He ran for Congress, and lost, in 1954. He was elected Oregon's secretary of state—the second-highest-ranking job, inasmuch as the state has no lieutenant governor—in 1964. He was first elected governor in 1966, and since state law prohibits more than two consecutive terms, he is now a lame duck. On going into politics, he began calling himself Tom. Not Thomas—just plain Tom. He is notorious for both his informality and his candor. His public utterances are notably slangy; speculating not long ago on the energy situation in the Far East, he declared, "The People's Republic [of China] will slurp up all the oil in Indonesia." McCall writes most of his own stuff, but for a while, to lend him a literary hand, he had an avant-garde poet as a speechwriting assistant. The poet once inserted a generous hunk of the libretto of "Hair" into an address the Governor was giving to some thirty-third-degree Masons. "My talk was quite well received," the Governor told me. "Fortunately, the excerpt I used was one of the prettier parts of the show, and, besides, I don't believe many members of that particular audience were acquainted with the production." McCall's daily morning conferences with his staff are open to the press (which once watched him devote half an hour to wondering whether a solitary welfare recipient's telephone should be removed; the Governor solved the problem by taking up a collection in the room to pay the bill), and so, occasionally to the dismay of the other principals, are many of the meetings he has with lobbyists and importuning callers. Indeed, among the bills passed by the quixotic state legislature in 1973 was one specifying that all gatherings of state officials at which a decision could theoretically be arrived at—a cocktail party, say, or reception, with a majority of a legislative body in the room—must be open to the press. These days, when some state officials make conference calls to far-flung deputies, they invite reporters to listen in on the conversation, and for the benefit of those who can't eavesdrop they provide tapes. When, in the summer of 1973, the Governor had cancer surgery, he insisted that the newspapers be allowed to publish starkly clinical bulletins on his condition. After he recovered, he wrote a Sunday-newspaper piece entitled "My Head-On Confrontation with Cancer," illustrated with a diagram of the prostate.

It is one of McCall's homespun traits to keep telling people that while they are welcome to visit Oregon, he would just as soon they settled elsewhere. To his professed chagrin, his campaign has backfired; perhaps because of the considerable attention to Oregon that he has generated, the state's population has been increasing at a far greater clip than that of either California or Washington. He himself had no hand in distributing a batch of inhospitable "ungreeting cards," but he has acquiesced in his staff's doing so. Most of these cards stress the fact that it normally rains hard in Oregon. "Oregonians never water their lawns—they simply drain them," says one, and another says "People in Oregon don't tan in the summertime—they rust!" Still another goes "Tom Lawson McCall, Governor, on behalf of the citizens of the Great State of Oregon, cordially invites you to visit Washington or California or Idaho or Nevada or Afghanistan." All this, of course, is tongue-in-cheek, but McCall is perfectly serious about preserving Oregon's robust natural environment. He has been an environmentalist from way back. In 1937, fresh out of journalism school at the University of Oregon, he was an unpaid public-relations man for the Latah County Wildlife Association. In 1961, he produced a much acclaimed television documentary, "Pollution in Paradise," about the Willamette River, which was then dreadfully befouled for most of its three hundred miles. Today, the entire river is swimmable and is full of fish, owing, in part, to McCall's having appointed himself chairman of the State Sanitary Authority when he assumed the governorship in 1967. Toward the end of his first four-year term, two months before he stood for reëlection, the American Legion was about to descend, twenty thousand strong, on Portland for its annual national convention. From what seemed at the time to be reasonably reliable sources—among them Attorney General John Mitchell—Governor McCall heard that fifty thousand countercultural delegates were planning to attend a concurrent People's Army Jamboree in the same city. A conceivably nasty confrontation appeared imminent. To avert it, the Governor took some of the usual steps. He called out the National Guard. He had a helicopter revved up for crowd dispersal. He insisted, however, that the Guardsmen be unarmed and that the helicopter be loaded not with tear gas but—Portland being the City of Roses—with rose petals. There was no confrontation, chiefly because of another highly unorthodox step that McCall took. He announced that during the American Legion convention the state of Oregon would put on a ten-day Woodstock-like rock festival at McIver State Park, thirty miles outside of Portland. The festival was gratefully attended by some thirty-five thousand young people. It was the first public pot party any governor had given. (Since then, Oregon has decreed that the possession of marijuana is a trifling offense; anyone caught with it is liable merely to a fine, and does not get saddled with a criminal record.) "I gave the party because I wanted to save the most lives and the most property, and, in fact, the only damage of any kind was one busted four-by-six-inch windowpane at Portland State University," McCall told me. "The weather was warm, and at McIver there was a good deal of nude bathing and so forth. As a result, I figured that I'd get torn to pieces politically and would certainly lose the election. What I didn't know was that my opponent had just taken a poll and learned that people thought my Achilles' heel was

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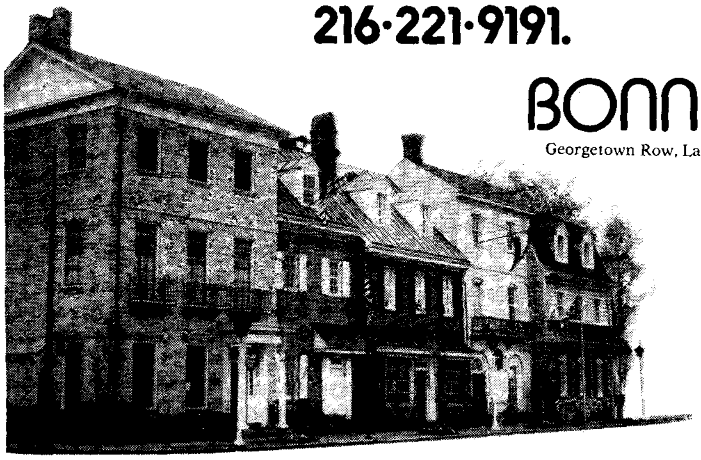

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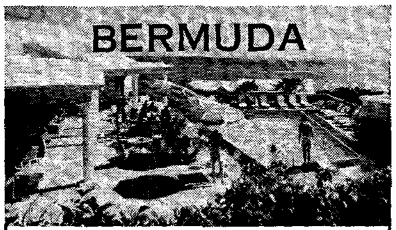
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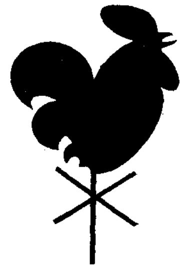
indecisiveness. So when I went on radio and television, statewide, and proclaimed firmly that nobody was to be hassled in Oregon because he was young and bearded, on the one hand, or because he had fought for his country, on the other, people concluded, to my astonishment, that I could be very decisive after all, and they admired me for that—if not for my acceptance of grass-smoking and skinny-dipping—and I won."

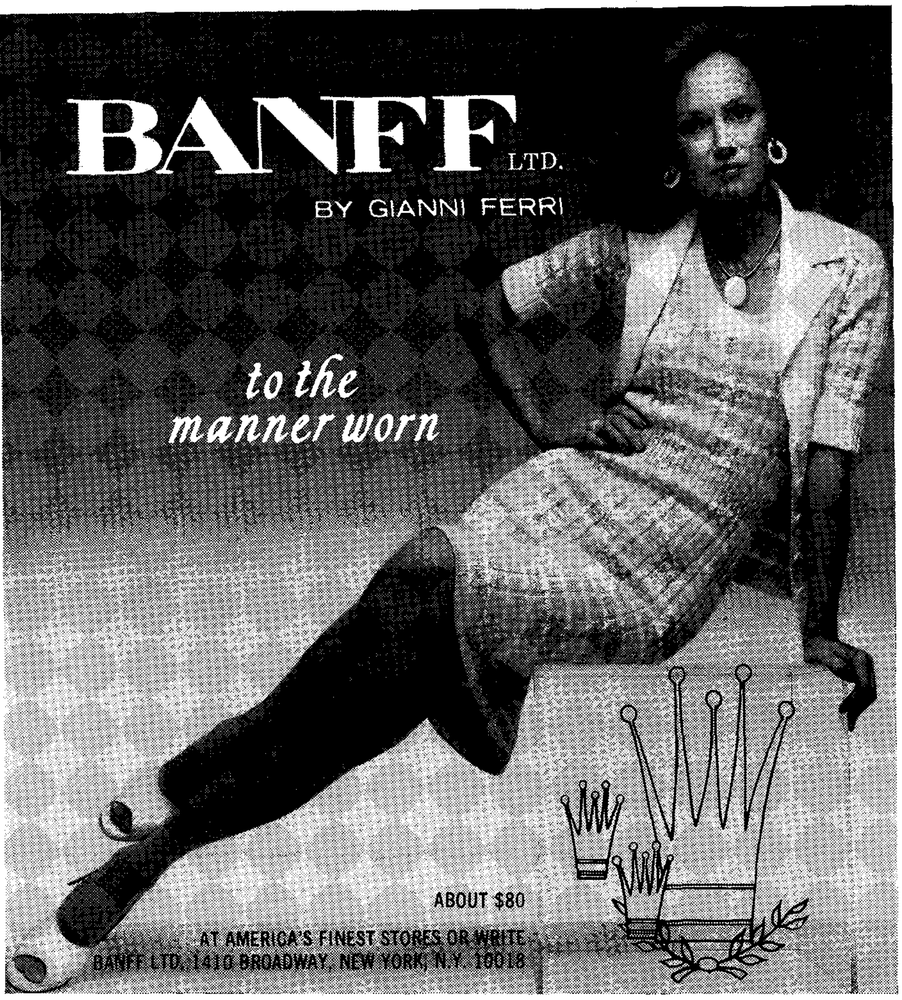


Along with being perhaps the most open-minded of all extant governors, McCall is indisputably the tallest. He stands six feet five. In recent months, there have been numerous stories in Oregon and elsewhere about the Northwest's legendary Sasquatch, a huge, humanoid seven-or-so-foot creature akin to the Abominable Snowman of Tibet. The Sasquatch, which is presumed to dwell in Oregon's fathomless forests, is alleged to have left monstrous tracks all over the place, and therefore is sometimes also known as Bigfoot. A local joke has it that the Governor, whose shoe size is twelve, has made the prints himself, to scare off tourists. Like McCall, the Sasquatch is a larger-than-ordinary ornament of the scene which attracts more visitors than it repels. Oregon had ten and a half million tourists in 1971. In 1972, ungreeting cards notwithstanding, it had almost twelve million. "Think of it!" the Governor told me. "Twenty-four million feet pattering over our flora! Could it be that our visitors are destroying what they've come to visit? We've trimmed our budget for tourism to the bone, and we're confining our out-of-state advertising to things like the *National Geographic*, on the theory that its readers have greater respect for nature than those of the—well, those of other magazines." In January, a few days after gas rationing began in Oregon, the Governor disclosed that he was giving up his official Lincoln Continental and was switching to a compact Audi. A few weeks before, at a conference of Republican governors, he had made a speech about energy in which he said, "The people are fed up with garishness. They feel assaulted by blinking, flashing, rotating, ostentatious waste." He had also referred to large American automobiles as "Belchfire Eights" and "Gas Glutton Supremes." Afterward, Governor William Milliken, of Michigan, told McCall how much he admired what the Oregonian had said. A reporter for a Detroit newspaper asked Milliken if he had also admired the Belchfire-Glutton characterizations. Milliken quickly remembered that he had missed that part of the speech.

McCall began to get concerned about the energy situation in 1971, soon after the start of his second term. Oregonians are conditioned to the fickleness of natural resources, since eighty-two per cent of their electric power is hydroelectric, and their economic stability—like that of neighboring Washington—is in thrall to the water level of the huge dams along the Columbia River. Surmising that some long-range planning might facilitate decisions that he and succeeding governors would have to make about state problems, McCall recruited a small task force of social scientists and immersed them in a think tank. On surfacing, they revealed themselves as convinced that a promising answer to some of the state's—and the world's—dilemmas was to be found through energetics, the system, devised by the environmental scientist Howard Odum, whereby everything on earth is measured in terms of net energy. McCall's tank thinkers (now formally recognized by the state legislature as the Office of Energy Research and Planning) were interested less in the cost of shoplifting measured in dollars, for instance, than in the cost of shoplifting measured in British thermal units—which, in the case of food pilferage alone, according to their arcane calculations, represented a hundred and eighty million B.T.U.s of food energy in Oregon every day.

It was a lucky thing for the Governor that he had his people concentrating on energy, because in the spring of 1973 they were swiftly able to furnish him with recommendations for action when Oregon found itself suddenly faced with an energy crisis. There had been little snow that winter. There was, uncharacteristically, little rain that spring. The reservoirs were at their lowest level in nineteen years. The electric-power situation looked disheartening, if not disastrous. On August 21, 1973, McCall declared a statewide energy emergency. "We've had the idea that energy in abundance would be forever at our fingertips," he said. "We've become careless. We've installed all the modern conveniences, used them without regard to energy supply, and now the piper must be paid. It takes six hundred pounds of coal to provide the energy to operate one sixty-watt bulb for a year. Turn off that bulb!" The Governor instructed all state employees to turn off those bulbs, to go without air-conditioning, and to do whatever else they could to conserve energy. He had the hot-water taps in state washrooms removed or rendered inoperative. Within a month, state agencies had cut their consumption of electricity by nearly thirty per cent, but McCall felt that the rest of his constituency wasn't following suit sufficiently, and he decided to take a drastic step. He ordered that all outdoor display lights be shut off. "The risk of catastrophe is so great that we must make no exceptions," he said. The state legislature was then out of session, and there was some doubt whether McCall had the authority to issue such an edict, but he did it anyway, not so much for direct savings—all the outdoor lighting accounted for less than one per cent of the state's normal consumption of electricity—as for psychological purposes. "You couldn't expect anybody to snap off his lights at home if he could look out of his window and see a used-car lot so ablaze with lights you could also see it from Mars," McCall told me. There were yelps of indignation from all sides, especially in Portland, where the proprietors of blacked-out restaurants and motels could look out of *their* windows across the river to Vancouver, Washington, and see a firestorm of neon. Airline pilots reported that at night they could easily tell when they were over Oregon: it was that dark void between San Francisco and Seattle. Actually, not everybody obeyed the injunction. The Governor thereupon instructed his Public Utility Commissioner, Richard W. Sabin, to deal with noncompliance, after due warning, by ordering private utilities to shut off power to the transgressors. Sabin proceeded to draw up the only Enemies List in recent Oregon history. It has six hundred and eighty-six names on it. But, as it turned out, he never had to use it. (He has never made it public, either.) The Governor, for his part, rather hoped that someone grievously affected by the curtailment—someone, say, in the illuminated-sign business—would take him into court to test his authority. "There was one motel owner who I was sure would accommodate me," McCall told me. "But just before he went to see his lawyer he went to the hospital to see his dying mother, and she said, 'Son, obey the Governor,' and that was the end of that."

While he was at it, in August, McCall also told the drivers of state-owned vehicles not to exceed fifty-five miles an hour—most people in Oregon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had practically never driven under seventy—and on November 13th he politely asked the public to follow suit in that respect. (Oregon is a well-mannered state: its highway signs don't just say "End Construction;" they say "End Construction—Thank You for Your Patience.") McCall chose fifty-five as the appropriate speed limit because *he* thinks fifty is too slow. "I tried it last week on a return trip from Portland," he announced in November, "and felt within myself that fifty-five was eminently more acceptable." The Governor also proposed that, to save heating fuel, all schools be closed from December 14th to January 14th, with the missed time to be made up later, when it was warmer. He was at once subjected to a barrage of protests from teachers, who didn't fancy having their work schedules altered, and from mothers, who pointed out that probably just as much electricity would be consumed by kids at home staring at television as by kids in school staring at blackboards. Moreover, the Governor was asked, where would the extra school days come from? Oregon produces vast quantities of fruits and vegetables (Salem is one of the nation's principal packing centers for beans and beets), and had McCall forgotten that Oregon school-closing dates in the spring have traditionally been geared to strawberry-picking time? McCall, who is nothing if not flexible, beat as dignified a retreat as he could, but he didn't entirely abandon his pursuit of schoolchildren. He proclaimed an Energy Crisis Week for early December, and had his Superintendent of Public Instruction get out a flock of instructional material to be used during it. By that time, it had begun to rain heavily, and the hydroelectric crisis was over. The outdoor lights went back on, and the Public Utility Commissioner locked his list of enemies, unpunished, in a file cabinet. (By mid-January, Oregon was experiencing its worst floods in a decade, and the Governor who had been preaching drought six months earlier found himself proclaiming much of the state a disaster area and riding around in a boat to inspect flood damage.) Energy Crisis Week was nonetheless diligently observed. The all-around feeling was that it would be good for young Oregonians to learn something about a problem that would probably be with them throughout their lives—to help create, as a handbook turned out by the Oregon Board of Education put it, "a generation of environment-conscious citizens." The book suggested that primary-school

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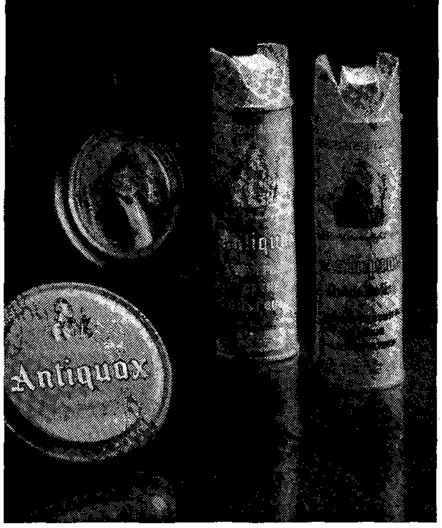

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children be taught to spell "watt" and "volt;" that sixth graders be offered a prize (a battery-powered one, preferably) for the best energy-saving idea; that junior-high students study the construction of a nuclear electric facility; and that high-school students list the alternatives to automobile ownership. One school had a Sweater Day, another an Arctic Day, still another a Walking Wednesday. In Eugene, business-course students used non-electric typewriters. Cold lunches were served at some schools, and kids who habitually drove their own cars to school made the supreme sacrifice: they switched to bikes.

Thus, Oregonians of all ages were indoctrinated for the gasoline shortage when it hit them in December, and that was just as well, for it hit them particularly hard. Governor McCall himself got stuck in an endless line at a filling station; it seemed as though half the one million eight hundred thousand vehicles registered in his state were bumper to bumper ahead of him. No one has yet figured out precisely why gasoline was in shorter supply in Oregon than in most other states. There were rumors (a Portland institution called the Rumor Control Center was made privy to some of them) that wholesalers were punishing Oregon for having taken the lead in crying crisis. What was more likely was that Oregon's uncommonly high percentage of independent service stations had a harder time getting fuel from wholesalers than the wholesalers' own retail outlets. Moreover, the state's allocation for December, 1973, was based on its consumption during the same month one year earlier, and the previous December had been so cold that a lot of people had sensibly holed up at home. The Governor was holding emergency meetings (all open and duly reported) with gas-station proprietors and trying to decide how to cope with the unhappy gas situation when a young man named Don Jarvi, director of the state's Energy Information Center, which McCall had set up last September, had a revelation. It occurred to him while he was driving the fifty miles from Portland to Salem that the awful snarls at service stations (not to mention the hoarding these tieups had inspired) might be alleviated if a voluntary rationing program were to be adopted, with—Saturdays and Sundays excepted—cars bearing license plates ending in odd numbers being allowed to get gas on odd-numbered days, and even-numbered days being reserved for

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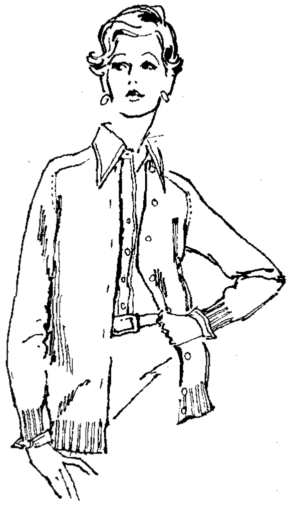

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even-numbered plates. (Oregon also has some seven thousand plates with initials or words on them. Known as custom plates or, more widely, "snob plates," they cost twenty-five dollars extra, and the income they provide is used to clean up highway litter. They would arbitrarily be lumped in with the even-numbered crowd.) Reaching his office at eight-twenty the next morning, Jarvi at once passed along his idea to Robert G. Davis, the Governor's executive assistant. Davis, a distinctive politician himself, being the father of triplets, thought the scheme sounded great, and at eight-thirty he presented it to the Governor and to the rest of his staff at their regular morning meeting. They approved it. By nine-thirty, it had also been approved by a group of state legislators who have interim powers when the legislature is not sitting. Jarvi returned to Portland in the afternoon to attend a meeting with representatives of oil companies and service stations. They agreed to go along. The Governor forthwith announced the plan. On the six-thirty television news that evening, Jarvi heard that the brainstorm he'd had less than twenty-four hours earlier had become a *fait accompli.* Oregon can move fast. A fortnight later, the state of Hawaii—where, as it happened, Governor McCall had been sojourning during Energy Crisis Week—adopted the same plan but went even further and made it mandatory instead of voluntary. In Oregon, meanwhile, the long, irritating lines radiating out from service-station pumps had all but vanished.

On the fourteenth of January, the first day of voluntary rationing, I had a ten-o'clock appointment at Governor McCall's office, and by mischievous design I kept my speedometer needle at sixty all the way down from Portland, where I had spent the night. I had two reasons for defying the Governor. I wanted to be sure to get some gas in Salem (I had an even-numbered plate), and I wanted to find out how many cars would pass me. Nobody did. When I told the Governor that I had also had no trouble getting gas, he looked a mite envious; he has license plate "1" and had to wait until the next day to tank up. McCall's office is a rather small room—very small, considering his size—in a spacious building, but he has a larger chamber nearby that he can use for receiving delegations. It was only sixty-three degrees in his office—sixty-eight is the maximum temperature he permits in state buildings—and he was wearing a blue cardigan under a tweed jacket. Among the bric-a-brac with which his office was decorated were a model of the only seven-masted clipper ship ever built (the Thomas W. Lawson, constructed in Quincy, Massachusetts, in 1902 for his grandfather), a commemorative rifle (he is, after all, governor of a wilderness state), a plaque awarded him by the Associated Oregon Industries (inscribed "Tom McCall, Oregon's 'Livability' Governor, who has done more to restore, enhance, and preserve the enviable environment of Oregon than any other man"), and a photograph of himself with an eight-pound steelhead. "I netted her last July, just before my cancer operation, while I was fishing one of Zane Grey's old streams, the North Umpqua, in the south of the state," the Governor said. "It's the first steelhead I ever caught on a fly; when it comes to that, I've caught only eighteen of them by any means in fifty years. It took me almost an hour to land her, and she was so exhausted she died in my hands. I was so sorry I'd ever caught her." Conspicuous on his desk was the American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language. "I love words," the Governor said. "I got interested in them when we were kids on a ranch in eastern Oregon—there were five of us children in all—and there was only this little country school. My mother asked a teacher what she could do about educating us, and he asked her if she had any books at home, and she said yes, and he asked how many, and she said about five thousand, and he said, 'Read them all aloud.' So she did, for three hours every night. Before I was twelve, we'd been all the way through Tolstoy, Dickens, and Thackeray. I can't conjugate verbs or parse sentences, but I had the greatest education in the world. My mother had her first book published when she was eighty. She'd been working on it forty years, but she had a lot of other things to do."

I had expected to spend perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes with McCall, but he didn't seem to be in any hurry to get on about his business. Around noon, he pulled a package of saltines from a desk drawer, nibbled on one, invited me to stick around for lunch, and asked his secretary to rustle up some sandwiches. I learned later from Bob Davis that McCall starts getting hungry at eleven-thirty, because that's when he normally has lunch (in, normally, the employees' cafeteria, where he grabs the first vacant chair). The reason for the early hour is that the Governor often holds open house for visitors at twelve-thirty. A few weeks ago, a seventy-eight-year-old woman told him, as they exchanged hellos, that it was the first time in her life she had ever shaken hands with anybody interesting.

Through his sandwich, McCall went on to say that what he would like most to be remembered for was as the bearer of what he calls the Oregon message—"a story of innovation and regeneration that can actually be used anywhere," he explained, adding, "We're trying to export the hope and the formula, and my mail is full of letters urging that what we've started here be spread. We may have saved more energy per capita than any other state so far—somewhere around six per cent in electricity alone to date—but, if so, it's not because we're more capable than anybody else. It's simply that we were first. My neck is always out, because I approach everything with a sense of hope, trying to see how things can be done. I like to say that in the timeliness of an idea probably lies its greatest utility. You can spend two years studying something, but by the time you conclude that it's a good thing to do, the best time for doing it may have passed. Well, at least the whole country is now energy-conscious. It's great to have everybody else turned on, too. The President may have been too late and too mild, but, thank God, even he finally came along."

I asked the Governor what he had in mind after his term ends next January. "It will depend on my vigor, to begin with," he replied. "I'll know in several months whether the cancer will recur. If it doesn't, there's been talk of my filling a Tom McCall Chair of Broadcast Journalism and Political Science at Oregon State University. That might be fun; I seem to get along well with the young. But I would hate to give up active participation in politics. *That's* been fun, too, and I've particularly enjoyed serving as unofficial pool man for the press at governors' conferences. I guess I've been unusually revealing about what goes on inside them, but I've never taken anything embarrassing out of a meeting. The first one I ever attended was a conference of Western governors, in 1967, at West Yellowstone. It was like a high-school operetta. Twelve nobodies, including me, sat around until, with a fanfare of trumpets and on a white horse, in rode Ronald Reagan. My reports on these conferences are apt to be couched in journalist's language, and my wife always has her foot ready to stamp on mine if my imagination gets too domi-

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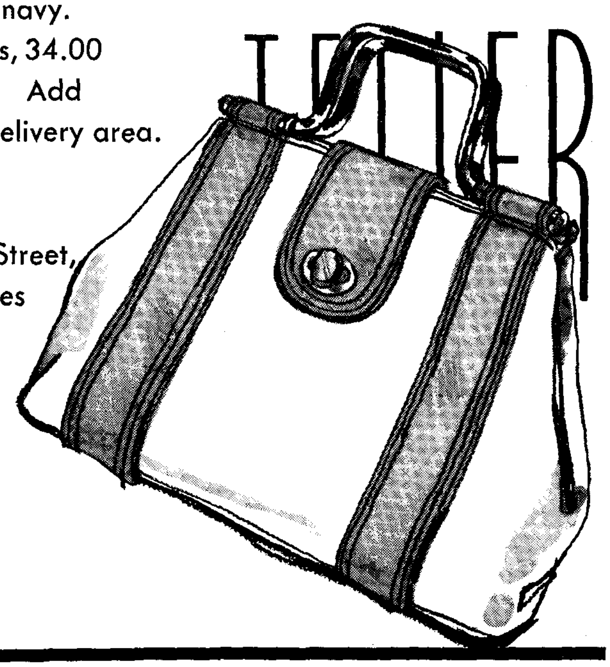

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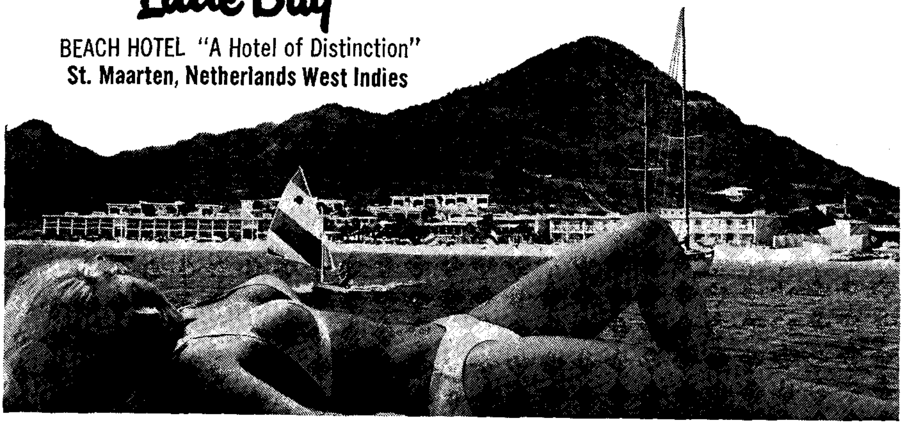

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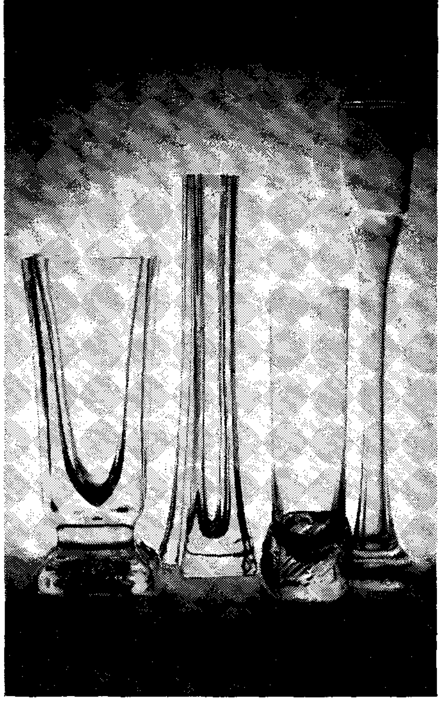

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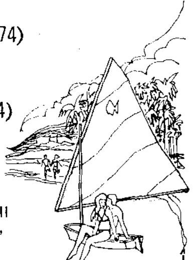

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nant. Just before another such meeting, at Jackson Hole, she got temporarily separated from me. A political reporter from San Francisco came up and said that he was desperate for a story that day, and I thought for a moment and reflected that Nixon was giving California more federal funds per capita than any other state—to keep Ron Reagan's support—so I came up with the observation that Reagan was holding Nixon hostage. Later, I had second thoughts about saying that, but by then it was already in the papers. Reagan arrived later that day, and he came walking in my direction and I said, 'Hi, Ron!' and he turned up his collar. 'God damn it all,' he finally said, 'all you had to do was call me in Sacramento to find out that what you said wasn't true,' and I said, 'But, Ron, if I'd done that there wouldn't have been any story.' Politicians never forgive you. At the time Wally Hickel was fired, I had a news conference and said, 'I think you'll find there'll be others. The President is clearing his decks before going after a second term. Even the Vice-President might be dropped, the way he's been running around the country carrying a knife under his shawl.' Well! There was a meeting of Republican governors at Sun Valley right after that, and Agnew was coming. Privately, most of the other governors felt the same way about him that I did, but they wouldn't say so. When Ted arrived, he took me aside and said, 'Tom, I'm just mad as hell at you,' and I said, 'Why, you've got no business going around polarizing the country.' Then he made a speech, and a reporter asked me what I thought of it, and I said, 'One rotten, bigoted little speech.' The next morning, the governors had a private meeting with Agnew, and in the middle of it somebody handed him a piece of yellow teletype paper. He looked at it, and his hand began to tremble, and then he looked at me and said, 'Tom, you couldn't have said this.' I asked him what the trouble was now, and he said, 'You're quoted here as saying I gave a "rotten, bigoted little speech" last night.' I said, 'I'm not positive I used the word "little." ' The terrible thing was that none of the other governors laughed. I was all set until then to be the chairman of the next Republican governors' conference, but my candidacy suddenly disappeared. I did get asked, though, to be on the Republican Governors' Campaign Committee for next fall and go around speaking for every nominee. I had to decline. As I said in my letter turning them down, I believe that issues are

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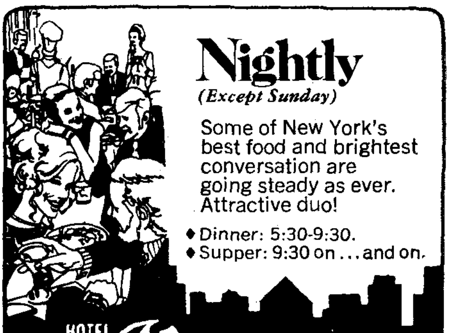

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more significant than party labels, and—to quote myself—'I couldn't subscribe to a committee effort that, in certain instances, would turn out to be anathema to my conscience.' You can have a copy of my letter if you like."

In the office of one of McCall's assistants, I had noticed a bulging manila folder of letters to the Governor laid out where anyone who walked in could see it. The folder was labelled "Presidency." I asked McCall about his national ambitions, if any. "America is beginning to open up," he said. "We've got an inherently good system. We've just got to get the right people to make it work. If I had to run for President to sell the Oregon message—to encourage more innovative and daring actions, that is—I would do it. But that will depend on a lot of things, and in any event the message is more important than the messenger." At that point, Bob Davis stuck his head in the door and said there was a new crisis—something, I gathered, about Oregon construction men's being enraged by a new law that contained all sorts of stiff provisions protecting home buyers from unscrupulous builders. There was time for one last question, so I asked the Governor to tell me frankly whether or not he believed in the existence of the legendary Sasquatch. "I have no position on Bigfoot," McCall replied. "I guess it's about the only thing so far that I haven't taken a position on."

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

Pots and pans and other utensils in mustard-yellow and white, the color scheme chosen by Miss Vickery for her future kitchen, were showered upon the bride-elect by those attending the fete.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

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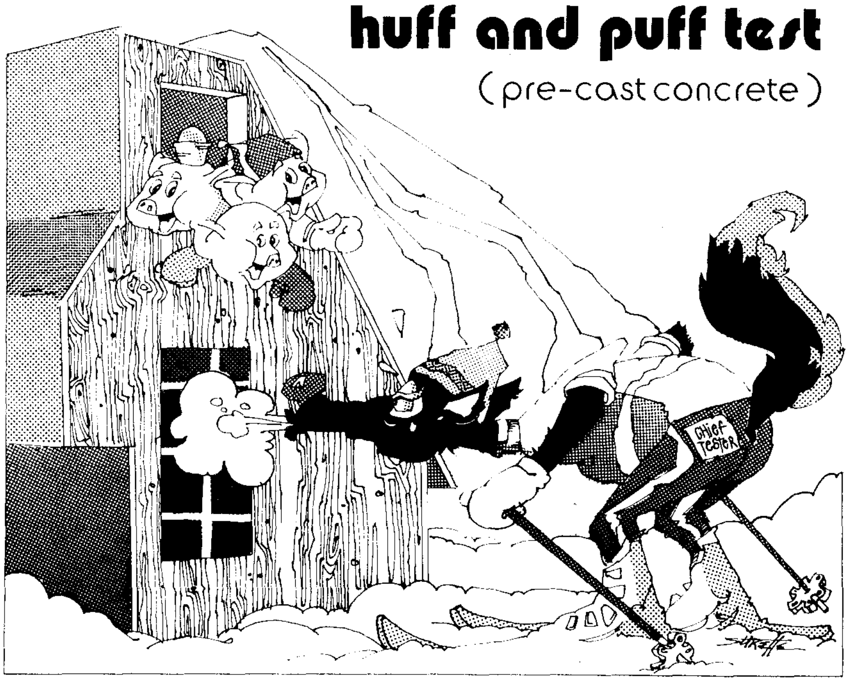

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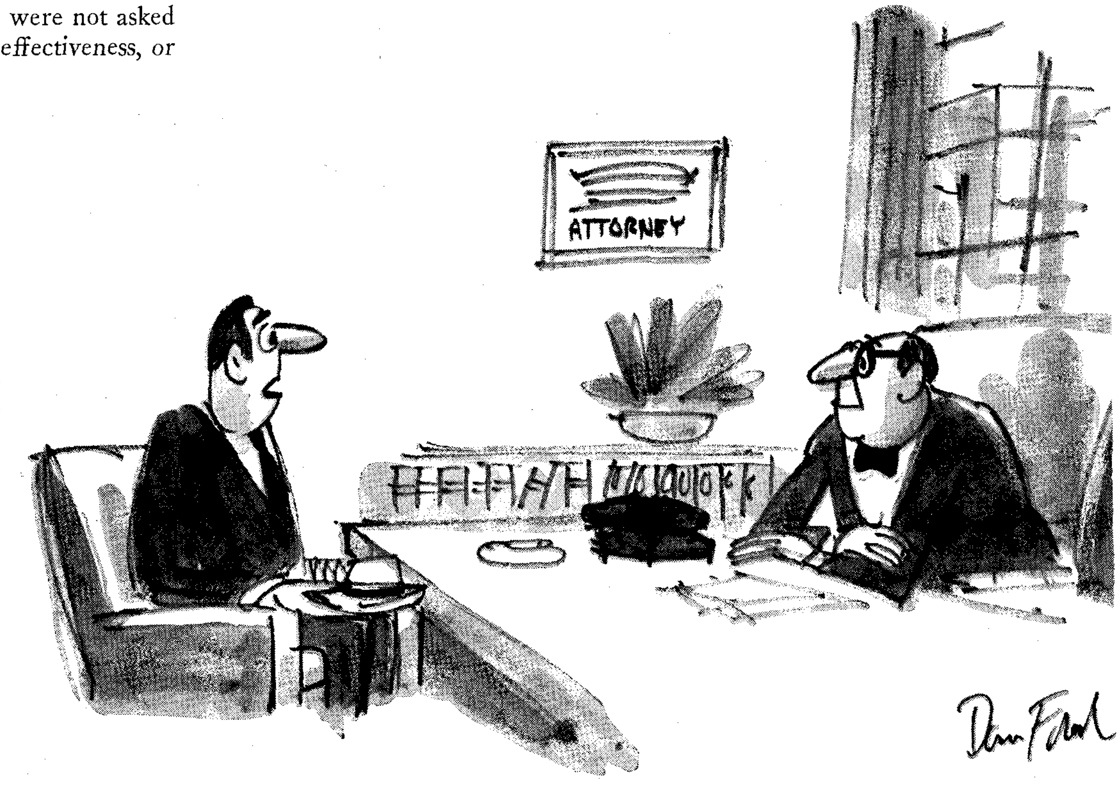
IN the landscape of the traditional Western, the simple, masculine values that the Westerner stood for were ancient and noble. He was the hero of our mass-culture folk art; for the whole world, this mythic hero symbolized American democracy and virtue and justice. If he was part of a reverie, it was a reverie about what was best in this country, and Westerns made us nostalgic for the imagined simplicities of our country's past, and for the naïveté of our own childhood, when we had innocently believed in faultless protector-heroes. Riding to the rescue, the cowboy hero fought fair and punished the guilty. The hero might himself be an outlaw (as in John Ford's "Stagecoach"), but he was a good man. The theme was always good against evil, and the iconography—the horses, the hats, the spurs and leather vests, the sunsets and cactus and cattle—was a reminder of an unspoiled country that the hero was fighting to keep from being destroyed. The villains were spoilers of the American dream. Between the villains and the hero were the farmers or townspeople—ordinary people, who stood up to the villains and lost, or who accommodated to evil because they were defenseless or too scared to fight. They were in the same position as most of us in the audience, but we were not asked to identify with their ineffectiveness, or with their partial victories, either. In the midst of a legend, why consider the actual world? Our hearts rode with the protector. The hero was a natural leader—the American knight. He won because he was physically stronger than the villains; his fists and his gun represented Justice. We didn't worry about his assumption of authority or about his use of force. The story was formal and remote, a ritualized dream of the past that we clung to. It had no direct application; the Westerner's ability to outfight the spoilers was part of our inspirational mythology. The landscape itself—the immensity of deserts and plains that the hero rode through—distanced the Westerns; and horses, with their patrician beauty, were natural carriers of deities.

A few more Westerns may still straggle in, but the Western is dead. Nobody's making even those last-gasp Westerns anymore—the ones about the lonely last cowboy, or the semi-spoofs featuring heavy old movie stars falling off their horses or kinky cowboys going to Mexico or farther south ("Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid"). There's been nothing since "Jeremiah Johnson" and "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean," in 1972, and nothing appears to be scheduled. It's the end of a movie era. But the Western cowboy hero hasn't disappeared; he's moved from the mythological purity of the wide-open spaces into the corrupt modern cities and towns ("Dirty Harry"), and on paved streets he's an inflammatory figure. When Buford Pusser (Joe Don Baker), the hero of "Walking Tall," trims the bark off a stout hickory limb and starts swinging this skull-breaking club against the spoilers who are operating a wide-open Sin City strip near his birthplace in Tennessee, mythology and realism are joined.

"Walking Tall" is a volcano of a movie—and in full eruption—loosely based on the life of a man who has become a legendary figure through ballads celebrating his exploits. (Johnny Mathis sings an excruciating "Walking Tall" ballad at the close.) From "Bonnie and Clyde" on, our recent powerful, big-box-office hits have mostly questioned the old movie myths, turning them inside out and indicating that the bad guys often win. "Walking Tall" goes right back to "Beowulf" and stays on course. The actual Buford Pusser is a six-foot-six-inch former professional wrestler. As the movie tells it, he returns to Tennessee after several years on the road, and when he complains because a friend of his has been cheated in a dice game at a state-line gambling casino he is beaten, slashed, and left to die. A man of prodigious strength, Pusser recovers, and since the sheriff refuses to prosecute his assailants, he takes a club, goes back to the casino, and fractures the crooked gamblers' arms. On trial, he defends his act of revenge as a man's natural right, tearing off his shirt and showing his knife-scarred chest as evidence. Acquitted, he enters the race for sheriff against the incumbent, Al Thurman (Gene Evans), who had refused to help him, and Thurman, trying to run him off a bridge, is killed—though Pusser tries valiantly to save him and does succeed in rescuing Thurman's deputy. Elected sheriff, Pusser proceeds



"My name is William Potter Francis Paul Xavier Sedgwick, and I want to change it to Robert Lawrence Monroe Peter Harding Clark."

to clean up the area, though at terrible cost to himself and his family. Buford Pusser's inspirational ordeal is like a small-town version of "Dirty Harry," but it isn't snide or deliberately right-wing, like "Dirty Harry." "Walking Tall" appears to be pre-political, as the traditional Westerns were. It is solemnly, unself-consciously square—a celebration of the same virtues that the Westerns always stood for, but, unlike those Westerns, not distanced. Those Westerns weren't rabble-rousing; "Walking Tall" is.

Maybe, during all those years of watching Westerns, though we didn't believe in them we wanted to. The child in us wanted to, and maybe the Westerns softened us up for primitivism in the guise of realism. "Walking Tall" appeals to a deep-seated belief in a simple kind of justice—perfect, swift, Biblical justice. It returns us to the moral landscape of the Western, yet the picture is more crude in its appeal than the Westerns, because it works almost totally on the blood-and-guts level of emotionally charged violence. Buford's union of force and righteous wrath has the drive of a crusade against corruption—a crusade for a fundamentalist politics. When Buford began to clobber the bad guys, people in the audience cried out, "Get 'em, get 'em!"—and they weren't kidding. "Walking Tall" has just opened in New York, but it has been playing around the country for the past year, and is said to have already grossed close to thirty-five million dollars. I'm told that in parts of the South it is a ritual that at the end audiences stand in homage and cheer; in New York, audiences scream and shout their assent to each act of vengeance that the towering hero takes upon his enemies. I've heard of people who have already seen it twice and are going back.

Born in 1908, the director, Phil Karlson, has been working in Hollywood since 1932. He made low-budget Westerns and routine pictures until the mid-fifties, when he made the sleeper "Tight Spot" and won recognition for the Alabama-set "The Phenix City Story," about a crusading candidate for Attorney General and his son who did battle against an earlier Sin City vice operation. Later, Karlson directed the intelligent action melodrama "Hell to Eternity," and such films as "The Young Doctors," "Rampage," the popular Matt Helm "The Silencers" and "The Wrecking Crew," and, recently, "Ben." He has a veteran low-budget action director's skills, and these are what

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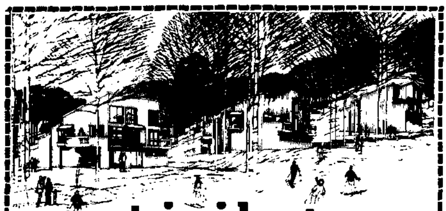

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he brings to bear on "Walking Tall": he doesn't overprepare a scene; he makes his points and moves on. Karlson pushes and punches, but he's good at it. He can dredge up emotion; he can make the battle of virtuous force against organized evil seem primordial. He has a tawdry streak (there's an exploitation sequence with a nude prostitute being whipped), and he's careless (a scene involving a jewelry salesman is a decrepit mess), but in the onrush of the story the viewer is overwhelmed. "Walking Tall" isn't afraid to pull out all the stops of classical cheapie melodrama, right down to the murder of the Pusser family dog and the weeping face of a bereaved child. One would be tempted to echo Thelma Ritter in "All About Eve"—"Everything but the bloodhounds snappin' at her rear end"—but some of the suffering has a basis in fact. Mrs. Pusser, played by Elizabeth Hartman, was actually ambushed and killed in 1967. The film is a heartbreaker as well as a gut-cruncher. Elizabeth Hartman is a gifted actress who appears too seldom; a delicate-featured redhead with a beautifully modelled brow, she has the appealing quality that the young Janet Gaynor had. You want to reach right out to her; she's huggable. Karlson uses her for as much tearjerking potential as he dares. Brenda Benet (she has lazy, hot eyes, like Gail Russell's) plays a Vietnam widow turned whore, a good-bad temptress who makes overtures to Buford; Rosemary Murphy is a lively dragonlady whore-mistress; and Ed Call, as Lutie, Buford's old high-school chum, practically oozes Southernness—which is right for his role. The cast is frowzily passable; that is, the frowziness passes for authentic (although, as Buford's father, Noah Beery appears to think that he can be Southern by acting Hollywood-cornpone sweet). The pink, freckled faces without makeup carry a message of "truth," the same way the rundown bars do. (The film was shot in Tennessee, partly in McNairy County, where the actual Pusser served three two-year terms as sheriff, from 1964 to 1970.) Even the crummy cinematography gets by, because the picture's very crudeness makes it seem innocently honest. "Walking Tall" doesn't seem a sell, as a movie with a slicker surface might. All of it works to give the audience an exultant sense of the triumph of the heroic common man—his victory over "the system."

In the movie, Pusser as a wrestler is known as Buford the Wild Bull; this name must have been the key for Joe Don Baker's performance. Baker plays Buford as a soft-drawling, peace-loving man who, enraged by injustice, becomes a maddened fighting bull. Astonishingly, even when pummelling an adversary with body blows that are amplified so that they sound as if a tractor were being driven into flesh, he has the dignity of a wounded bull. At six feet two, Baker is a good deal smaller than the actual Pusser, but he looks enormous enough; he comes from Texas via the Actors Studio and TV ("Mongo's Back in Town," "That Certain Summer") and films ("Junior Bonner"), and he seems Southern redneck—a common man who works outdoors in the sun—to the soul. He has that heavy, flaccid look that Southern white men often get early in life; it goes with a physical relaxation that can fool Northerners like me, who don't always recognize the power hidden in the flab. As Baker plays him, Buford is a nonreflective hero who, when angered, tramples on his enemies uncontrollably. This brute obsessiveness may easily be the result of the moviemakers' desire to show plenty of beatings, but Baker almost makes us believe that Buford fights back because he has to. Baker's Buford has the mighty stature of a classic hero; he seems like a giant from the earth. This Buford is a primitive folk hero worthy of the tales of an earlier era—though actually he's the hero of a modern tall tale.

When Baker, as Buford, says to his little son, "There's nothing wrong with a gun in the right hands," and promises him a rifle when he's nine, he sounds just about like Clint Eastwood, as Dirty Harry Callahan in "Magnum Force," saying, "Nothing's wrong with shooting as long as the right people get shot," and the bit of dialogue comes from the same homiletic Hollywood. Actually, although Mrs. Pusser had two children by a previous marriage, Pusser has only one child—a daughter—but you can see why the fictional son has been added: so that later, when he comes to the hospital to see his injured father, the child can walk down the corridor crying but clutching his rifle. It's the little prince taking up his fallen king's mission, and the audience gasps at the raw power of a device that pre-dates D. W. Griffith. The script, by the producer, Mort Briskin, who first heard of Pusser's heroic ordeal when Roger Mudd did a ten-minute report on him on C.B.S. in 1969, may appear authentic just because it's so shameless and tacky. Briskin's previous credits as a writer are strictly small-time ("A Man Alone," "The Magic

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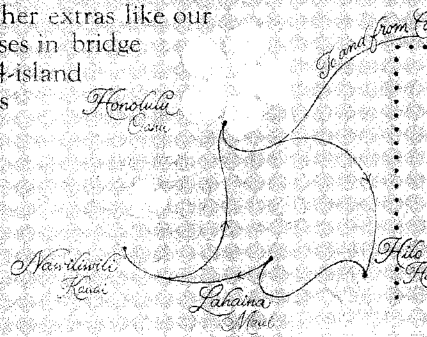

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Face"), but this script didn't require literary talent. Briskin, the producer of such TV series as "Sheriff of Cochise," "U.S. Marshal," and "The Texan," is also a producer for Bing Crosby Productions, for whom he has done "Willard," "Ben," and "Walking Tall." In Buford Pusser, Briskin found a hero whose story embodied the values of the conventional Westerns; Briskin embroidered it, but basically the pattern was already there, shaped by Pusser himself (he had made a deputy sheriff of the man who wrote the first ballad about him), and Karlson knew just how to bring it out. The street Western is a corruption of the Western, an attempt to apply the Western's mythology to actual problems—and since it doesn't apply, the movies (and other forms of pop culture, and politics, too) fabricate situations that are just like those in Westerns so that the mythology *will* apply.

The actual Buford Pusser (not known as Buford the Wild Bull) was beaten up in 1957 in a brawl in a casino over money he himself had lost. Almost three years later, the casino operator was robbed and beaten, and Pusser and two of his friends were charged with armed robbery. At the trial, Pusser didn't defend his right to assault the gambler; he and the two others were acquitted because they had an airtight alibi. Pusser got into police work in 1962, when his father, who was chief of police in Adamsville, retired, having arranged for his son to succeed him. When Pusser ran for sheriff in 1964, the incumbent sheriff *was* killed in an auto crash, but there was no connection between that crash and Pusser, who in fact defeated the dead man, whose name was still on the ballot, by only three hundred votes. Aside from Mrs. Pusser's murder in 1967—which was what really started the legend of Buford Pusser—and the extraordinary amount of physical punishment that Pusser took and also dished out, there doesn't seem to be a great deal of factual support for the movie. The first new deputy he appointed was not a black buddy, as in the film, but his father. And as for the amazing incident, in the movie, of Buford's magically quick apprehension of the murderers of eight civil-rights workers (only to have the case dismissed on a technicality), I can find no mention of it even in Buford's romantic authorized biography of 1971. As for the powerhouse scenes when Buford rises from his hospital bed, his head swathed in bandages (like the Invisible Man), to attend his wife's funeral and to wreak vengeance once again, and then, Job-like, rests upon his great hickory stick, using it as a cane—pure invention, of course. As sheriff, Pusser had in fact become partial to the less photogenic head cracker the gun. He has boasted that in his first term he "wore out more pistol barrels banging mean drunks over the head than the county would pay for." The movie's basic premise—that Buford Pusser became sheriff so that he could rid the community of vice and corruption—seems shaky. And although he piled up a big number of arrests by busting drunks and raiding moonshiners, the state-line dives operate as usual, and when Pusser ran for sheriff again in 1972—while the movie was being shot—he was defeated. The man who won explained his victory (in an interview in the *Nashville Tennessean Sunday Magazine*) by saying, "If either man had to arrest your son, which would you prefer? I just don't think the people here cared for killing and beating up on people. They just didn't think that was necessary to enforce the law." The brutalities and killings, including the murder of Mrs. Pusser, seem to have been a chain of reprisals. Pusser, who now does promotional work for supermarkets, Jaycee gatherings, mobile homes, and automobile dealers (he gives away autographed sticks to those who buy cars), has authorized a glorifying industry about himself, as well as this movie (he owns seven per cent). The only complaint he has been known to make about the film is that it isn't violent enough. There is some talk of his running for governor or for Congress. How does one define corruption?

The moral setup in this street Western is a direct carry-over from the myths of the wide-open spaces. No matter how high the odds against him, the virtuous man wins out. And the virtuous man always knows whom to clobber. He can be trusted with his fists, his stick, and his gun because he has absolute knowledge of innocence and guilt. In "Walking Tall," the forces of corruption are just as easily recognizable as in any early Western; they're basically the same forces—mean crooks. Buford says that he quit wrestling because of the system and he's not going to let the system wreck his town. To put it in the way the audience at "Walking Tall" perceives it: because of the system, the honest small guy doesn't stand a chance, but Buford—the man who cares about what's

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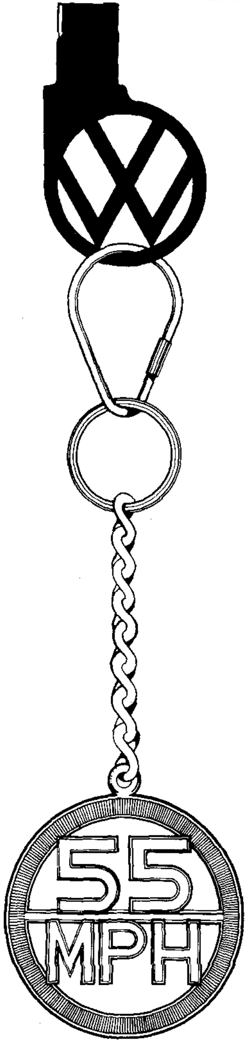

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right—bucks the system. The movie's simplistic outlook is commercial genius: the only serious problems in the community are the problems created by the vice lords—the system is represented by the prostitutes and crooked gamblers and their confederates in the police department and on the bench. The solution is the same as in a Western: kill them or drive them out of town. In "Walking Tall," as in "Dirty Harry," the hero could never mistakenly injure an innocent person, or the whole structure of the morality play would collapse. He's a one-man lynch mob, but with the judgment of a god. Buford's sad, sick look in the eyes after he's forced to shoot an evil woman is knightly chivalry modern style.

After a decade of hip but often numbingly cynical movies, the country is on a regression trip—watching the Waltons and the Apples and cheering "Walking Tall." Breaking a few arms has a basic demagogic appeal; it makes audiences feel that there is a direct, fast way to solve problems. There's a deliberate appeal to the vigilante spirit at the (miserably staged) end: the townspeople make a bonfire of the gamblers' equipment. But vigilantes need to be on horses; vigilantes who arrive in a procession of cars don't jibe with the picture's brute power. It's no accident that the director lingers on those tractor punches that Buford delivers. When the nostalgic dream morality of cowboy movies is imposed on an actual modern town, it becomes a demand for bloodletting. Early on, Karlson showed us the bloody Buford, a red mass of wounds, lying in the road; in the movie's terms, there is only one answer to that. His enemies' blood must flow. And the audience is worked up to believe that bloodletting is necessary, that that is what does the job. In a sense, this is also what "Dirty Harry" said, and the same message is embedded in the new police thrillers that feature cops who are really cowboy heroes. The blood-pounding excitement that most of the street Westerns aim for is simply box-office excitement, but in "Walking Tall" it is integral to the fundamentalist politics that probably all of us carry inside us at some primitive level—even those of us who watch this picture appalled. Buford has a galvanic effect on the audience because he incarnates the blood rage that can so easily be worked up in frustrated people. The visceral impact of this shrewd, humble film makes one know how crowds must feel when they're being swayed by demagogues.

—PAULINE KAEL

DANCING

The Nikolais Experience

THE fun of the Nikolais Dance Theatre in the fifties, when it was at its peak, was in Alwin Nikolais' strict control over the logic of his forms. His imagination resembled that of the great pioneers of animation in the movies—Disney and Max Fleischer—and of Busby Berkeley; it was visual, kinetic, and abstract, and its focus was the logic of permutations, of things turning into other things. This season, in its two-week engagement at the Lyceum, the Nikolais company performed excerpts from "Masks, Props, and Mobiles" (1953) and "Allegory" (1959), which reveal Nikolais' remarkable and strange sense of organic permutation. But in the rest of the repertory, dating from 1964, he hasn't shown one thing turning into another; he has shown one thing next to or after another. His juxtapositions have no drama, and his illusions, though technically majestic, have no mystery.

In "Cross-Fade," the new piece, blown-up photographs of nude dancers are projected onto the bodies of the same dancers, now wearing leotards, as they take up the same poses on the stage. The blow-ups fade into colored silhouettes. Between the live dancer and his giant *Doppelgänger* falls the shadow the live dancer casts. Other dancers, without matching shadows or projections, are present, and if they stand in another light beam they appear to have speckled or piebald skin. There are also a number of abstract over-all projections that bathe everything in different colors and patterns. That's it for "Cross-Fade." In "Scrolls," a new version of a piece done in 1967, the dancers are mostly concealed in rolls of paper which appear to open and close and move about by themselves as, once again, a variety of projections cover them with colors and dots and stripes. From living statues to living wallpaper isn't much of a life for dancers, but of course one doesn't go to the Nikolais Dance Theatre for the dancers. The question is, what *does* one go for? There ought to be more to the Nikolais experience than watching him practice his parlor tricks, but even the standard pieces in the post-1964 repertory, which aren't quite as enervated as "Cross-Fade" and "Scrolls," are essentially different decks of cards playing the same old game.

Nikolais employs choreography and décor and lighting and electronic music—all of which he produces himself—to create an abstract theatre that can be captivating, in a mindless sort of way, especially if you're seeing it for the first time. For years, his keenest audiences have been roused not so much by the spectacles he devises as by the possibilities of his technique, and talking about the things Nikolais might do is more entertaining than seeing the things he does do. Nikolais seems to think of himself not as an entertainer but as an investigator of technical phenomena; he gets caught up in his sensory apparatus and lets it dominate him, and although his work is outwardly orderly it seems to spring from an inner chaos, from a reckless throwing around of ideas just to see if they will work. The elements that make up "Cross-Fade" are systematically exposed, but they're as unintegrated at the end of the piece as they were at the start, and they're also stale. Nikolais has used this reality-unreality bit before; what he is looking for this time isn't clear. There's certainly no law against artists' redoing old work, but Nikolais repeats or enlarges upon old effects without widening their scope, and, though there is variety in the effects, there is never any variety in expression. Nikolais theatre is so self-referential that it has become claustrophobic. This is one of the pitfalls of abstraction. Nikolais' art doesn't define itself, it merely defines its materials.

A poet dominates his materials, whereas a technician is dominated by them. Choreography is the least of Nikolais' elements—the least original—but the reason for the low status of the dancers in Nikolais theatre is also partly ideological. I don't think much of this ideology; it's more like a rationale. Since Nikolais is less interested in choreography (because he has less talent for it) than he is in his lights and costumes and sound, the dancer is dominated by the stage environment, just as Nikolais is by his interest in the things that compose it. A current program note puts the matter rather loftily: "The human now placed [by Nikolais] in this time/space [of Nikolais theatre] became a part of universal ecology rather than a domineering, self-centered creature." Nikolais' stage, in short, is a microcosm of our world. (A few years ago, the program evoked the same idea by using McLuhanist terms like "sensorium;" now it uses "universal ecology.") Nikolais' dances are in the expressionistic style of the modern dance of the thirties, in which the emotion is built into the movement, but, lacking the psychological motives of the thirties choreographers, Nikolais tries to substitute an impression of invisible shock waves, which presumably come from the environment. When they're not concealed by props, lighting, or costumes, the dancers appear as creatures who frequently jerk about convulsively, as if pricked all over by unseen stimuli. And since Nikolais no longer develops drama out of his inanimate materials, he lets the dancers frame each new technological explosion with "reactions": they suddenly become hostile or gregarious or burst into gibberish or stare in feral wonder, as if something of consequence were happening. The point of a boring piece called "Tower" is that Nikolais wants to erect a tower out of some lengths of aluminum tubing, and in "Tent," another boring piece, he wants to unroll a huge bolt of something and hang it from the flies. But these are comparatively static and predictable events in Nikolais theatre, and so, by having his dancers "relate" to the process of building or hanging, he turns each event into a series of quasi-dramatic situations. The tower, as it goes up, lends itself rather too easily to a parable of nonconformity and ostracism, but the tent remains obstinate décor.

Nikolais used to run a theatre, but now he runs a theatre lab. He's a maestro engineer who presides over disconnected daydreams (the title of his sponsoring organization is Chimera Foundation for Dance, Inc.), and the sensuous glimmer of his work has seduced audiences the world over. The question of whether he does or doesn't dehumanize his dancers is less important than what he does to his audience. He doesn't precisely dehumanize us, but he does idle away our perceptions. He presses down on our optic nerves without ever hitting our brains.

ON the last weekend of the American Ballet Theatre season, I caught up with Lar Lubovitch's new piece to Charles Ives music, which isn't very different from the Ives piece he did for the company last year. "Scherzo for Massah Jack" was about the pre-

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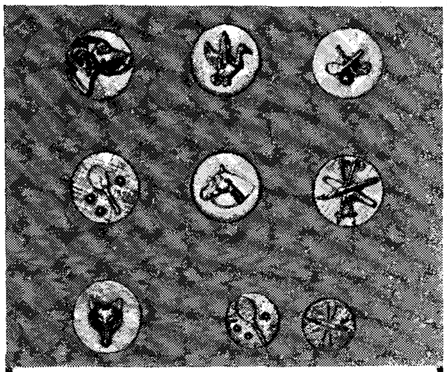

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Civil War period, and the new one, "Three Essays," is about the coming of the First World War. Apart from their fashionable political statements about American history, Lubovitch's ballets have no content. The dance interest is secondary to the crashing statement, which is conveyed through conventional symbols. (Although Lubovitch may think his patriotic emblems—Columbias and Kentucky colonels and the like—are being unconventionally used, they're tantamount to standard abuse.) The Ives compositions are musically and emotionally too complex for Lubovitch, and in "Three Essays" he catches at their power only once, in a dance fugue for the war-torn and weary which really does seem a correlative to the multitudinous voices in the orchestra (which was on tape). But the story elements in the piece are composed of inept pantomime scenes that are impossible to understand without the costumes the dancers wear. Even with them I'm not sure what the middle "Essay" is saying about Hawaii (symbolized by three hula girls and a palm tree): that adolescent America interrupted its expansionist designs on the Pacific in order to go to war in Europe, or that two adolescent Americans had to give up their vacation? Lubovitch is one of the few young American choreographers who are trying to make dramatic ballets, and therefore I was almost sorry to see how well—in comparison to everything else—he handled the only pure-dance passage in the piece.

—ARLENE CROCE

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[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

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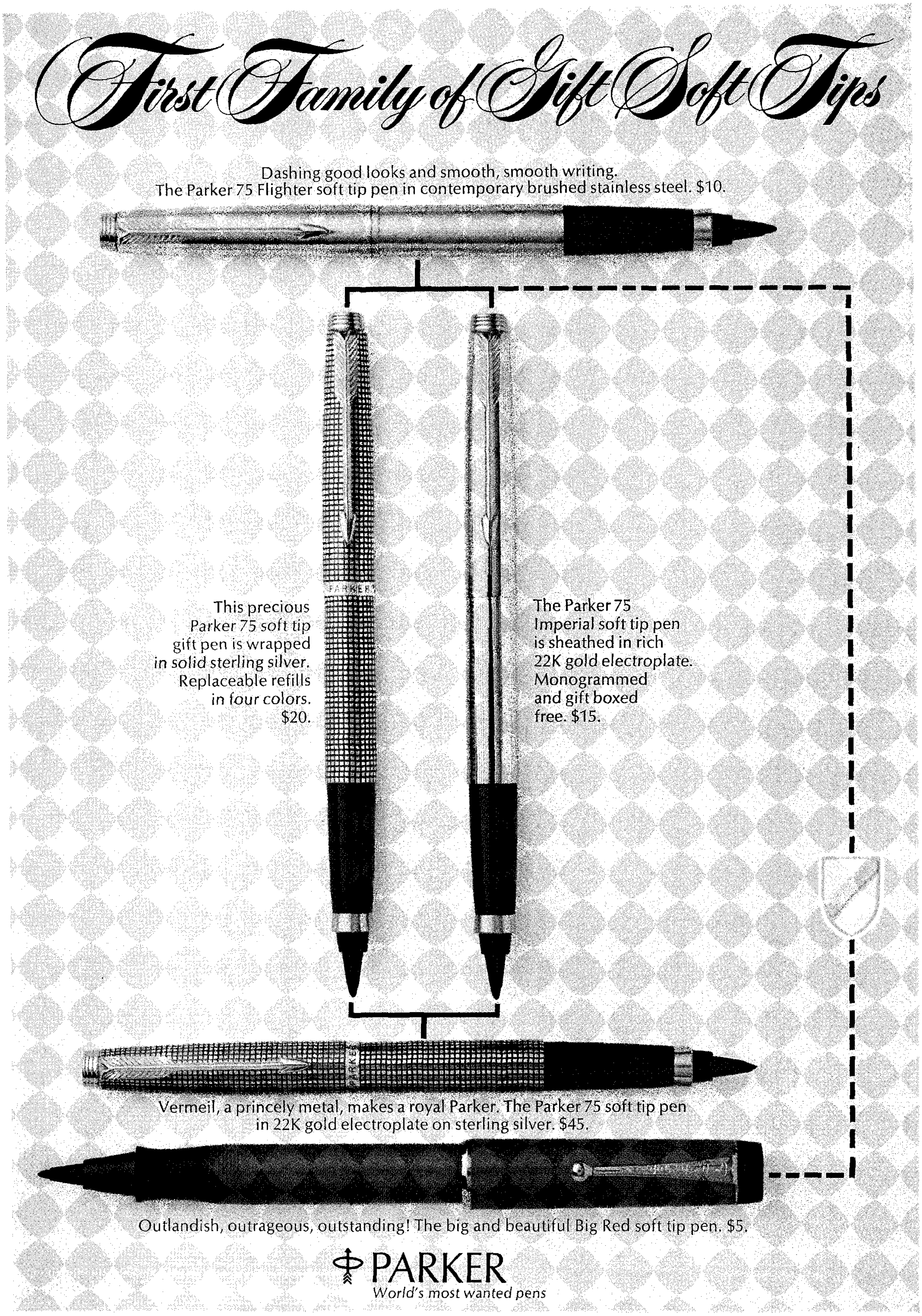

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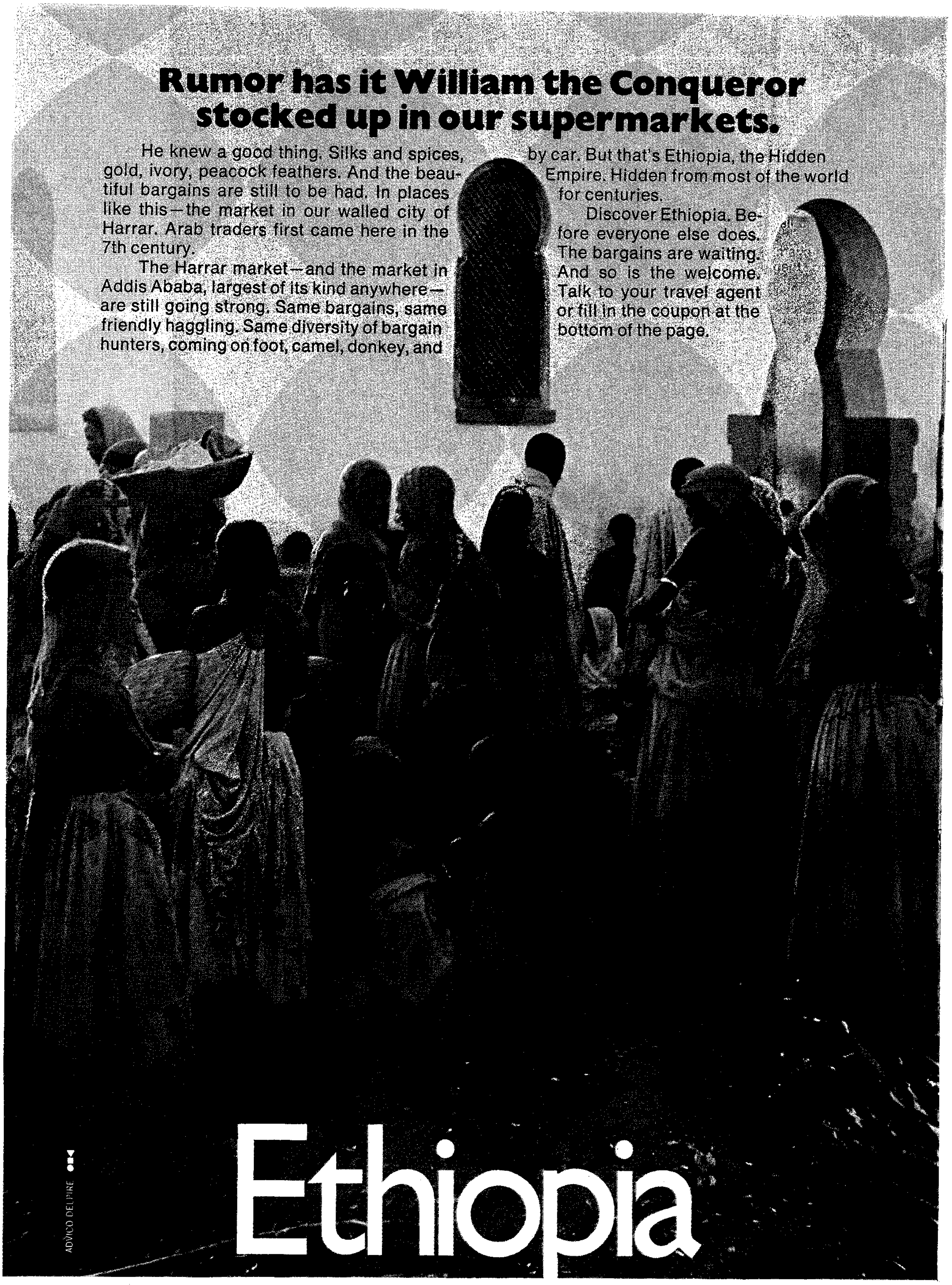

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U.S. JOURNAL: ST. CROIX, AMERICAN VIRGIN ISLANDS

INDIGENOUS POPULATION

THE few tourists in St. Croix this winter tend to stroll around deserted hotel lobbies and silent harbors with the kind of detached historical interest usually associated with tourists at the ruins of Pompeii or the excavated city of Chichén Itzá. "This must have been where they served lunch by the pool," a tourist may say as he picks his way through a garden of tables without chairs. The swimming pool is empty. The shops selling liquor and perfume and watches are empty. Tourism is, of course, the most fragile of industries—an economic *deus ex machina* that a lot of small, warm countries have counted on to perform miraculous transformations, only to find that it can come and go according to elements as uncontrollable as the stock-market averages in a city thousands of miles away. Tourists have been frightened away from St. Croix by murder. "I believe that the alert and straightforward observer would say that the prospective vacationer is genuinely scared to visit the Virgin Islands," Alexander Moorhead, Jr., a young Virgin Island senator from St. Croix, said at a press conference recently. Whether the tourist's concerns are well founded or not, Moorhead said, "he fears for his life." The tourist industry and the Virgin Islands government—which, it has been said, are sometimes difficult to tell apart—prefer to consider the twenty or so murders in question an example of the kind of unpredictable and undeserved stroke of misfortune that could cripple any economy dependent on tourism, like the odd clam that happens to start a hepatitis scare. If a pattern to the incidents is acknowledged, it is often a pattern that points to an outside conspiracy. "Some of the news media in Florida, California, and other resort areas keep picturing us as a hotbed of violent crime—perhaps as a means to compete with us for tourists," Melvin Evans, the Governor of the Virgin Islands, was quoted as saying by the St. Croix *Avis*, in an issue that also happened to carry an item about a local accountant who had been robbed, critically beaten, and jammed into the trunk of his car. "And there is another group which hopes that by wrecking our tourism industry they will be able to restore it for their own ends with gambling casinos." If there is a plot by the Mob to destroy Virgin Island tourism, the mobster assigned to incite Crucians to commit crimes against white people has been given the softest job of his underworld career.

When a Forum for Community Dialogue was held in St. Croix this fall to discuss what could be done about the crisis—a forum featuring a panel that ranged from a Chamber of Commerce representative to Mario Moorhead, Alexander Moorhead's older brother, who is the founder of a small independence movement—the discussion did not dwell on the possibility of outside conspiracy or on the government's progress in improving the police department. Most of the discussion concerned what could be done about the sort of aimless, hostile unemployed young men who can be seen hanging around near the bus station in Christiansted or near the post office in Frederiksted. If a tourist from an all-white suburb saw four or five such men approaching, he would not have to be familiar with the latest murder statistics to feel menaced. He might interpret even their hairstyles as threatening. One of them, perhaps, would be wearing a towering Afro with a huge comb planted in it; another might have corn rows or a series of small pigtails; and two or three more would have their hair covered with "herb hats"—knitted caps of the kind associated with merchant seamen, except that the ones in St. Croix tend to be not dark blue but the red, green, and black "freedom colors."

Young men with the same background and the same style of dress and the same readiness to shout "White pig!" when the occasion seems to demand it were tried and convicted of the most horrifying of the recent St. Croix murders—the machine-gunning of eight people on the terrace of the Fountain Valley Golf Course in the fall of 1972. Nobody in St. Croix believes that many of the menacing-looking young men on the street corners would demonstrate their hostility with machine guns. But for the past few years they have been blamed for a lot of other crime—for the robberies of the houses whites have built in the St. Croix hills, for fights at bars, for harassing tour-boat crews in Frederiksted. One Saturday afternoon last month at the Sunny Isle Shopping Center, a place that looks as if it had somehow been transported intact from Long Island, a group of them roughed up a federal district judge—an incident that was unusual only in the prominence of the vic-

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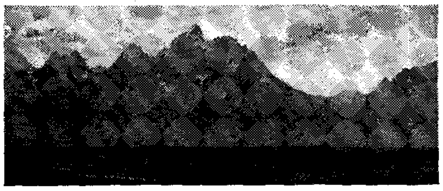

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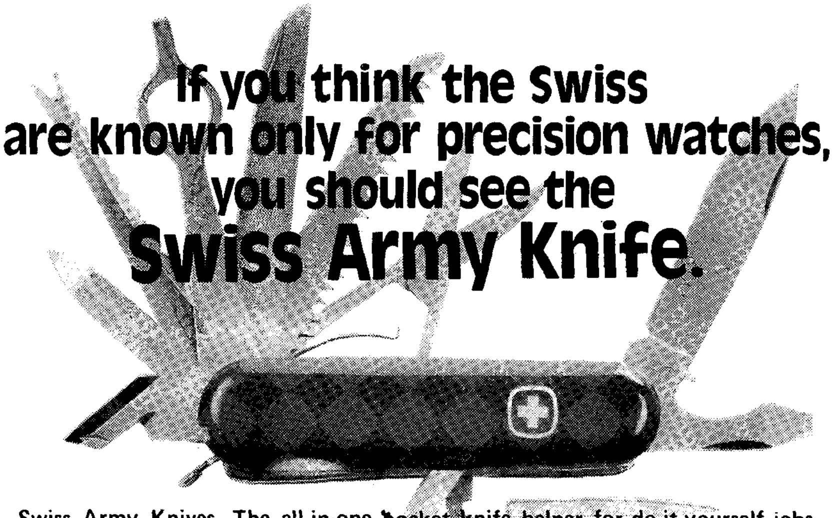
tim. "Sunny Isle Shopping Center," the *Avis* account of the incident said, "has long been the locale for their drinking bouts, their verbal assaults on passersby, demands for money, and assault and battery upon men, women, and even children."

Full-time residents are more likely to encounter a pack of menacing-looking teen-agers than are tourists, who, not having any cause to take a bus or shop at a supermarket or teach a class of tenth graders, may easily spend a week lying on the beach of an expensive hotel (one of which is now protected by a gate and a security guard) or shopping along the pleasant streets of Christiansted without encountering so much as a hostile glance. On St. Thomas, which has always been the commercial center of the U.S. Virgin Islands and has a tourist industry dominated by shopping trips rather than leisurely vacations, Americans from cruise ships still scurry up and down the Main Street of Charlotte Amalie in an effort to fill their souvenir shopping bags before the boat whistle blows—like a horde of trick-or-treating children who have suddenly been turned middle-aged and paunchy by a wicked witch. There are fewer cruise ships stopping at St. Thomas than there once were, but it has always been the feeling in St. Croix that St. Thomas had more than its share to begin with. (St. John, the third island in the American Virgins, has never had enough population to qualify as a full-fledged object of suspicion by the other two.) The continued presence of any cruise ships may be a result of St. Thomas's having had fewer and less dramatic murders, or it may be an indication that there is a limit to how drastically crime can affect the kind of tourist business St. Thomas has, since there may be a certain number of Americans who would risk their lives for a full gallon of tax-free liquor. But the *Avis* sees St. Thomas's monopoly on cruise ships as the result of a conspiracy that happens to come from Charlotte Amalie rather than from Miami or Las Vegas. "Not a single cruise-ship passenger has been killed or even seriously assaulted in St. Croix," the *Avis* said in a November editorial that again made the point that only four of the St. Croix murder victims were tourists—a statistic a visiting reporter is always cautioned not to overlook in his haste to recount how many of them were white. "There have been numerous incidents reported of serious assaults on St. Thomas, however, including the shooting that turned a crew member of a cruise ship into a life-long cripple. . . . One queries who 'steers' most of the cruise ships to St. Thomas." In the past year or so, of course, St. Croix criminals who wanted to seriously assault cruise-ship passengers would have had to start out by organizing a navy.

Four or five years ago, the crime that took place in the Virgin Islands was usually blamed on "aliens." The need for construction workers and hotel waiters and domestics during the hotel-and-condominium boom of the sixties brought thousands of immigrants from other Caribbean islands—many of whom lived in dismal conditions at high rents, some of whom had entered illegally, and a number of whom, according to local thinking, supplemented their income with robberies and entertained themselves with assaults and rapes. As late as 1969, the accepted way to deal with crime—the crime causing most concern at that time being a series of rapes of white women—was to stage a roundup of illegals. (After the 1969 roundup, the Governor was quoted as saying that a "high percentage of the rapists and murderers" had been caught in the immigration officials' net.) Even before people streamed into St. Croix from Tortola and Nevis and St. Kitts, it was routine to blame crime on outsiders—Puerto Ricans, who began immigrating in the twenties to work the sugarcane fields that are now nonexistent but once constituted virtually the entire economy of the island. There are Puerto Ricans in jail in St. Croix, and there are young men with Spanish names hanging around the street corners. But the five men convicted of the Fountain Valley murders were all native Crucians. The response of law-enforcement officials to the other murder that everyone, even the Governor, agrees was at least partially racial in motivation—the killing of two patrons after a robbery at the Brauhaus restaurant, across from the St. Croix Central High School—was not to round up aliens but to arrest seven more young Crucians, all of whom were eventually acquitted. It is agreed by all shades of opinion that virtually all of the young men feared as troublemakers and harassers of whites and maybe worse are not aliens but native Crucians. And it is also agreed by just about everyone that being native Crucians is part of their problem.

THERE is in St. Croix a sort of capsule history commonly offered to explain how the delights of tourism made Crucians miserable. The tourist boom started with the sixties. By then, a few black Crucians had made it into the St. Thomas-based business oligarchy that dominated the Virgin Islands—one of them being the father of the Moorhead brothers, a wholesale liquor distributor named Alexander Moorhead, Sr. But, for the most part, just about the only Crucians who had benefitted much from the various forms taken by American rule—from the general neglect during fifteen years after the islands were purchased from Denmark for military reasons, in 1917, or from the attempts at sugarcane homestead programs and native-craft projects during the New Deal, or from the earlier attempts at using the islands for a tourist haven or a divorce mill—were those who had gone to the mainland for an opportunity to study or work and had never come back. The tourist hotels and condominiums and duty-free shops were built with white capital and alien labor—often on land that had seemed worthless in Crucian hands and was suddenly, in the hands of white "continentals," being turned over for thousands an acre. A lot of Crucians, shunning the menial labor they associated with oppressed field slaves in the past and desperate aliens in the present, were absorbed into an increasingly patronage-ridden and flabby government. As managers and entrepreneurs came in from the States, the difference between boss and worker increasingly became the difference between white and black. The two major non-tourist industries brought into St. Croix with a tax-incentive program—an oil refinery and an aluminum plant—employed mainly aliens in the laboring jobs and imported as technicians a crowd of whites that took for granted the kind of racial separation normal to, say, the oil towns of Louisiana. The government continued to announce figures of phenomenal economic growth, but the Crucian in a dead-end government job could see little growing for him except the cost of living.

The atmosphere of the island was changing. There were traffic jams and lines. The beaches that had once been considered the property of everyone acquired "No Trespassing" signs. There were white-only clubs. Particularly after a federal-court decision that an alien bonded worker had the right to send his children to public school, the schools expanded at a rate that would have been crippling even if they had been good schools to begin with. With the aliens and the continentals added to the Puerto Ricans, the Crucians found



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themselves in a numerical minority. "The native Virgin Islander—the indigenous population, as some people like to say—feels a stranger in his own land," Alexander Moorhead, Jr., said at the Forum for Community Dialogue. "It is the Virgin Islander who has deep historical roots in the Virgin Islands, whose predecessors struggled through the hard years in the Virgin Islands. Yet every time something good happens to somebody, it happens to somebody who just got here."

The belated discovery of what the boom has cost native Virgin Islanders—a subject that does not seem to have been a matter of discussion when mainland capital and alien labor were in great demand and all progress was measured in gross retail sales—has caused some people to question the policy of all-out encouragement of the tourist industry. It is, of course, a question that has occurred to other Caribbean islanders as they find their traditional societies disintegrating and their teen-agers writing anti-white slogans on the walls. "They had built up another single-crop economy in which the privileged (and, to a limited extent, the house slaves) were reaping the rewards; the field slaves were doing the work," Norwell Harrigan, the director of the Caribbean Research Institute, said a couple of years ago in a speech on the place of tourism in Caribbean history. "They saw the juxtaposition of vacationing whites and laboring blacks as a manifestation of a built-in prejudice-confirming factor and a perpetuation of the old-style subservience and the traditions of slavery, in which the role of the black man was to serve the white. And this fact was trumpeted to the whole world through brochures, advertisements, and television commercials in which they were identified in their own lands as waiters, cleaning maids, bartenders, and cabdrivers." Those who assume that tourism will have to be the predominant industry of the Virgin Islands—a group that includes just about anybody with any influence—also now tend to assume that the crime undercutting the industry is connected to the plight of native Virgin Islanders. "The root causes of this crime wave could be found in the fundamental economic and social structure of the islands, resulting *inter alia* in unemployment and the exclusion of most indigenous Blacks from participation in determining the islands' future, because of their lack in ownership, executive positions, and financial power in the Tourism Industry," the Governor's Development Conference, held in De-

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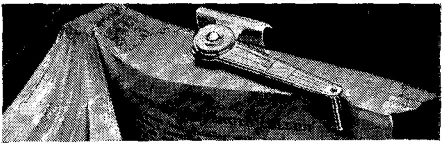

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cember, reported. "Such a background naturally results also in a virtual complete lack of understanding of the preeminent importance of tourism to the islands' development."

HOW closely this Crucian malaise is connected with the young men who harass white people at a shopping center—not to speak of young men who machine-gun white people at a golf course—is a matter of some disagreement. There are those who see a direct connection—they see the young men as "acting out the rage their parents suppress"—and those who see the "strangers in their own land" feeling as only one element (or perhaps even an artificially adopted excuse) in a juvenile-delinquency problem that has more or less the same causes as a juvenile-delinquency problem anywhere. Even before crime had become a well-publicized problem, the sixties' tourist boom had levelled off, and both government and private-business jobs had become increasingly hard to come by. The oldest Moorhead brother—Raymond Moorhead, a high-school teacher who, as head of the teachers' union, has complained publicly about conditions in the schools for several years—believes that most of the young men in question come from homes lacking a father, and he knows that all of them are products of a school system that suffers from overcrowding and constant turnover of teachers and a curriculum more appropriate for Pennsylvania than St. Croix and a dropout rate so high that St. Croix this school term has eleven hundred first graders and two hundred and fifty high-school seniors. Raymond Moorhead does not dismiss the element of Crucian resentment. But there are those who see the street-corner crowd as simply a limited number of young thugs who imported some race jargon from the mainland or Viet-nam in the same way their elders imported McDonald's and Kentucky Fried Chicken stands. No one really knows, of course; the only research that has attracted much time and money in the Virgin Islands has been economic rather than social.

The talk about increasing Crucian participation in the business operations of the island—giving them what is always called "a piece of the action," whether by a Crucian stating that he deserves a piece of the action or by an alien or white saying the Crucian expects a piece of the action without dirtying his hands—does not include any solutions for the problem of the young men on the street. There is talk

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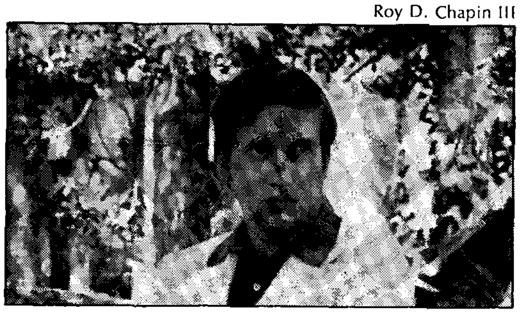

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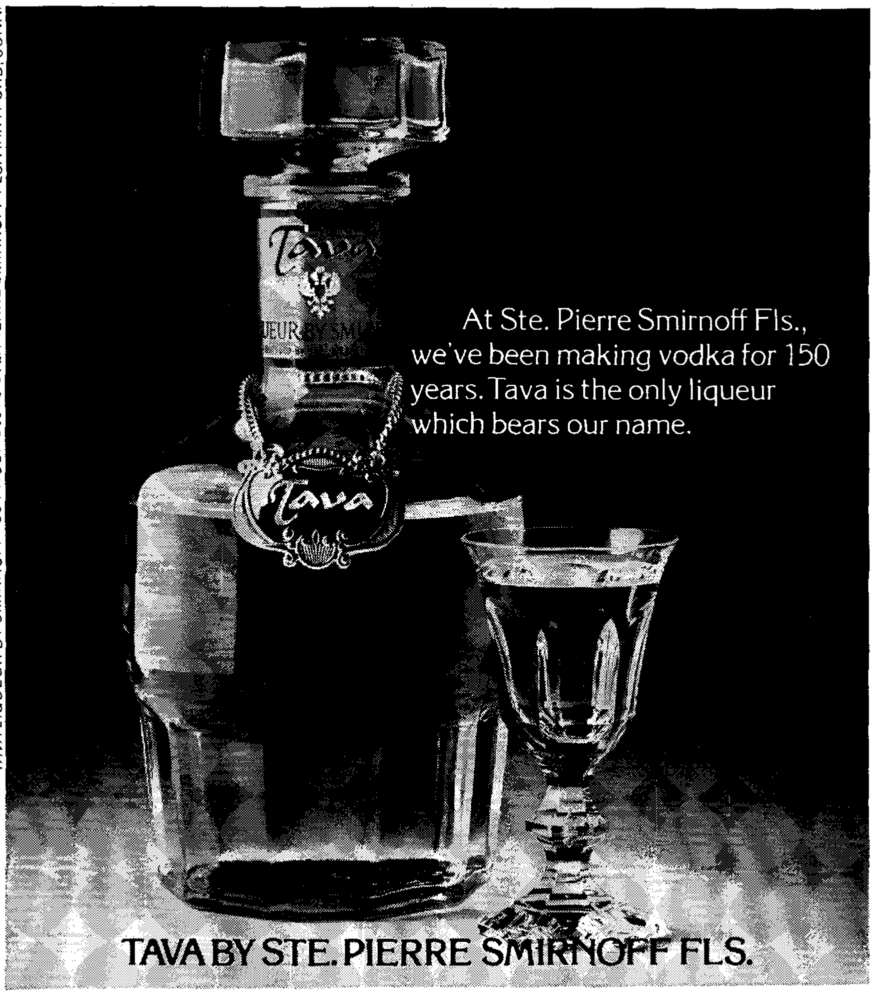
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about vocational programs, but a recent report to the Governor by a management-consultant firm indicated that three-quarters of the vocational programs now available are substantially undersubscribed. The report of the Governor's Development Conference suggested that "undirected youth" be used constructively in a Tourist Information Corps—a suggestion indicating that the report's author had either little contact with the "undirected youth" or little sympathy for the first tourist who asked them for some information.

Mario Moorhead, who has done a sort of Third World Marxist critique of the Virgin Islands in a book called "Mammon vs. History," believes that the young men in question are simply a classic *Lumpenproletariat* that will never disappear as long as outside capitalists rather than the people own the means of production. Alexander Moorhead, Jr., still believes something can be worked out within the present system, but he thinks the young men on the street corners are impossible to reach, and he finds an act like the Fountain Valley murders almost beyond comprehension as a way of expressing resentment or anger. "So we convicted five people," he said of the Fountain Valley trial at last fall's forum. "I do not know if it is the right five or not. I have to give my trust to the judicial system. It seems to me we could have spent the two million dollars much better—for it cost over two million dollars for the Fountain Valley trial—in finding out what caused the Fountain Valley crime instead of who caused it. The fact is, you may have found who perpetrated the Fountain Valley massacre, my friends, but the roots, the cause, is still out there."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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WASHINGTON—Key Republican members of the House Judiciary Committee have sent this secret message to President Nixon: they will have no contact with him until impeachment proceedings are completed.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Mahler and the Finale

THIS has been a great Mahler period, a great Mahler season, even a great Mahler *week.* Already, Solti and the Chicago Symphony have brought to New York a memorable Sixth Symphony, and Ormandy and his Philadelphians an unusually interesting "Lied von der Erde," with Janet Baker as the mezzo-soprano soloist; while Doubleday has published the first volume of Henry-Louis de La Grange's monumental, meticulously researched, and absorbing biography of the composer. And now, within the space of nine days, we shall have had Lorin Maazel and the Cleveland Orchestra in the once neglected Seventh Symphony, and Pierre Boulez with the Philharmonic, seven soloists, and numerous choirs in a series of four performances of the massive No. 8.

These Eighth Symphony performances lie just around the corner as I write, but the Clevelanders' account of No. 7 has provided ample food for thought. It was fervently applauded, but did not please everyone. I sat next to a Mahler specialist—a man who knows more about the subject than I shall ever know—and he made no secret of his disappointment. On two important points we were agreed. The first was the splendid sound-quality of the orchestra in every department, and its superb display of discipline and ensemble; the second the scrupulous observance of all those dynamic and other markings that Mahler sprinkled obsessively over his scores. He was fond, for instance, of the use of the comma—as symbol for a break in phrasing without a break in rhythm—and his commas were always carefully observed, though never exaggerated, by Maazel at Carnegie Hall. It is rare to hear Mahler's luxuriant detail so precisely articulated; and this lucidity, coupled with unfailing beauty of tone, was in itself a source of profound pleasure. Nobody would claim, of course, that even the closest attention to the composer's printed demands is enough to secure a reading that is faithful to the spirit, and it was here that I found myself at variance with my companion. In the slow parts of the long first movement, for example, Maazel's tempi were undeniably *very* slow—surprisingly, the pernickety composer does not give metronome markings in his scores, contenting himself with simple speed indications, such as "*Langsam* (*adagio*)" and the like; but the conductor's re-creation of the mood of oppressive gloom, and of the muffled, distant march-rhythms, varied by luminous breaks in the dense clouds, sounded wholly convincing to me. I have heard more fanciful treatments than his of the two *Nachtmusik* movements and of the ghostly central Scherzo that they flank; yet of these nocturnal visions, too, Maazel offered a highly persuasive account. Only in the Rondo-Finale was he unable to bring off what (as I see it) the composer himself had failed to achieve in his attempt to follow the obscure terrors of Night with the "Meistersinger"-like rejoicings of Day.

Finales were an old problem for Mahler, as they were for most of the post-Beethoven symphonists. Although these composers felt an inherited obligation to follow the emotional pattern established by Beethoven in his Third, Fifth, and Ninth Symphonies, they could not bend the bow of Odysseus. To vary the metaphor, they hadn't enough steam in the boilers—nothing, that is, to take the place of Beethoven's exultant assertions of heroism and will power and revolutionary optimism. Just as the finest of Tchaikovsky's finales, that of his "Pathétique" Symphony, exudes an atmosphere of unrelieved despair, so the most successful of Mahler's efforts in this field involve not the forced heroics or religiosity or exuberance of his First, Second, Fifth, and Seventh Symphonies but the noble acceptance of defeat or death in the Sixth and the Ninth; perhaps the greatest of all, had he lived to complete it, would have been the last movement of the Tenth Symphony, with the serene resignation of that wonderful, Gluck-like G-major flute melody—as we have come to know it in Deryck Cooke's reconstruction of the score from the surviving sketches. Jack Diether's program note on the Seventh Symphony tried to make out a case for its Finale as being akin to "a concluding romp by Haydn;" but the music strikes me as far removed in spirit from the unpretentious and joyous tone of a typical Haydn finale.

Before the intermission, a performance of Mozart's A-Major Violin Concerto, K. 219, with Pinchas Zukerman as soloist, offered less scope for disagreement. The playing, both by the orchestra and by the violinist, had a high sheen of tonal beauty and continued awareness of the character of the music. Most striking, at the outset, was the soloist's absorbed and dreamy reply to the opening orchestral tutti; and his later entries showed a similar immediacy of response and a similar freedom from anything at all perfunctory. He used unfamiliar cadenzas provided by his frequent associate in music-making, Daniel Barenboim. Though not so anachronistic as those by Brahms to Mozart's C-Minor Piano Concerto, with which Christoph Eschenbach lately surprised Philharmonic audiences, they were not exactly Mozartean, either; they were, rather, thoughtful ruminations by a fine musician who cannot quite hit on the natural tone of his model. The cadenza to the slow movement (which is in F-major) came to rest in A-minor—followed by a pause, and the resumption of the first subject in its remote key: an unconventional procedure, which made quite a poetic effect.

ANOTHER very musical violinist was heard at a recent concert of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center at Alice Tully Hall. She is Miss Kyung-Wha Chung; and she took part in a program with the cellist Leslie Parnas and the pianist Richard Goode. Nothing that I have lately heard has been more instantly captivating than the account of Mozart's F-Major Violin Sonata, K. 377, which began this concert. Miss Chung, though a considerable virtuoso, is a born chamber-music player (as she was later to demonstrate in her partnership with Mr. Parnas in the impassioned dialogue of Kodály's early Violin and Cello Duo); and Mr. Goode, a mainstay of these excellent concerts, is also a musician of exceptional gifts. When they began K. 377, they took its opening Allegro at a smart lick such as can easily prove fatal to Mozart, but their playing was so shapely, so vigorous, and so continuously clear that the usual objections to speed in this composer faded away: we heard everything, and relished everything. The concert, which ended with Mendelssohn's D-Minor Trio, was in the happiest vein of New York's chamber music.

—DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

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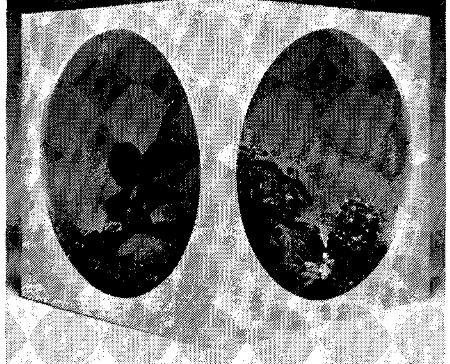

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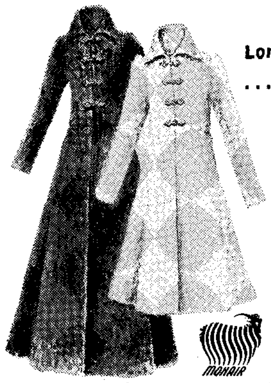

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All this is natural subject matter for pop music. Much of the power of sixties rock lay in its ability to mediate between white middle-class bohemians and their urban and suburban past. Bob Dylan, the archetypal cultural revolutionary figure—fleeing his home, changing his name, re-creating himself again and again—called his first rock album "Bringing It All Back Home." Now a kid named Elliott Murphy, an F. Scott Fitzgerald freak who plays a familiar-sounding harmonica; writes lyrics that make "Blonde on Blonde" fans shiver under their leopard-skin pillbox hats; looks—with his long, lank platinum hair, his white Gatsby suits, and his inward stare—as if he just stepped off the "Bringing It All Back Home" album jacket; and has gone the route from Garden City to Max's Kansas City (with a European detour), offers us a contemporary report on the trip.

Murphy's first album, "Aquashow" (Polydor PD-5061)—consumers of such arcana may recall that his late father ran the Aqua Show in Flushing Meadow—is on one level another end-of-the-dream lament, but his stance is more complicated than that. It is clear to him that we can't really go home again, even though we never really left, because home itself has changed irrevocably: the sixties fantasy and its failures have become part of everyone's everyday reality. In "Hometown," Murphy insists, "Don't tell me you don't hear that small town callin' you, 'Cause y'know what, baby, you're still doin' all the same things you used to do." But this hometown is a place where "even churchmen are wearin' stripes, And all the hometown girls are gettin' in much too late tonight;" where "you know they used to say that kid was born with a silver spoon. He told me that he left his home way too soon, 'Cause no one ever told him about the power of a real full moon." "How's the Family?" is a dirgelike catalogue of sixties casualties: the wife who realizes her self has been denied, the fifteen-year-old junkie, the estranged old people, the men who "know who they're working for and what's more they know why." "Aquashow" is not kind to the suburbs, but neither is it the usual hip whine. Murphy obviously identifies with the milieu he is describing; instead of the air of moral superiority that was the counterculture's most irritating trait, his suburban songs reveal an edge of self-doubt, even of guilt ("I saw your mother downtown yesterday. . . . She told me all her kids had run away. They call at Christmastime"), as well as a healthy, sardonic

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awareness of privilege. His tone is less that of the cultural pundit deploring alienation than of the teen-ager griping about his high school; as he puts it in "White Middle Class Blues," "I'm in the middle of Brooklyn, can't see no escape. They say the South is a bummer, but this ain't that great."

Murphy also avoids the overreaction of some of his contemporaries, who would like to pretend that the sixties were simply a hallucination. He is still obsessed with pop myths, as any aspiring rock star has to be. "Last of the Rock Stars"—his theme, and the best where-are-we-now anthem since "All the Young Dudes"—is about the power of that obsession. Invoking the death of Jimi Hendrix and (implicitly) his own ambition, he cries out, in an agony of faith and cynicism, that rock is still the best we have, yet isn't enough: "Rock and roll is here to stay, but who will be left to play?" Which is exactly the way many of us feel about the state of our music, not to mention the state of our souls. Murphy is less successful with songs like "Hangin' Out" and "Poise 'n' Pen," whose evocations of hip low life can't compete with Lou Reed's or, for that matter, David Johansen's. Somewhere in between is "Marilyn," an interesting try that misses. In it, an ingenuous adolescent persona informs us that "Marilyn Monroe died for our sins," and in the process re-creates the sin that killed her, making her into a symbol instead of a person. I like the idea, and some of the words are great—my favorite line is "Our thoughts were dirty, though she was clean"—but, finally, the song doesn't come off. What's wrong, I think, is that Monroe really did die for male sins, and so Murphy as well as his narrator ends up sounding innocently exploitative.

So far, I'm more impressed with Murphy's album than with his live performance. In spite of his considerable talent, his striking looks, and an excellent backup band, his onstage presence is not as electric as it should be. Though he is cocky enough, I sense a certain lack of divine confidence, which may come of being too cerebral. But whether or not Elliott Murphy makes it as the last, or the next, of the rock stars, he is certainly the best thing to happen to the New York scene since the Dolls. And that, for me, is saying a lot.

—Ellen Willis

•

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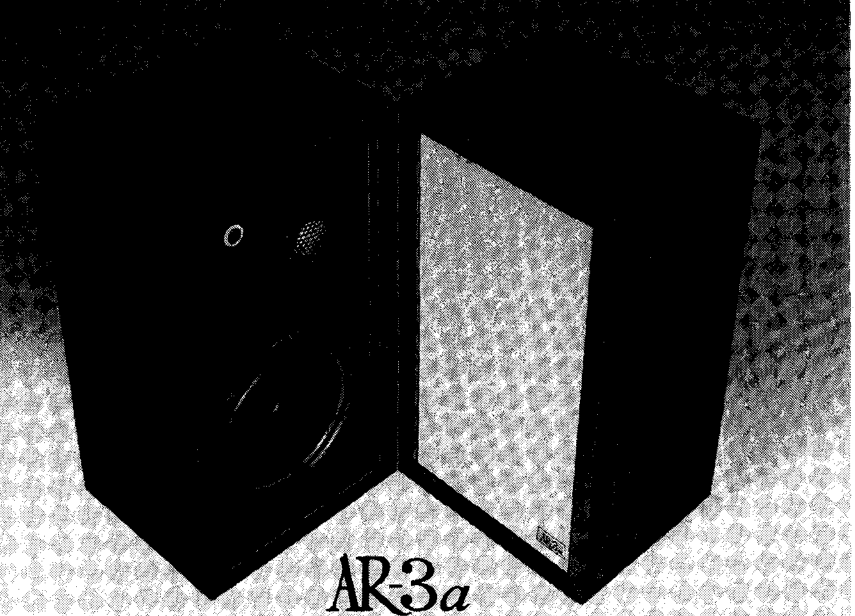

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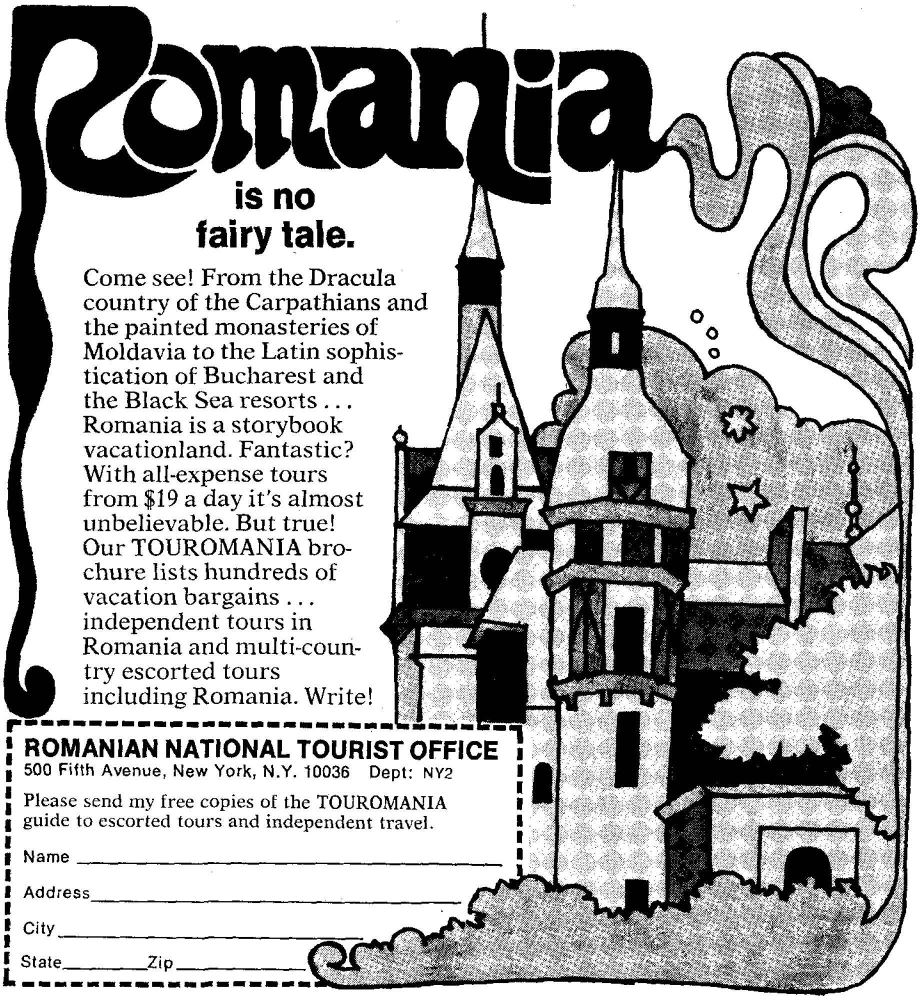

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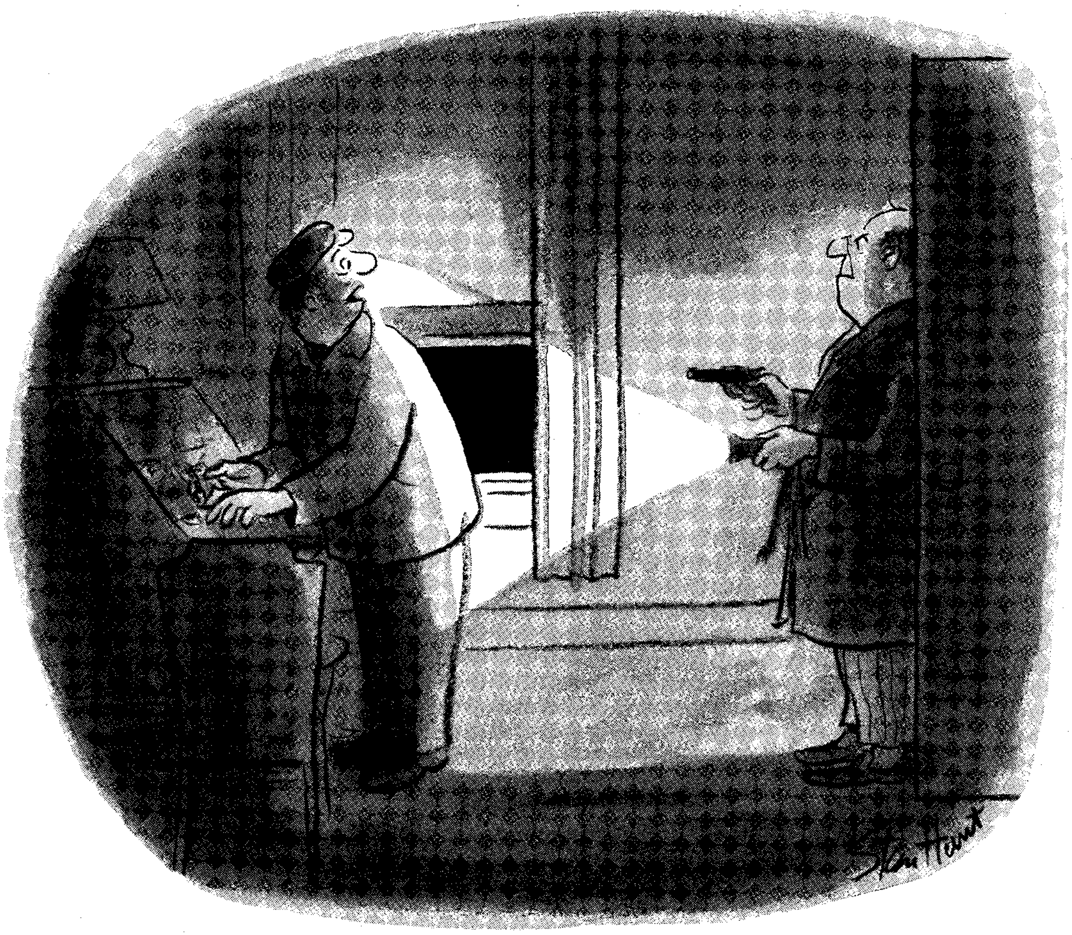
BOOKS

Mortal Games

MODERNISM, we are told, is passé; the Harvard English Department lists a course, "American Modernism," that treats of "American writing from 1900 to 1930," and another, "The Modern Period," that is "an introduction to the poetry, fiction, intellectual prose, and criticism of the period from 1899 to 1939." But what has come after? What now? In the uncertain twilight, where the avant-garde has become the rear guard, strange loomings and mistaken perspectives bemuse us. Surely, we suppose, Raymond Queneau, a modern of the post-Joyce generation, whose masterpiece "The Bark Tree" appeared in 1933, is dead and silent. Not so, for here is a lively new novel, "The Flight of Icarus" (New Directions; translated, from the French, by Barbara Wright). And surely Julio Cortázar, the Brussels-born, Paris-dwelling Argentine expatriate who contrived such frolicsome experiments as "Hopscotch" and "62: A Model Kit," is, as his handsome jacket photographs attest, a young man. Not so, for from the back flap of his latest book to appear in the United States, "All Fires the Fire and Other Stories" (Pantheon; translated, from the Spanish, by Suzanne Jill Levine), we learn that Sr. Cortázar, with his turned-up raincoat collar and his downy cheeks, was born in 1914. So he, scarcely less than Queneau, harks back to the brave first third of this century, when Literature hobnobbed with Life as an equal, when young Dedaluses set forth to forge in their souls' smithies the uncreated consciences of their respective races, when innovations in fictional technique could be dubbed "revolutionary," and when artistic, cerebral excitement carbonated a page of prose so that it tingled in the reader like champagne. The late Pablo Neruda, puffing Cortázar's stories, describes them as "fabrications, myths, contradictions, and mortal games." The last phrase puts well the tension between an earnest sense of reality and a playful sense of active mind that modernism brought to such a fine and precarious pitch—especially precarious in this country, where naturalism tends to breed sprawling verbal slums and, in reaction, anti-naturalists of the most antic, heedless, and dandyish sort.

Queneau, in "The Flight of Icarus," is something of a dandy himself. The novel, written in the attenuated form of a play containing no fewer than seventy-four short scenes, takes place in Paris in 1895, when absinthe is still drunk, the bicycle and the "automobile carriage" are freshly emergent, Reason rules a feast of gourmet dining, and authors busily function as a superior type of tradesman. Icarus, our hero, escapes from a novel being written by Hubert Lubert, "a novelist by profession, by vocation, even, and . . . of some renown." Lubert, suspecting a character-napping by his rival Surget, hires the farcically inept detective Morcol ("The man who follows adulterous women and finds lost sheep. He has appeared in many novels under different names. A second Vidocq. A second Lecoq"). Morcol makes a number of brilliant deductions but nevertheless lets the escapee remain undetected under his very nose. Icarus has drifted into a low-life café and, having taken his first "flight" on absinthe, is—so appealingly has Lubert designed him—taken in and supported by a prostitute identified as LN. The plot spins faster: other characters escape from other works in progress; their frantic creators fight duels amongst themselves; Icarus buys from a bookstall by the Seine "The Principles of Mechanics" ("the less he understood it the more he enjoyed it") and goes to work for the mechanic M. Berrrier (sic), while LN turns from prostitution to the production of bicycle bloomers; Morcol retires, though the lost-character business is booming; most of the fictional escapees creep back into their books, or somebody else's; Icarus and LN attempt flight in a giant kite, and fall. "Everything happened as was anticipated," Lubert assures us at the end, shutting his manuscript complacently.

It is hard to imagine a novel lighter than this that would seriously engage the mind. Yet "The Flight of Icarus," though it is continuously absurd, never strikes us as silly. The style is chaste and swift, ornamented with inventions translated as "obnubilating,"

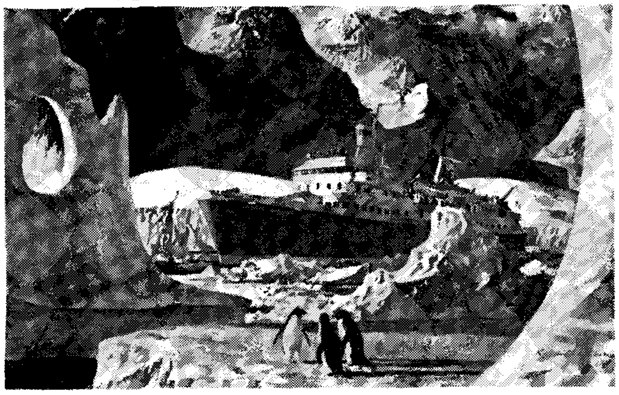


"But this is my livelihood!"

"spondulics," "ostreophagists," "petroliphagious," "cantharodrome." The many threads of the cat's-cradle plot are complicated and regathered with an impressive efficiency. The literary satire is sharp though good-humored; Robbe-Grillet especially seems the butt of such speculations as

> Perhaps that is how it will be for all of us, one day. We won't have any more characters.... The novel will perhaps not be dead, but it won't have characters in it anymore. Difficult to imagine, a novel without characters. But isn't all progress, if progress exists, difficult to imagine?

Queneau's own characters are more or less aware that they are caught in a novel. Lubert is preparing for Icarus a "melancholy existence": "I want him to like moonlight, fairy roses, the exotic types of nostalgia, the languors of Spring, fin-de-siècle neuroses—all things that I personally abhor, but which go down well in the present-day novel." Icarus, however, cries, "A fig for the neurasthenias, the neuroses, and the nostalgias of our contemporary writers!" And, escaping the "dismal or disappointing love affairs, with sessions in cosy, dusty apartments" that his author would have arranged for him, he opts for technology: "personally, I'm much more interested in theoretical mechanics, from the fall of heavy bodies to the mechanism of a lock." Not only Icarus acknowledges the matrix of novelistic cliché and melodrama; a waiter, observing him and LN in a café, predicts (incorrectly) their fate, assuring himself, "I've read a great many novels and I know what happens next." And while the "fictional" characters are attempting, like bumpkins in from the provinces, to make a go of it in mercantile Paris, one "real" woman volunteers to become the heroine of a romantic novel. The confusion is slight. Objecting to the plot's basic fantasy, the reader might say that one does not meet fictional characters on the street; the answer would be that one is not on the street but reading a book, where one meets fictional characters all the time. The reader's demand, that is, for reality is turned back upon itself. The characters are uniformly real, "characters" or not. And the milieu is perfectly convincing. We have been there before, in the bicycle-obsessed frenzies of Jarry, in those enchanted pages of Proust where Marcel becomes an Adam among the fresh creations of the telephone, the automobile, the camera. Something in the French spirit embraced with special innocence and energy the inventions—toylike in their first forms—that equip and distinguish



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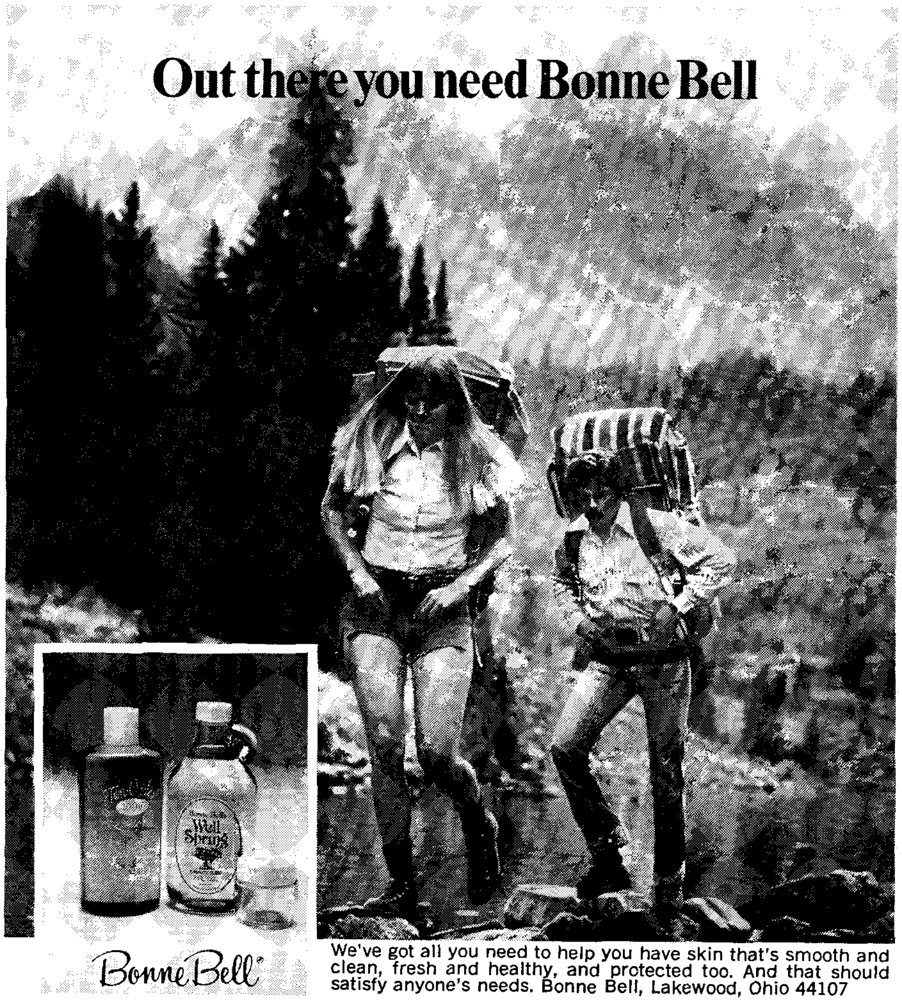
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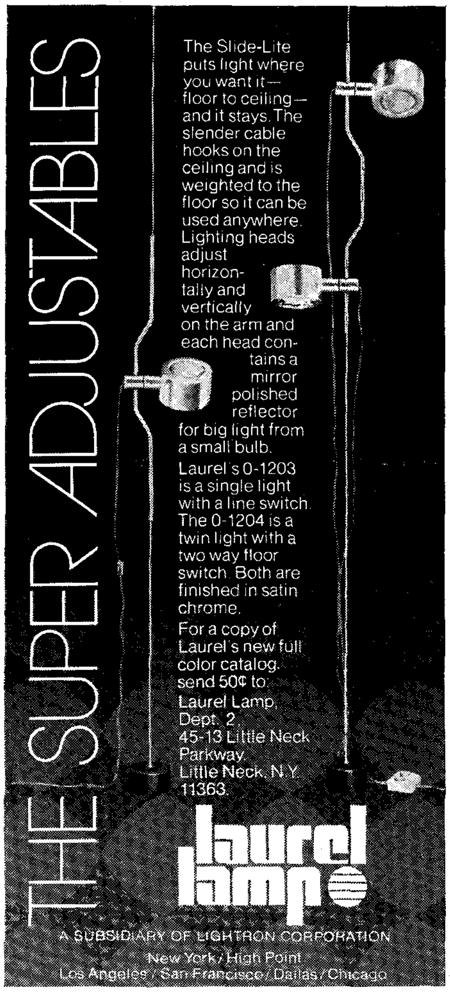
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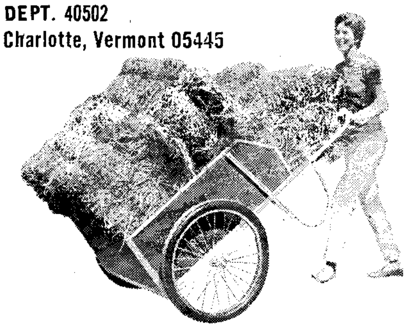

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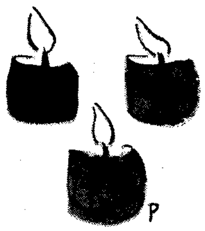
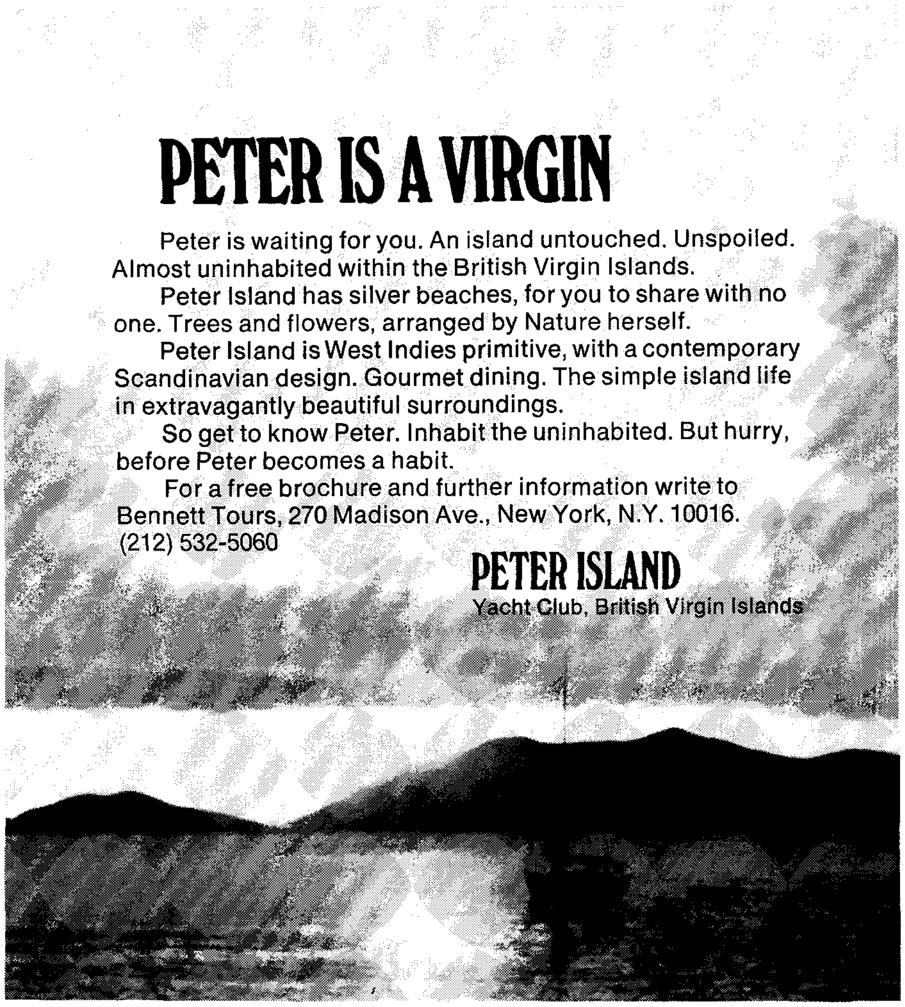
the modern age. The same spirit, perhaps traceable to a peculiar delight in Reason and its works, permits the French, uniquely, to produce works of art as intellectual, spare, and impudent as this, as spindly and nakedly theoretical as a primitive machine, yet undeniably serious, even majestic.

JULIO CORTÁZAR is not so engaging a spirit as Queneau, and the eight pieces in "All Fires the Fire" suffer, in the way of collections, from comparison with one another—the story "Meeting" is less stunning than the title piece, and "Instructions for John Howell" ends less satisfyingly than "The Island at Noon." But in sum these eight "mortal games" correct this reviewer's previous impression (gained by that most thrifty of methods, bookstore perusal) that Cortázar was a decadent avant-gardist, a rather desperate innovator snipping autobiography into eye-catching shapes. True, he cannot get started without a gimmick: there is always a fantastic premise or a startling formalistic deviation, and he does not have Borges's power of persuading us that the strangeness flows from the superior vision of a drastically refined sensibility. But, once the trick is established (and no two devices are alike in this set of eight), Cortázar pushes beyond it with surprising powers of realistic development. The first story, "The Southern Thruway," supposes that a traffic jam on the Sunday-night rush back to Paris is truly—as traffic jams often feel—of days and months in duration. The same little locality of cars inches forward together a few yards a day; a community develops. Food is shared, leaders emerge, the girl in the Dauphine sleeps with the engineer in the Peugeot and becomes pregnant by him, the man in the Caravelle behind the engineer commits suicide, a Porsche and a Mercury (the characters take on the names of their cars) peddle black-market provisions through the stalled lines, and so on. The conceit is fleshed out with so many solid details that in the end, when the jam mysteriously breaks and the cars, speeding up, separate, the reader feels as well as comprehends the allegorical meaning—the loss of community in this modern "mad race in the night among unknown cars, where no one knew anything about the others, where everyone looked straight ahead, only ahead."



The next story, "The Health of the Sick," supposes, far from incredibly, that a large family of Buenos Aires bourgeoisie, to spare Mama the news that her son Alejandro has been killed in Montevideo, fabricates letters from him, and then invents an attendant string of lies and impostures as his absence lengthens into years, Mama's expected death being slow to arrive. A situation that could be broadly comedic, or politically satirical about the self-delusions of the bourgeoisie, instead deepens in a surprising direction: Mama, dying at last, reveals, as the reader has guessed some pages before, that she knows the truth and has been herself protecting the protective perpetrators of the illusion. The survivors then, receiving the last of the forged letters from the phantom Alejandro, find themselves wondering how they can break to him the news that Mama is dead. So something rather tender as well as eerie has been said about the fond and prevalent deceits of family life. Cortázar, though his methods can be jagged, is not mordant. "Nurse Cora," with its initially exasperating device of an interior monologue that shifts from person to person without so much as a paragraph indentation to signal transitions, in the end quite movingly portrays the death, in a hospital, of an adolescent boy as refracted through the mind of his nurse, his mother, his doctor, and reflected in the boy's own subtly traced surrender of pride, desire, and vitality. Another kind of dying concerns "Meeting," wherein the interior soliloquy of Che Guevara is imagined during the rebel invasion of Cuba; all seems lost, and the hopes of the revolution, the music of Mozart's "Hunt" Quartet, and the interweave of tree branches meet in the resigned mind of the exhausted revolutionary: "But it was enough to look at the treetop to feel that the will again put its chaos to order, imposed on it the sketch of the adagio that would someday pass into the final allegro and accede to a reality worthy of that name."

Juxtaposition is Sr. Cortázar's creative habit, and perhaps he is most himself when the juxtaposition is most harsh and least explained; an abyss, narrow as a black knife, gleams in the schizoid split. In "The Other Heaven," a man evidently walks back and forth between his stockbroker's job in Buenos Aires and a sinister, raffish arcade district of Paris. In "All Fires the Fire" (and there must be a better way of translating this), without even the rationale of daydream, a Roman gladiatorial fight and the break-up of a modern affair are alternated, scrupulously described; both events involve a sexual triangle and the cool cruelty of hedonism, and both end in a conflagration, as if a spark had leaped from the striking together of these two flinty worlds. There is also a third world—a far-off voice overhead during the telephone conversation of the modern couple, a "distant, monotonous voice" dictating numbers to "someone who doesn't speak." This little cross-connection reaches our own inner ear with the penetration of a symbolic detail (numbers, minutes, time is the final consuming fire) that is first of all a recognizable, common experience. Cortázar, sparing with his imagery, can achieve masterstrokes of sensation, especially when the sensation involves a gulf. In "Instructions for John Howell," a member of a theatre audience is suddenly enlisted as an actor in the play; a moment before he is pushed onstage, he feels to his left "the great cavern, something like a gigantic contained breath, which, after all, was the real world, where white shirt fronts and perhaps hats or upsweeps were gradually taking shape." And in "The Island at Noon" an airline steward, Marini, every other day at noon on the Rome-Tehran run, looks down upon a little Greek island, Xiros, shaped like "a turtle whose paws were barely out of the water." The island becomes an obsession; "everything . . . was blurred and easy and stupid until it was time to lean toward the tail window, to feel the cold crystal like the boundary of an aquarium, where the golden turtle slowly moved in the thick blue." The sensation of looking down from a jet cannot be more beautifully described than that; the serene terror of jet travel—a tubular sample of the cheerful, plasticized mundane floats apparently motionless above an actual *mundus* reduced to the scale of a map viewed from the top of a towering transparency that is, potentially, death—finds its fable here. And at his most intense Cortázar floods the gaps and mysteries of his tricky structures with a potent negativity—death, that invisible possibility, made electric and palpable, like the atmosphere before lightning. Whereas a curious immortality, the eternal sprightliness of pure mind, fills the airy spaces of Queneau. Both men convince us that surreality has been elicited from them by the extremity of their ardor for reality—"the reality," Nathalie Sarraute has written, "to which we always return, in spite of our momentary betrayals and deviations, thus proving that, when all is said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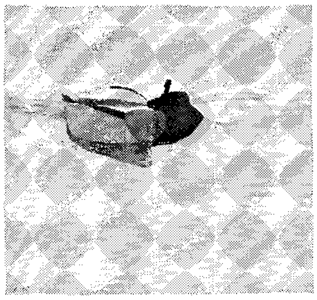

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FICTION

THE PARTNERS, by Louis Auchincloss (Houghton Mifflin). Most of the men in this slick, thin novel about a distinguished, if somewhat atrophied, New York City law firm are clever, kind, clubby, suave, and inclined to put up with impossible women in a gentlemanly manner. Most of the women are clever, bored, selfish, nagging, a bit outré, and hell on their husbands' (or lovers') careers. None of the characters, including the book's central figure, Beeky Ehninger, step out of their elegant molds long enough to do anything very interesting, however. And though one appreciates the behind-the-scenes glimpse of the complex machinery of a modern law office (Mr. Auchincloss is also a lawyer), those not eager to pass their bar examination will probably find more here than they want to know about litigation and trust-and-estate law.

GENERAL

GEORGE IV: PRINCE OF WALES, 1762-1811, by Christopher Hibbert (Harper & Row). This is the first volume of a projected two-volume study of perhaps the most interesting and mercurial of princes. It is in every respect a most impressive accomplishment. It seems to be factually solid, and it is only too conspicuously rich in entertainment and in its brilliant comprehension of personality, place, and period. Mr. Hibbert tells us that he was privileged to be the first biographer to whom pertinent materials in the royal archives in Windsor Castle have been made available, and a good third of his several hundred references are from that source. His book is enormously and intimately detailed. Of the Prince's education, we learn that in addition to the usual academic studies he was taught fencing, boxing, and to play the cello (well enough to be praised by Haydn), and that "in his own garden at Kew he was instructed in the elements of agriculture, sowed and harvested his own crops and even baked his own bread." Mr. Hibbert then persuasively shows us the emergence of the teen-age debauchee (with his lifelong characteristics of generosity,

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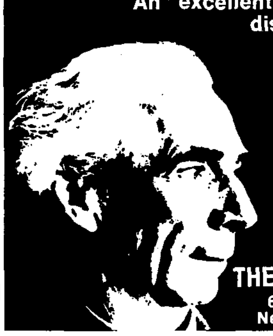

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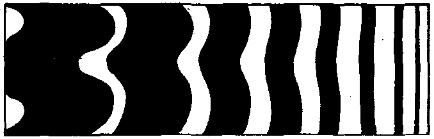

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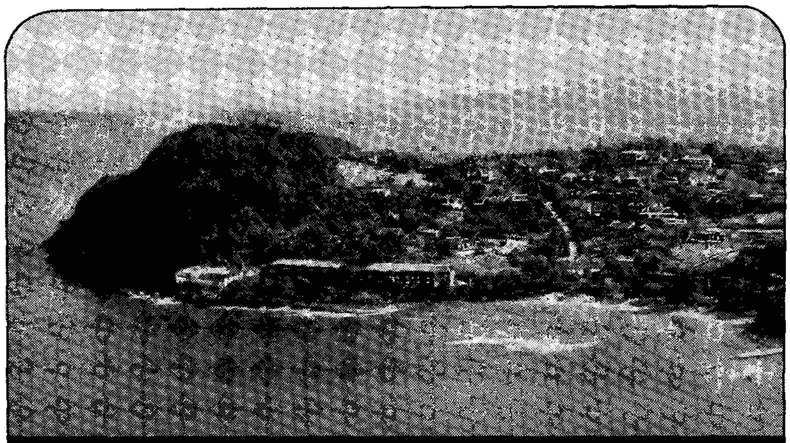
spite, charm, ambition, laziness, hypochondria, self-indulgence, hysteria, deceit, impulsiveness, total sexual promiscuity, quarrelsomeness, and alcoholism) and his rapid evolution into what Pitt conceded was "the worst anchoring ground in Europe." But Mr. Hibbert ranges farther than the Prince and his friends and women. There is a thorough examination of George III's recurring madness and the medicine of the day; of the Princess Caroline's grotesque behavior ("I have a bedfellow whenever I like") and of the commission formed to investigate it; of the curious suicide of the Duke of Cumberland's murderous valet; of the maneuverings of Lady Jersey; of the Prince's little daughter and her tragic sauciness; of the discovery and triumph of Brighton; of the Prince's pathetic and all but unmarriageable sisters. Mr. Hibbert is not a stylish writer but a writer of absolute certainty, and it is hard not to believe that he was himself on hand at every occasion he recounts. Photographs.

Drew Pearson Diaries: 1949-59, edited by Tyler Abell (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). The late Drew Pearson was a gossip, a scold, and a wily political operator, mostly for the Democratic left. He operated through personal interventions in Washington and through his newspaper columns and radio broadcasts. As a writer and speaker, he commanded a large audience, mainly because he trafficked in gossip, which was titillating but—almost as often as not—wholly or partly untrue, or misleading. His diaries are much like his columns, though perhaps a bit franker, because he could write them with no thought of libel suits or other retaliatory actions. To a large degree, they deal with issues and politicians no longer of much interest, but now and then they deal with personalities and events that even today can be seen as important parts of our history. The reader should be wary of what Pearson sets down as fact. (Pearson was more careless by far than his assistant and successor as a columnist, Jack Anderson, who is less flamboyant in manner and more diligent in research.) And the reader should be prepared for some of the flattest prose in American journalism.

Charmed Circle: Gertrude Stein & Company, by James R. Mellow (Praeger). Gertrude Stein thought in the nineteen-thirties that Roose-



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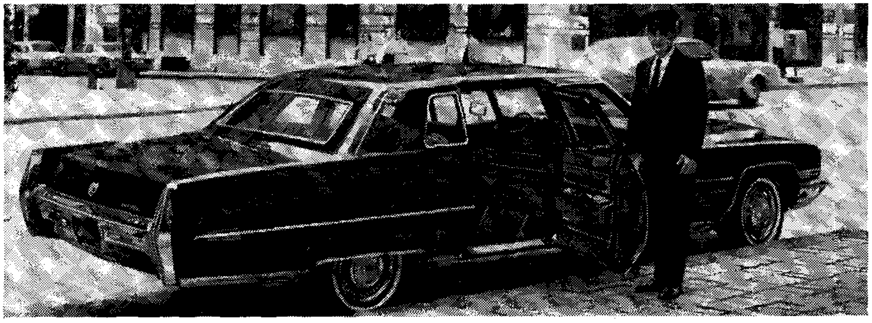

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velt was boring, that Huey Long would do great things, that Soviet Russia would end in nothing, and, strangest of all, that Hitler should get the Nobel Peace Prize. About politics, she was, she conceded, "most generally always wrong." But about writing and painting she was dead serious and most generally always right. "Present-day geniuses can no more help doing what they are doing than you can help not understanding it, but if you think we do it for effect and to make a sensation, you're crazy," she once shouted at a heckler. "It's not our idea of fun to work for thirty or forty years on a medium of expression and then have ourselves ridiculed." Her charmed circle, which Mr. Mellow brings to life in this group biography, included Picasso, Matisse, Alfred North Whitehead, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Alice B. Toklas, relatives, servants, and obscure friends—all doing their jobs as painters, writers, cooks, soldiers, and such, as well as gathering to dine and talk. "You were the same fine fire to everyone," Fitzgerald wrote her, and despite her many squabbles and her professed preference for geniuses, her warmth remains her attraction. Her passion for the business of daily living also furnishes insight into the meanings of her more difficult writings, and Mr. Mellow points out these, too, in his reminiscence-packed book—an admirable tribute for the one-hundredth anniversary of her birth, which, hard as it is to realize, takes place this month.

•

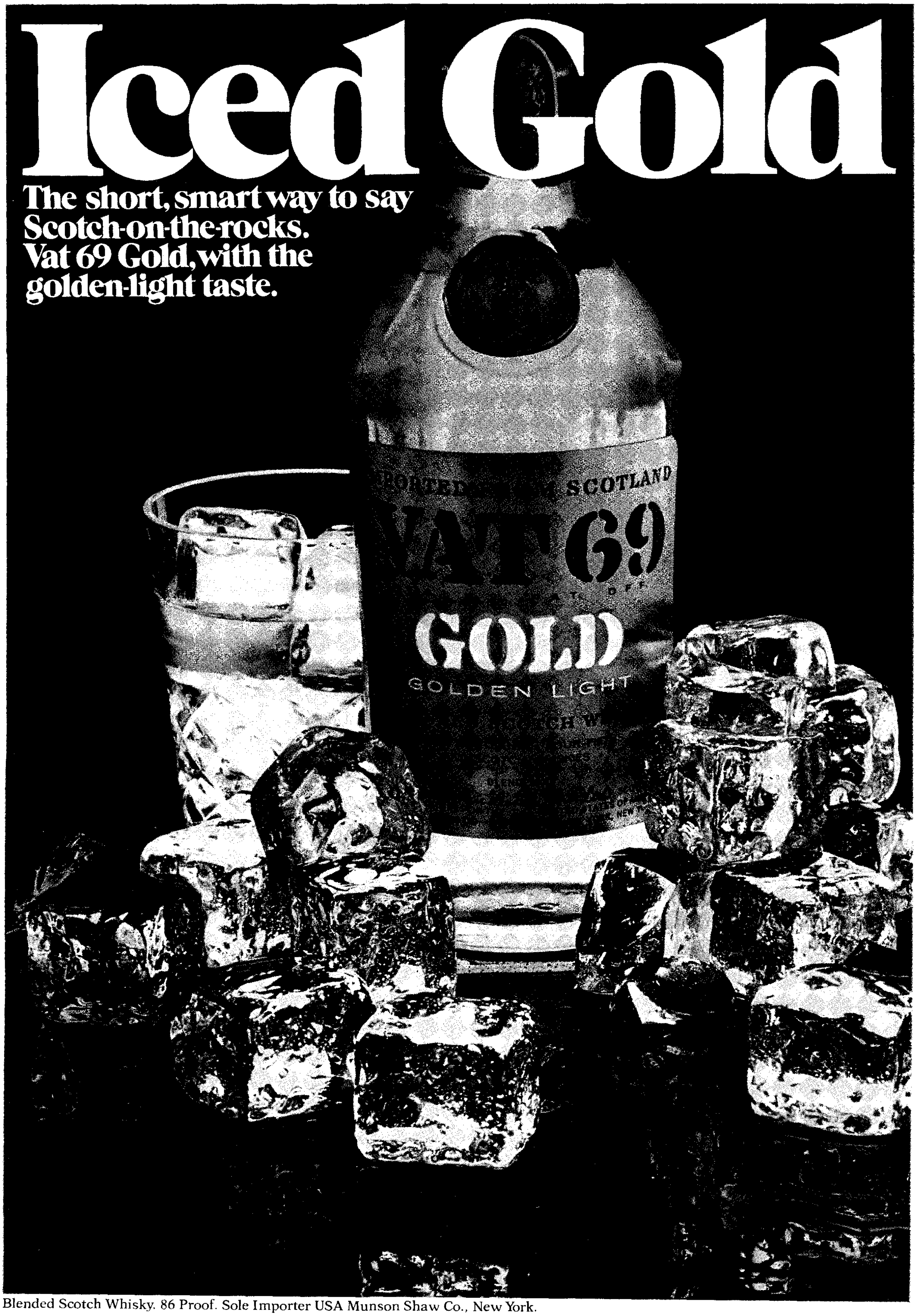
> Moscow, Jan. 24—Foreign Minister Ismail Fahmy of Egypt flew home to Cairo today after a three-day visit during which he explained to Soviet leaders the details of the disenchantment of Israeli and Egyptian troops along the Suez front.
>
> However, the cautious treatment accorded the disenchantment in the Soviet-Egyptian communiqué, issued by the official press agency Tass nearly 10 hours after Mr. Fahmy's departure, suggested that the Kremlin might still have reservations about Egypt's decision to press on with the disenchantment plan negotiated by Secretary of State Kissinger.—*The Times.*

We're *all* disenchanted.

•

> Thursday night failed to materialize so California Division of Forestry and U.S. Forest Service crews were able to relax somewhat . . .
> —*Redding* (*Calif.*) *Record-Searchlight.*

That's funny, it keyed us up.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Crushed velour bucket seats.

The engineering.
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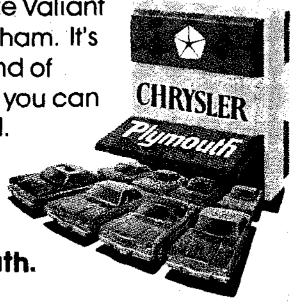

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